PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1975 $1.25

EXCLUSIVE:
AMERICA'S $10 BILLION ESPIONAGE SECRET
BY TAD SZULC

MATTI GOLAN
ON WHY HIS KISSINGER BOOK WAS BANNED

THE SEX CHAIN LETTER:
HERE COMES THE POSTMAN

THE NEW TEASERS:
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GOLD:
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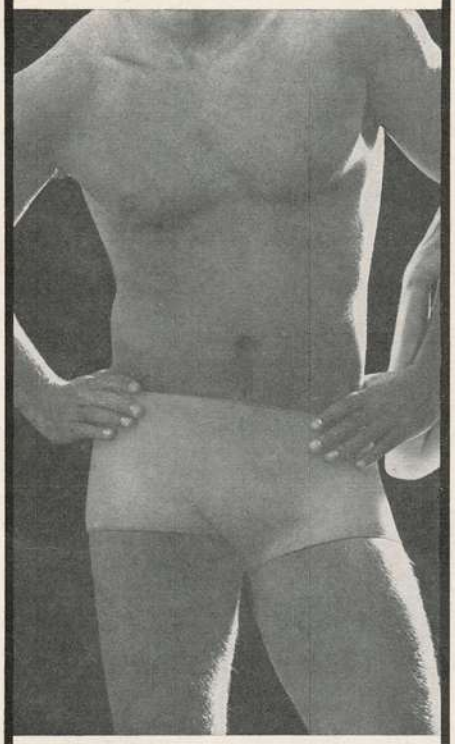

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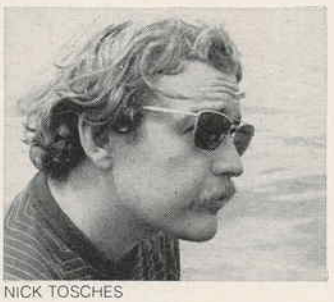

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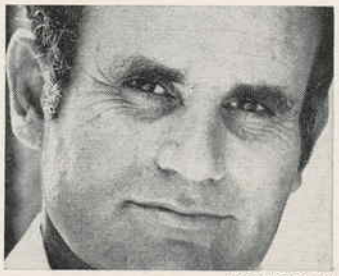


Pat Hill

MATTI GOLAN

Gary Witt

JOHN FERGUS RYAN

Two months ago Senator Frank Church, the chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, cautioned that the technology of spying had become so advanced that if our government fell into the wrong hands, no one's privacy could be assured. What most Americans don't know, however, is that this right to privacy, guaranteed by the Fourth Amendment, has already been repeatedly violated by the National Security Agency, a multibillion dollar intelligence network described by reporter **Tad Szulc** as, "the largest, most important, most expensive, and most secret member of America's intelligence community." Szulc, formerly the top investigative reporter for the *New York Times*, reveals the inner workings of the NSA for the first time in *America's $10 Billion Frankenstein*, his exclusive *Penthouse* report on exactly what the NSA is and how it works—or, in certain cases at least, fails to work.

And if you think that $10 billion would make a brighter pile in gold than in greenbacks, you might think twice after reading **Lee Berton**'s *Gold—Hit or Myth?* Berton, whose qualifications include two years as managing editor of *Financial World*, uncovers some of the pitfalls and mantraps that abound in the shaky realm of gold speculation, and along the way he offers some cool insights into the pros and cons (professional and otherwise) that pop up wherever money is exchanged for metal. Berton's conclusion? Beware the Midas touch. All that glitters may not be profitable.

On a less golden note, all that shuttles may not be profitable either—especially where our peripatetic Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger** is concerned. Did you ever wonder what Kissinger really *says* during those secret negotiations? Well, so did Israeli reporter **Matti Golan**—only he found out. Golan's book on Kissinger's wheeling and dealing in the Mideast included a lot of direct quotations that were so damaging to Kissinger's international reputation that the book was suppressed by the Israeli government for months before judicious editing took some of the bite off of Kissinger's back. In this month's exclusive interview with **Len Stone**, Golan talks freely of the real mind and personality behind Kissinger's public image.

While Kissinger's airplane bills and other assorted government squandering may drive the cost of a letter up to thirteen cents or more, you might not mind the expense if you were lucky enough to get in on the kind of scheme that is the subject of **Thom Racina**'s racy report in *The Sex Chain Letter*, a humorous tale that takes us far beyond even the most sophisticated variations on "post office" and into the realm of indescribable pleasure indefinitely prolonged. Racina, in his blueprint for intercontinental, transoceanic postal sex, could set in motion a whole new set of swingers, whose motto might well be, "Neither snow, nor sleet, nor dark of night stays these messengers from their appointed orgasms."

But while what's new in the realm of sex is of as doubtful duration as the postal rates, some of the oldest kinks in the sensual web are here to stay. Though many contemporary commentators on sexual trends have relegated the cock teaser to limbo along with the Dodo, the tease is still with us—as eternal, it seems, as death and taxes. And just to make sure we can recognize this ancient scourge of mankind, regular *Penthouse* contributor **Nick Tosches**'s *Exposing the Cock Teaser* gives us a compelling study of several contemporary teases and their ball-busting racket.

One American racket that never seems to go away, however, is the old game called "Steal It from the Indians." This con consists of shipping whole tribes to worthless arid land, giving it to them to have and to hold forever, and then—upon discovering that gold, oil, coal, or whatever lurks beneath the barren surface—stealing it back. **James Ridgeway**'s article *The Battle of Lame Deer* documents one such struggle—between the Peabody Coal Company, the Bureau of the Interior, and the Northern Cheyenne—to control sizable deposits of coal recently discovered on the reservations.

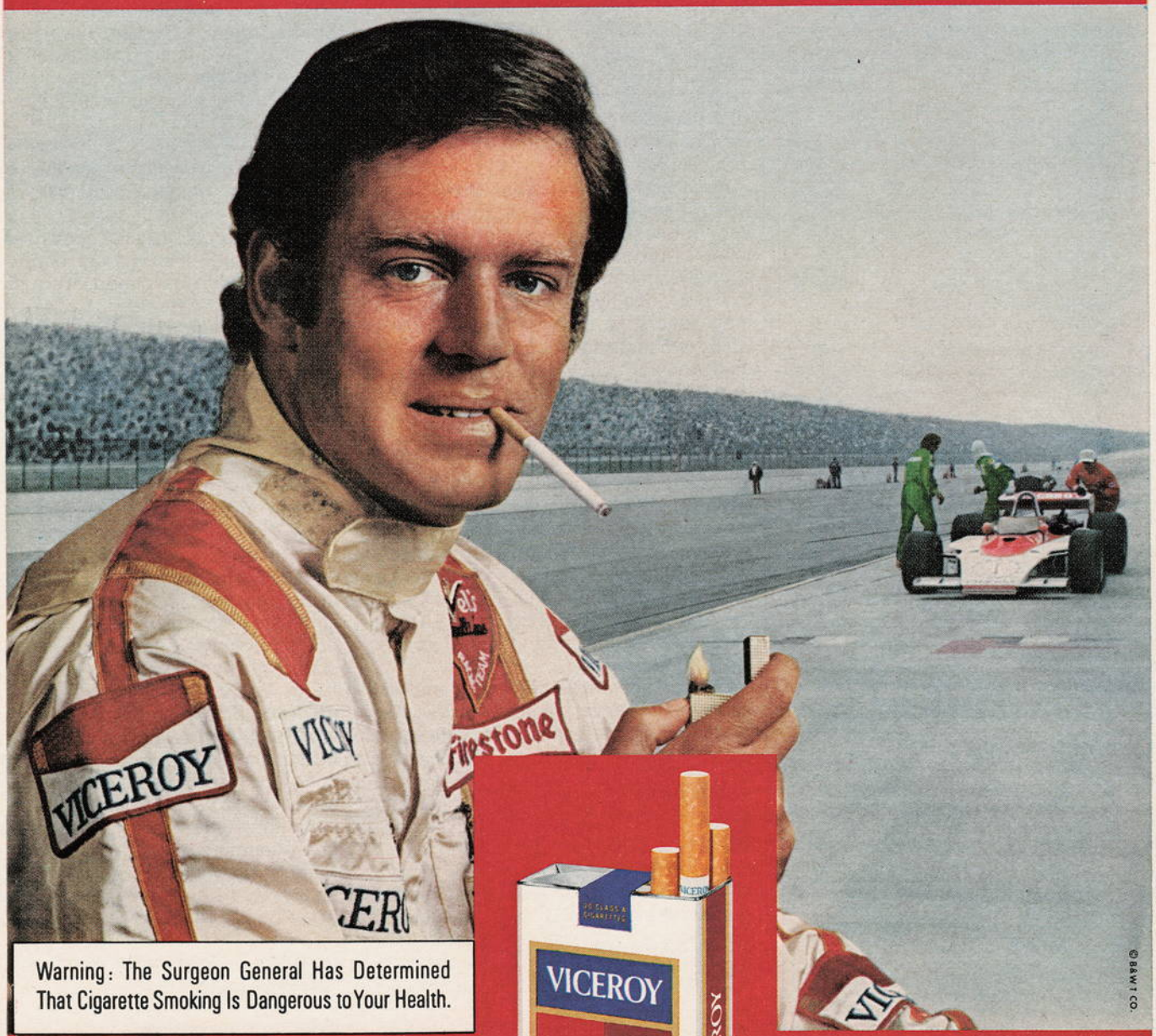
And elsewhere in the world of unrestrained big business, the inimitable **John Fergus Ryan**'s story *The Rat King of Memphis* reminds us that, even if you manage to build a better rat trap, the world may just as soon kick you in the balls as beat a path to your door. You see, there was this fellow named Pinwork W. McSnooks who wanted desperately to be the number-one businessman in his field. And what was his field? Why, selling cannibal rats by mail, of course . . . and thereby hangs a truly remarkable tail.

Looking north from Memphis to colder climes, we find our indefatigable fashion editor **Ed Emmerling**, mushing his way through the snows of Canada to bring you the latest on this winter's fur coats for men—set against the background of Quebec, where people wear them like a second skin. Fantastic they are, and all, of course, "fur real"—which just happens to be the title of the article. And speaking of warming things Canadian, you might take a glance at **Ken Gouldthorpe**'s pocket history of Canadian whisky. Gouldthorpe, our managing editor, also holds forth from time to time on the joys of supping and cupping. His *Canadian Caper* not only discloses the methods by which this elixir is created, but also some salient facts on how it came to be one of the thinking man's top choices for enlightened imbibing south of the border.

But if, on occasion, you get *too* enlightened, we hope you'll steer clear—until morning, at least—of the new Jaguar XJ-8. According to auto expert **Joe Kelleher**, this Jaguar is one supercat, whose power and performance require a cool head and a steady hand—along with a fine eye for quality.

That same fine eye will certainly not overlook the quality of the stunning ladies we've assembled here for your enjoyment. Quality—in a well-rounded roster of articles and an equally well-rounded selection of beauties—is a continuing hallmark of *Penthouse*. We think you'll be certain to agree that this issue underscores that statement. Imbibe!

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."



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EDITORIAL OFFICES
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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Majority of one?

I deplore enemas, whips, chains, spankings, and vibrators. I am not sexually attracted to "monopedes," though if my girl lost a leg or an arm I wouldn't love her less. I don't fuck pillows, animals, blenders, toilets, vacuum cleaners, bread rolls, or the exhaust pipes on cars. My abilities are as such that I don't need soda bottles, baseball bats, or any other foreign object when making love.

Am I normal? Hell yes! Don't get me wrong *Penthouse*. I applaud your uninhibited publication of "special preference" letters. I urge you to continue to do so. I strongly concur. To each his (or her) own. However, don't you ever receive any "normal" letters for publication? I know the whole world hasn't gone kinky. Alas, the mechanized fuck. What ever happened to the art, warmth, intimacy, imagination (without gadgets), and surprise of making love. Has it gone forever? I hope the hell not.

How would I approach an intimate situation? First, we would converse. Second, have a fairly lavish dinner at a nice restaurant. Third, return to my apartment for a soothing nightcap. Fourth, more conversation (and light petting) to the rhythm of soft music by candlelight. Fifth, retire to the bedroom and slowly strip each other. Sixth, surrender to our emotions, desires, and feelings for each other.

Granted, the above procedure takes a little longer. However, I assure you it is much, much more rewarding to both parties. Alas, the way nature intended it to be. If I'm a flaming romanticist then so be it. Please, let's hear from other romanticists (male and female). I get the feeling that this is a dying art.—*D.A.S., Hollywood, Fla.*

No way. Romanticism is alive and well and flourishing all over. But so are all the extras that afford so many so much mutual pleasure, as any regular Forum reader knows. —Editor

Nose job

After reading perhaps the 100th letter in your magazine from a self-confessed autofellationist, I was prompted to write this letter about my own unique experiences on this subject. The guy who could fuck himself in the ass was the final straw.

I can well understand the extreme pleasure derived from fellating one's self as I am capable of it also, but I soon grew bored with this avenue. However, after repeated efforts, I discovered I could actually fuck myself in the nose!

At first it was very painful as I am very large, but I soon overcame the pain and exchanged it for the most exciting experience I ever had. Naturally, my nose has been extremely deformed, but that is a small price to pay for the satisfaction derived. Also, as people stare at my deformity on the street, I can't help but laugh inside. If they only knew!

Especially exciting is the feeling I get when I come in my nostril and then clear my throat, swallowing the sperm and mucus in my sinuses.

The only problem is the occasional cold I may get, but I liken it to fucking while my nose is having its period. It's just a little more exciting, that's all.

Really, it must be obvious that this is a total put-on. Your Forum is usually too good and too valuable to waste on someone who's fucking himself in the ass.—*G.S., Anaheim, Calif.*

Bearing it

I have been a faithful reader of the *Penthouse* Forum for about two years now, and it never ceases to amaze me as to the number of I've-got-the-longest-dork-in-the-world type letters that you receive. I think that most of them are very likely the raving fantasies of some sexually frustrated and minutely endowed individuals who dream of lying in the shade of their manhood on sunny afternoons. Last July's letter from T.B.R. of Arizona concerning his adventures with a flushing toilet and its related plumbing has got to be the most incredibly funny and absurd thing I've read in years. Bravo, I say! Let's hear more of what you free-thinking American superstuds would like to do with your great dangling dicks. We Canadians know what to do with ours, like that dark and lonely night a polar bear came plodding by my igloo. . . . —*J.W.C., Ottawa, Canada*

Strange. . . . Now was that bear a male or a female?—Editor

Opiate of the people

I have experienced something which for obvious reasons I can't disclose to friends but which I feel your readers would enjoy hearing about.

A couple of months ago, a nearby church, of which I am an active member, came under the spiritual leadership of a newly arrived young minister. I became involved in numerous discussions with him and often attended rap sessions at his home. His wife was always there, and despite her conservative dress, it was generally conceded that

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our minister must have some good lays.

About two and a half weeks ago, I phoned the minister so that the two of us might get together to plan future discussion topics. His soft-voiced wife answered and said that he wasn't home. She told me, however, to drop by later that afternoon when he was expected to return.

I thanked her and strolled over later in the afternoon. I was surprised to see the young wife answer the door in tight short pants, showing long shapely legs and the bottom of two round buttocks. In addition she was wearing a tight T-shirt, revealing two huge tits. I could also see the faint outline of two large nipples.

She then informed me that her husband had changed his plans and wouldn't return for several hours. She apologized for the inconvenience and invited me in for a cup of tea. Without hesitation I gratefully accepted.

By this time I had quite a hard-on. The more she stared at my crotch, the bigger it got. I am a twenty-four-year-old guy, and I hadn't so much as kissed a girl in about two months—so you must know how I felt.

As the two of us walked into the kitchen, she informed me that one of the light bulbs had burned out, and she was just in the process of screwing the new bulb in. She said it might be easier if I put my two hands together so that she could place her feet on them and boost herself up. I offered to do it myself, but she insisted on being boosted.

The next few moments were unbelievable. As she placed one of her bare feet on my connected hands, her leg suddenly slipped off over to the other side—and there she was facing me, straddled on my hands. I was about to remove them when suddenly she undid my pants, pulled them with my underwear down to my knees, bent over, and started wildly sucking my cock while rocking back and forth on my hands. Soon enough, her T-shirt came off. At this point my prick was as hard as a rock. And then I had the intense pleasure of jerking off into her mouth. By now I had built up the courage to remove her shorts. Her panties were drenched, and it was obvious that she was horny. I began performing cunnilingus on her while she was standing. At the same time, she slipped the belt out of my belt loops and began horsewhipping my back. At first I was a bit reluctant—but soon she handed me the belt, squatted down on all fours, and begged me to whip her round ass. I obliged, and fearing that I would ejaculate any second, I shoved my hard prick into her cunt from behind. We pumped together in harmonious bliss, and I must have experienced the most intense orgasm ever. As for her, her numerous shouts of ecstasy meant no less than at least four orgasms in a period of ten minutes.

Fortunately, our minister leaves town for several hours at a time at least once every two weeks. He keeps a fairly regular schedule, and my friend and I intend to do so as well. We've already had a second session, and it was great! As a reader of *Penthouse*, I knew your readers would enjoy hearing my experiences. In fact, at our second session, my friend and I spent some time glancing through a collection of your excellent magazine.

As far as I'm concerned, religion has indeed moved with the times!—*D.M., address withheld*

Taking shipboard liberties

We are five sailors on a carrier home-ported in Mayport, Florida. Our ship is home-ported for two months for an extension yard period now, but just before that, we went on a four day cruise to the west coast of Florida. That cruise must have been the wildest, sexiest cruise ever sailed by a ship in the rigid, strict U.S. Navy.

It all started the last night of liberty we had. We were all drinking in the Admiral Bar in the Holiday Inn in Jacksonville Beach, just sipping along listening to music, when these five girls—the kind you see in a hazy picture in *Penthouse*—walked in the place, laughing and really making noise. Needless to say, we soon had them at our table.

We stayed there until about 2 A.M. when the bar closes. By that time we were pretty high and were ready to go to their rooms; they, however, quickly informed us that they had run out of money and that they didn't have a room any longer; but if we could find a place, they'd love to fuck. We also were pretty broke, and doing it on the beach was out of the question for the tide was in. Desperate and quite horny, one of us, Bob, suggested we sneak them aboard. We were so drunk and horny we accepted the idea readily.

Slowly, at the rate of one every hour, we sneaked the girls on board after we had gone in and obtained some Navy dungarees and ball-caps. Using the old excuse of lost I.D. card and wallet, we escorted two of them in, saying that they worked in our shop. At 0300 they changed the after watch, and we took the other three girls in.

Now, normally the ship carries 2,200 men, but it has over 5,000 racks for the air wing so finding empty compartments for our new "mates" was no problem.

That night we had the biggest fuck party ever to take place on board the old aircraft carrier, and so it went for the next four days. The last day, however, we had grabbed some food after supper and were taking it over to the girls when we were stopped by a young Lieutenant at the hatch that led to where the girls were. Suspicious, he insisted on going in and investigating.

Sweating it now, we took him in. As soon as we came in, the girls jumped at us, and needless to say, the Lt. went white. When the girls saw this, they must have realized it was an uninvited guest, and faster than it is written, the youngest one (she must have been twenty) crawled to her knees and proceeded to give the young officer a delightful blow-job. Soon, at our advice, the four other girls were working him over, giving the officer the best sex hour ever in his life.

Delighted, not only didn't he report us, but he even sneaked two of the girls out of the

SMIRNOFF VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Charlie Burch.

(Smirnoff and root beer.)

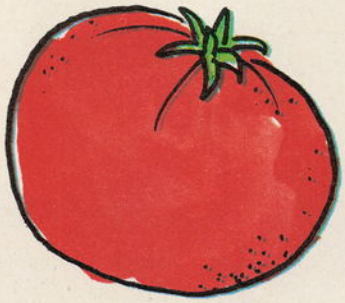
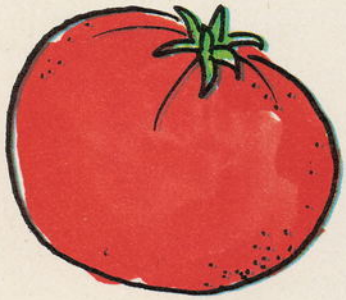
A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor anyone present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good distance away. They voted to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we pass the simple formula along, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say.

To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice. Fill with root beer.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

You say  and we say  .

YOU, HOWEVER, PROBABLY SAY BLOODY MARY. WE SAY BLOODY MARIA.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SAY BLOODY MARIA? PERHAPS WE CAN HELP. JUST MAKE A BLOODY MARY WITH ALL THE USUAL THINGS. THEN ADD ONE NOT-SO-USUAL THING. JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA.

SHAKE WITH VIM OR VIGOR, BUT NOT BOTH. SERVE OVER ICE. OR UNDER. (IT'S A FREE COUNTRY.)

BLOODY GOOD, ISN'T IT? BLOODY GOOD AD, TOO, IF YOU ASK US.

JOSE CUERVO ® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC.,HARTFORD,CONN.

ship when we pulled back in.

Thanks to some ingenuity and alcohol, some of the racks in the carrier are now stained by something other than some horny sailor's wet dreams.—*Names withheld, Jacksonville Beach, Fla.*

Pleasure before business

We are writing this letter for isolated, overworked businessmen and their secretaries. We are two prominent businessmen who desire to give some type of direction to other enterprising men and women to break the monotony of an average business day, week, month, or year.

When we first started our business, we worked out of two offices that adjoined, with only one secretary. As we found out, the stress of deadlines and completion of contracts soon took its toll on our partnership. So not wanting to break up our success, we took off together for a weekend to resolve our problems. We came to this conclusion: that we had to relax during the day. Being two high spirited young men, the best way to relax was through something we both enjoyed—sex. So this is how we went about it.

First, we re-designed our office layout. Instead of working out of two offices, we both moved into one. We added a very plush leather sofa, a great tape system and, of course, a bar and refrigerator. We then turned the other office into a playroom—mind you, not an ordinary playroom, but one designed for sex. Our playroom consisted of one convertible sofa, two armless straight back chairs, deep pile carpeting, very heavy drapes, special lighting (dimmers, colored lights), mirrors, numerous plants, sensuous prints, specially designed pillows, two vibrators, and many sexual foods (honey, ice cream, grapes, etc.).

The biggest task was finding the two right secretaries and making sure our budget could afford them. After weeks of interviews and hundreds of applicants, our dreams came true. We hired Marie and Jeanne. The reason for the lengthy interviewing was that we did not hide anything from the women. Of course we had many applicants due to the generous salary we offered for the position—$10,000 per year.

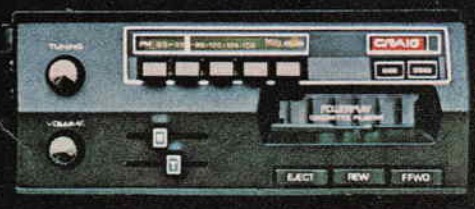
Jeanne is five-feet six-inches, 115 pounds, with long, flowing black hair, and a 35-22-36 body that would do this magazine great honor. Marie is five-feet seven-inches, 123 pounds, with a very close cut bush, a dark brown complexion, and measurements of 34-23-37. Love that ass! If I do say so myself, they love their job. Our playroom activities consist of fifteen minutes of exercise and yoga before we get involved in any sex games.

So fellow businessmen, free your minds and bodies of the everyday rigors for a healthier and longer sex life. These are just a couple of examples of all the many sexual activities that we've created and enjoyed. We are proud of our own little way to cope with all the pressures of a business day. We are also proud of the women that work with us because due to their splendid coopera-

Arlo says it's like having his friends playing right there in his car.

That's because Craig Powerplay has three times the power of conventional car stereo. And more power means clearer sound with less distortion at all listening levels. There are six cassette or 8-track models to choose from.

You'll know great sound too when you hear Arlo's latest, "Patriot's Dream," on Craig Powerplay.



CRAIG POWERPLAY

For more information write Craig Corp., 921 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, Calif. 90220.

Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

tion they have helped us meet many a deadline.—*L.F. and B.A., Address withheld*

Sounds great, but what do you do during your coffee breaks?—Editor

What friends are for

Since reading the letters in the Forum for a few years now, it has enabled me to bring my fantasies to the surface and has also made my wife aware of today's sexuality.

We were married eight years ago and both of us were virgins when we started dating. Needless to say our sex life was nothing more than me climbing on top and pounding away for as long as I could and as many times as I could. My wife always told me I was a good lover, but whom did she have to compare me to. During the years of reading, mostly your magazine, I started picking up on ways that might possibly improve my lovemaking.

I now am gentle and considerate and pay extreme attention to my wife's body and needs, yet I have still not been able to bring my wife to orgasm. We try all the different positions, and oral sex is now open and uninhibited.

I could only think she may need a different lover with a bigger or longer penis for added stimulus. I told her this, and she said that my penis was just fine and that it filled her up as much as she needed. She thinks that my six and one-half inch by one and three-quarter inch penis looked good with a six-foot three-inch frame. I always thought that, being so tall, it should be bigger.

I also told her that, being a voyeur, it would be enjoyable for me, too. I asked her if she fancied any of our friends' husbands, (we had never talked about swapping)and she said, no, but that my friend from high school was pretty cute. She said it kiddingly and told me that she would never think of doing it with anyone but me. So nothing else was said 'till something happened eight months ago.

My friend from high school has always been close to me through the years, and our friendship enables us to talk frankly to each other. He was at our house one night after dinner, and we were all drinking and talking about life, love, and sex. I started to joke with him about how a single guy like him must be making out alright these days with the girls since he hadn't married yet. He came right back and said he hasn't found a woman as sexy as my wife and most of them couldn't handle him. My wife gave out a little giggle, and I laughed and said I should make my wife give me one good reason why she shouldn't take you on and knock you down a couple pegs. I looked at my wife, and she said she couldn't think of any reason. I was shocked! I never figured she would say it. She and my friend were looking at each other, smiling. I found that my heart and head were pounding with excitement. I looked back at Steve and said let's see just how good you say you are. For a minute it seemed he didn't know what to do, then he stood up and stretched and asked if we

Make sure your next color TV has more than one prefocus lens.

The Quintrix™ picture tube with the extra prefocus lens gives you our sharpest picture ever. And no other picture tube has it.

Every picture tube has one prefocus lens. But the Panasonic Quintrix tube has *two*. Our extra prefocus lens concentrates and focuses the electron beam to bring you our sharpest picture ever.

Simulated beam current in Quintrix. Notice the sharpness of the electron beam.

Simulated beam current in our conventional tube. Notice the diffusion.

But we didn't stop with Quintrix. There's also the Panasonic Quatrecolor® chassis. It's a powerful 28.5 kv chassis to help bring you our brightest picture ever. Modular circuit boards snap out and in for quick and easy service. 100% solid state for greater reliability and less power consumption. And Q-Lock™, one button that electronically controls color, tint, brightness and contrast to make tuning as easy as pushing a button.

Quatrecolor offers one more important advantage: our warranty. Because while many other TV manufacturers are cutting back on their warranties, every Quatrecolor set still gives you a one-year guarantee on parts and labor. And a 2-year parts and 1-year labor warranty on the picture tube. Our warranty card spells out the conditions of our limited warranty.

So make sure your next color TV is "The Quatrecolor with the Quintrix." It's our sharpest, brightest picture ever.

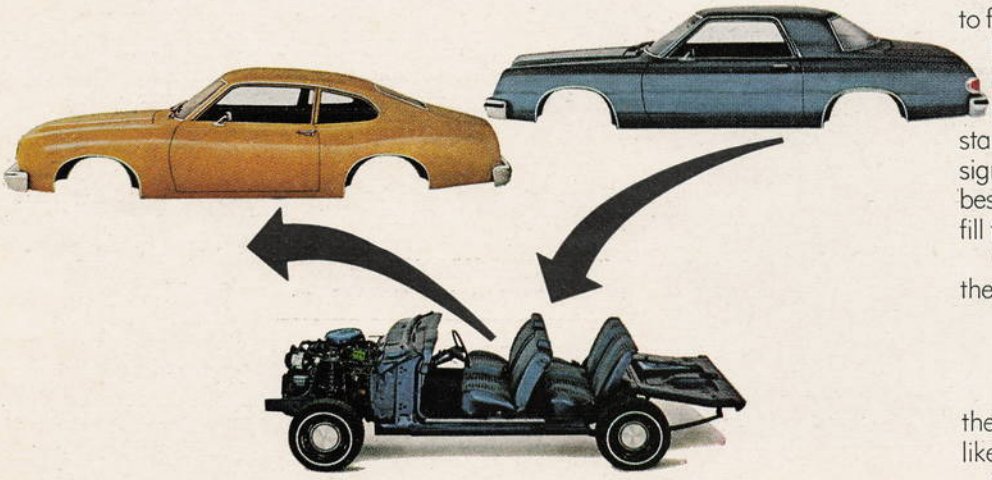
And after all, isn't that what you want in color TV?

"The Quatrecolor with the Quintrix"

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

NE

What does



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much.

Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outsides on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly.

Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now, we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fill your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but *great* gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway. (And an equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city.)*

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage—if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

© Volkswagen of America. * 75 EPA Buyers Guide

W.

it mean?

The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way, despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique "independent stabilizer rear axle." Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suffice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blowout. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

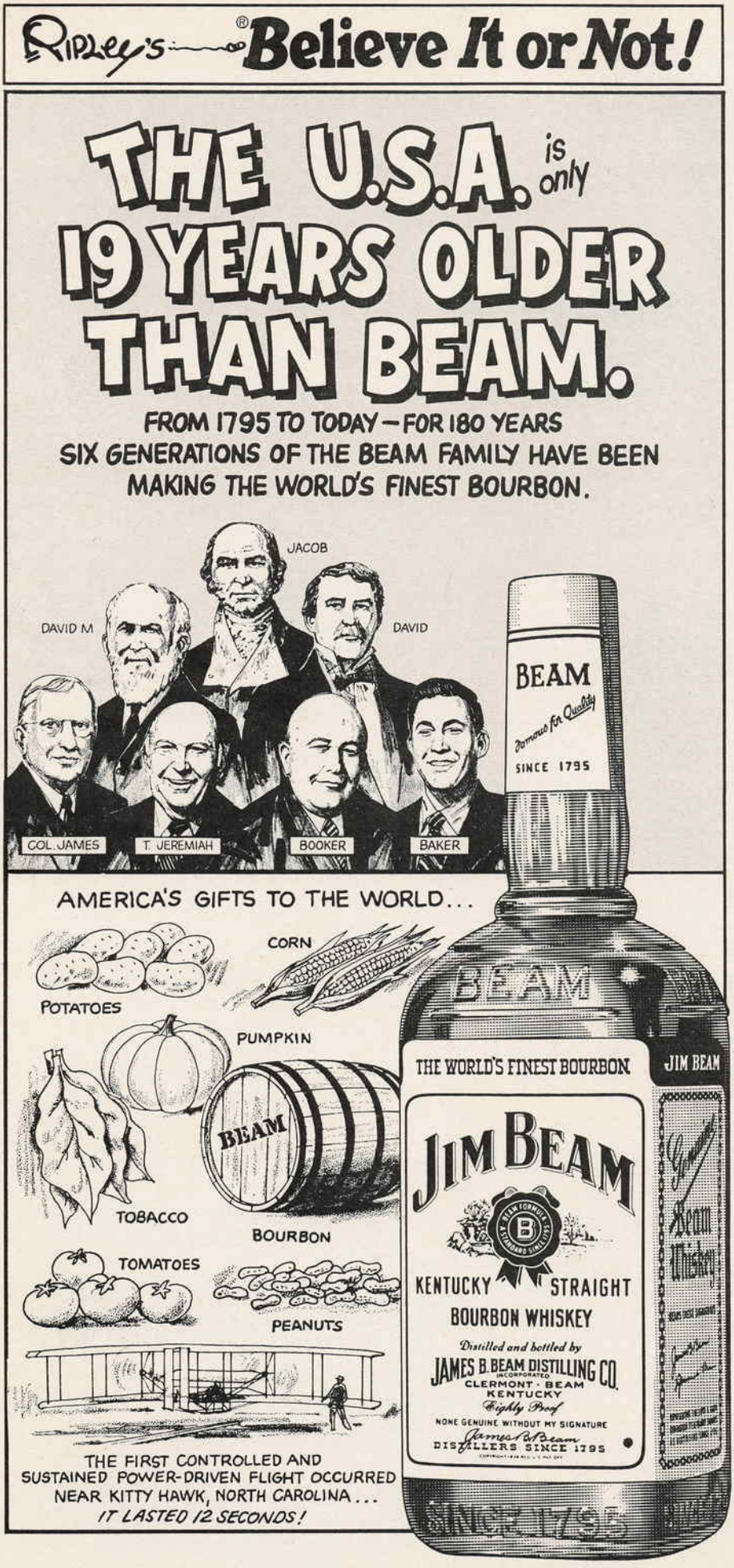
Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



should go to the bedroom. I noticed a terrific bulge in the shorts he had on, and I could see my wife noticed, too. We went to the bedroom, and on the way I started to wonder how big he was. In all the fifteen years we were friends, I cannot remember ever seeing his pecker. I also thought he wouldn't be any bigger than me since I was at least four inches taller than he was, although he probably was ten pounds heavier.

My wife was out of her blouse and shorts in a flash and really looked good and ready for him. Steve took off his shirt and grabbed the top of his shorts and pulled them down. Wow, what a pair of balls. They must have hung down a good five inches and were the size of golf balls. But what out did his balls was his pecker that was hanging limp at least two inches below that. His limp penis was longer than my erect one. My wife was breathing harder than I was. They started kissing, and my wife went right for his genitals. I was ready to cream my pants. His penis started growing and growing until it was just about bouncing right off his stomach. It was terrific. It must have been eleven inches long but not too much wider than mine. My wife was moaning so loud and begging for it. Steve turned and looked at me jerking off and said he'd wager me ten dollars that she can't take the whole thing. He slipped it in half way and started pumping slowly, giving my wife a little more every few minutes. This went on for about thirty minutes before he climaxed. I had already done so three times. To my surprise, my wife had an orgasm from fucking for the first time in her life. Not just once but four times, so she says. I was happy and drained and also, I might add, ten dollars richer.—*P.S.S., Framingham, Mass.*

Clinical analysis

Actually there may be a perfectly natural explanation for the disappearance of D.H.'s sore throat mentioned under the title "Real Relief" in your August *Penthouse* Forum.

The unaffected throat is protected from infection in part by the micro-organism Lactobacillus, which is also a normal inhabitant of the vagina. The Streptococcus organism—the bacteria that causes sore (or strep) throat—is combated by the presence of Lactobacillus in this medium (throat) with the Lactobacillus being dominant in this, its normal medium, the throat.

Certainly a case for doing what comes naturally—and being better off for it! I am currently a medical technology student at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda. Who would think studying could produce such convincing arguments for eating your honey?

Your Forum—and your whole magazine—is great!—*E.V.K. Bethesda, Md.*

Trick or treat

After reading many stories in Forum about people having sex with fruit, I have to tell you a good way to reuse Jack-O-Lanterns.

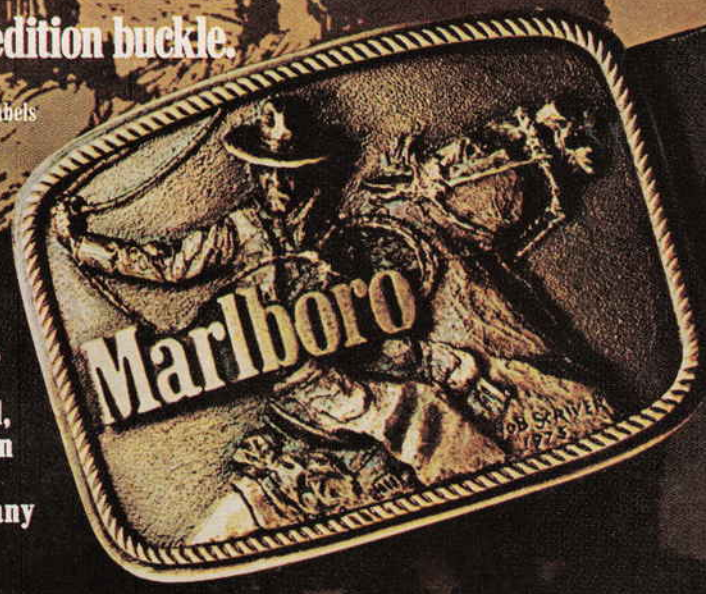
While cleaning up after a party last Halloween, I looked at the pumpkin, sitting in

The Marlboro Belt & Buckle.

Steerhide belt & special edition buckle.

Only $7.00 Plus two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro.

The buckle is hand-brushed, antique-finished and was created specially for Marlboro by the famous Western sculptor, Bob Scriver. It's a special edition, individually numbered, and comes strapped to a top-grain steerhide belt. Yours for just $7.00, plus two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Marlboro Belt & Buckle.

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Enclosed are 2 end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro. Please send me ( ) Marlboro Belt(s) and Buckle(s) at $7.00 each.

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Send check or money order only payable to: Marlboro Belt and Buckle. Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until June 30, 1976, or while supply lasts. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

PH

the corner of the room. I started feeling hornier than hell and decided to make love to the pumpkin. I pulled off my clothes and put my ten inches of throbbing steel into its mouth. I came almost right away. It had to be the most exciting thrill of all my life.

Now every October I really look forward to getting back to nature with my pumpkin. Trick or treat!—*R.S., Scotts, Ariz.*

To paraphrase the old adage: When the candle's in the punkin', then it's time for peter dunkin'!—Editor

The joy of cuking

I noticed a letter in a copy of *Penthouse* extolling the virtues of masturbating with a banana.

A cucumber, too, has always been thought of as an erotic instrument for strictly feminine pleasures. I've discovered differently.

One hot afternoon while strolling on a dirt road in Guayamas, Mexico, I spotted a fresh, bright cucumber on the side of the road. I picked it up noticing how nice and cool *its* smooth skin felt against *my* hot, sun-parched skin.

To partake of the wetter, juicy flesh within, I cracked open the cucumber with my bare hands. Almost instinctively I pressed my thumb into one of the halves, right where it was split, as deeply as it would go. When I pulled my finger out of this cucumber-cunt, a resounding *thwap* was produced by the strong suction created by my thumb and the fruit. This quickly brought notions into my mind for further penetrating the cucumber with my now erect penis.

In the first out-of-the-way field I found out there in the burning heat, I fucked the shit out of that luscious fruit of the cucumber by ever so gently pressing my turgid member into the indentation created by my finger. The hole enlarged to accommodate the full length of my searing flesh. The intense action, combined with the smooth coolness of the fruit's meat out there in the dizzying sun, helped me to achieve the most emphatic climax I had ever been gifted with.

Since I remembered shortly thereafter that cucumbers are 90% water, I satisfied another physical need—thirst. I don't think anything could have hit the spot better than that by now, beaten-up cucumber—with its white salad dressing created by my own galloping gourmet. I have to recommend highly this method of self-abuse.—*R.F., Binghamton, N.Y.*

As old salad tossers, we had heard of the joy of cuking from the distaff side, and we are delighted to know it's a moveable feast. —Editor

Lone cow poke

I was reading Forum and the different ways people masturbated. So I thought I would write and tell you my favorite.

As a working cowboy, I spend lots of time riding by myself. I find that when I get a good boner from the rockin' back and forth in the saddle, I pull my pecker out and stick it in the hole just below the saddle horn. This works my pecker *real* good. But I find the faster the horse goes, the greater my boner feels. By the time I shoot my rocks off, I'm strapping my horse over-and-a-under and am in a dead run.

That's the greatest way for me to get off. But one thing if someone tries it—they should make sure they have a good, sure-footed horse.—*Name and address withheld*

To say nothing of being sure they have a straight aim.—Editor

Female forum

I read and hear so often of women using bananas, cucumbers, plastic dildos, etc. for masturbation.

I think these things are all too cold and unnatural. These women are passing up the best artificial penis of them all—and that's sausage.

And I mean sausage of all kinds. You can go into the average meat market and find just the right size and length of bolognas that fill your need.

Polish sausage is about the size of the medium-size cock, and they are ideal for anal masturbation.

My favorite is summer sausage which is about one and a half inches in diameter and twelve inches long. Their casings are a little rough so they give wonderful satisfaction.

I found one that is two inches in diameter and nine inches long and very smooth. I put a wooden skewer across one end so that I don't push it in too far. It would be embarrassing to go to a doctor with a sausage in your cunt.

But here is the wonderful part of it. Before using the sausage, wash real clean to take off the salt. Then when you are ready, put it in a warm oven until you have the sausage a little warmer than body temperature. Now when you insert this warm dildo, you'll get the sensation of your life.

My girl friend and I often use the twelve inch sausage with six inches in each, and we fuck each other this way. I don't care for anal sex, but my girl friend does. I insert the Polish sausage in her ass and the larger sausage in my cunt. When we move them together, she about goes wild.

If you use the two inch sausage, be sure to exercise your vaginal muscles so that your cunt doesn't become too large for your boyfriends. Try it—you'll like it.—*Name withheld, Lincoln, Nebr.*

Champagne cock tale . . .

It seems to be a popular conception that almost anything edible is safe for cunnilingus. Isn't it true, though, that champagne could cause a yeast infection?

The two times we have used champagne

"Bring it back alive."
"Professionally, people see me playing concerts or leading the Tonight Show Orchestra. But when I relax to the purest sounds of my favorite music, nothing brings it back alive like the Sound of Koss. So take a tip from old 'Doc' and hear it like you've never heard it before . . . on Koss Stereophones. From the Koss PRO/4AA to the incredible new Koss Phase 2, they're the greatest. Just ask your Audio Specialist for a live demonstration."
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You mean you haven't tried Jōvan Musk Oil for Men yet?

"Marsha gave me Jovan Musk Oil for my birthday. And it turned the party into a terrific affair."
J. FINK, Swinger

"One day Ingrid said she'd give anything if I'd wear Jovan Musk Oil. So I did."
B. SHIPP, Husband

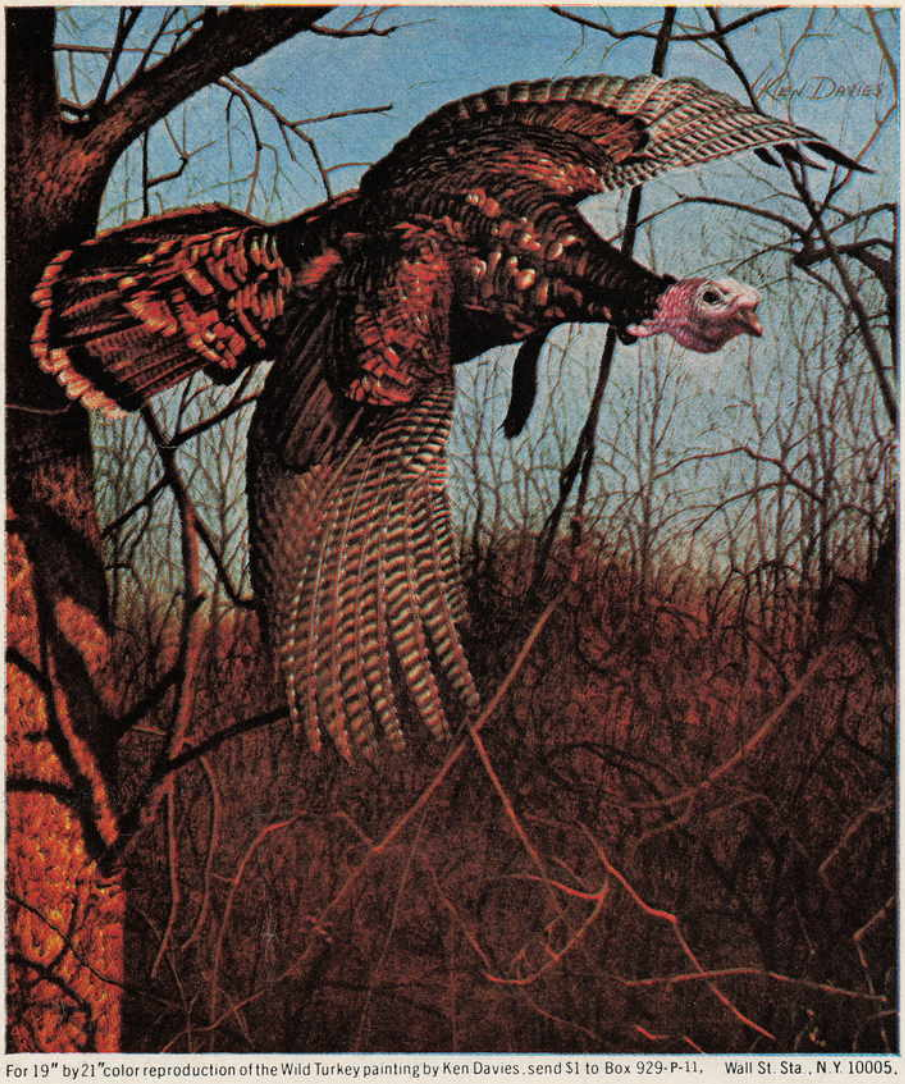
"It hasn't put more women in my life. But it sure has put more life into my women."
B. VAN SICKLE, Sportsman

"My secretary used to call me Mr. Hart. Now she just calls me."
R. HART, Attorney

"Jovan Musk Oil for Men. I hope they don't stop making it. Because I would."
K. CAWTHORNE
College Student

Jōvan Musk Oil for Men. We make it in Chicago. So you can make it anywhere in the world.

Aftershave/Cologne 4 oz., $6.00; Travel-size Aftershave/Cologne ½ oz., $1.00; Cologne Spray 3 oz., $6.00; The Man Act (4 oz. Aftershave/Cologne, 5 oz. Shaving Cream) $7.50; Shaving Cream 5 oz. $3.00; The No-Holds-Bar (soap-on-a-rope) 7 oz., $3.50.
At America's finest stores. Jovan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611



For 19" by 21" color reproduction of the Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, send $1 to Box 929-P-11, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005.

This Thanksgiving serve Turkey before dinner.

WILD TURKEY
101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

(in small amounts) I have developed a yeast infection within a few weeks. Is that just a coincidence, or could it be related to the high yeast content of the champagne?—*Name and address withheld*

Sounds more like coincidence than chemistry, but it's a great way to go.—Editor

A cure for hick cups . . .

My roommate and I are juniors at George Washington University and are twenty-one-year-old, small-town girls. We have two things in common, but otherwise are very different in appearance, interests, plans for the future, etc. We also have a question: what is the effect of screwing on a girl's bust size? We know the arguments about whether swallowing semen has such an effect, but that isn't what we mean. What about just old-fashioned genital screwing? We argue about whether or not sex stimulates hormones to increase your bust size, or whether it is the fact that the same hormones (or something) that turn you on for sex also give you big boobs.

What we have in common is plenty of interest in screwing (not that we think that's so unique) and a size 37-C bra size. But I am quite small in all other ways and on me 37-C is *huge*. In fact, I was always kidded, embarrassed, and ridiculed all through junior high school since I was this same size since I was barely fourteen. Consequently I became insecure, self-conscious, and turned off on boys—as they were on me—because I wasn't much fun as a result of my reaction to the attention my tits gave me. Even my parents contributed to my distress by trying to make me super-modest and avoid showing what I had.

I think I was the last girl in town to date, but finally I got a boyfriend at sixteen who gave me tender loving care sexually and emotionally. Until I met him, I had been lonely as hell and even thought of suicide or running away. After I started screwing, I could stop being embarrassed and even flaunt my goodies a bit so I have had a full personality change.

But Joyce, my roommate, was all choked up with church taboos about screwing, family disapproval, and the like and didn't begin screwing at all until she was eighteen. Until then she was only 32-A, although taller than I am and hippier, too. Since then she's gone up almost two bra sizes a year and may not be done yet. She now looks gorgeous and is sure it was sex that started the big expansion movement and has kept it going. I am just as sure that with my lousy personality and introverted, frightened nature I would never have been screwed at all except that the first boy couldn't ignore my tits. Of course my big tits when so young were at least partly responsible for my personality defects.

It probably doesn't matter, but we have wondered which one of us is right. Or are we both wrong? Or is there any correlation whatsoever between the two?—*L.L., Washington, D.C.*

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None that we know of—but beauty, we feel, is in the eye of the holder.—Editor

The case for AA cups . . .

After reading a few of the letters that people have sent in to Forum on this subject, I thought I would write and give my views on small-breasted women, seeing as I am one of the many myself. I am now twenty-four, and during my high school years, I was really self-conscious of how small my breasts were (and still are). So I resigned myself to the fact that I was doomed to buying my breasts at the local department store. For the past four years, I have been a very successful fashion model, and my super small breasts have been an asset to my career as I can adjust their size to suit the fashions by padded bras. My husband loves my "mini-boobs" and readily admits that he has three strong fetishes: long slender legs, attractive feet and ankles, and small breasts. I am happy to say I have all three. When he comes home from work at night, quite often he likes me to greet him wearing dark nylons, high-heeled sandals, a super short skirt, and nude from the waist up except for a little collar around my neck. I serve him a drink and supper this way, and I enjoy it as much as he does!

Although my breasts are only AA cup size, they are very pointed and jiggle nicely when I walk as they are not very firm. I love the feeling of going braless, and around the house, I usually wear a very brief, thin top which excites both myself and my husband to the extent of many unscheduled lovemaking sessions. I wouldn't want big breasts, but I still felt a little self-conscious the few times I've gone braless in public. So I prefer to wear a hard-cupped bra so I can put up a good front and still have room for my breasts to jiggle in the cups. Anyway the best way to look at it is, make the best of what you've got. Besides, small breasts won't sag. My husband and I look forward to every issue, especially when you do a feature on a small-breasted girl.—*K.O., Toronto, Canada*

Maid to measure . . .

Being a girl like one of those in "The Friends" pictorial in your June issue makes me feel there are other girls like myself and my girl friend Audrey. How we met and how we came to live together isn't really important, but how our relationship started was pretty exciting.

I am twenty-two and attractive, and Audrey is nineteen with long brown hair and a wickedly beautiful body. I spent many hours just ogling her, waiting for the right time to make a play for her.

One day she came in from the backyard after sunning herself. She was in her blue bikini, and her body was perspiring heavily since it was about ninety degrees out. She made iced tea and then sat on a bar stool next to the door in the living room. As she took a drink, I watched her tan belly fold in the middle and watched a bead of sweat roll down into her navel. She saw me looking at her belly and asked me if I thought she was fat. She pulled a roll of flab that was about the only piece of fat on her body from her tummy and examined it. "Look at this excess!" she said as she kneaded the roll. She then asked me if I had a tape measure. I got one from my room and asked her what she wanted with it. She was going to take her measurements, but I had no idea what was to follow. She asked me to undo her bra; and how I got the strength, I'll never know, but I reached under her arms to her back. My fingers were fumbling, and I felt myself blush because her breasts were so close to my face. I finally unsnapped it, and it fell to her lap. Her breasts were gorgeous, and they amazingly stood straight out. She gave me the tape and said demandingly, "Measure them please." I put the tape around her back and then around in front. Not realizing it, one of my fingers was on her nipples, and now I really blushed. Her breasts were thirty-six inches across, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I lowered my mouth down to her right breast. She knew all along she was making me hot because, as I sucked, she said out loud, "I knew it, I knew it." She wanted a thorough job because I heard her say, "Now the other, please!" After finishing her breasts, I moved on to her belly and hips which were 25 and 36 respectively. I removed her bikini pants and then took her to the bedroom and went down on her there. She has the best body in the world, and I never get tired of pleasing her. And of course that pleases me.—*L.O., Washington, D.C.*

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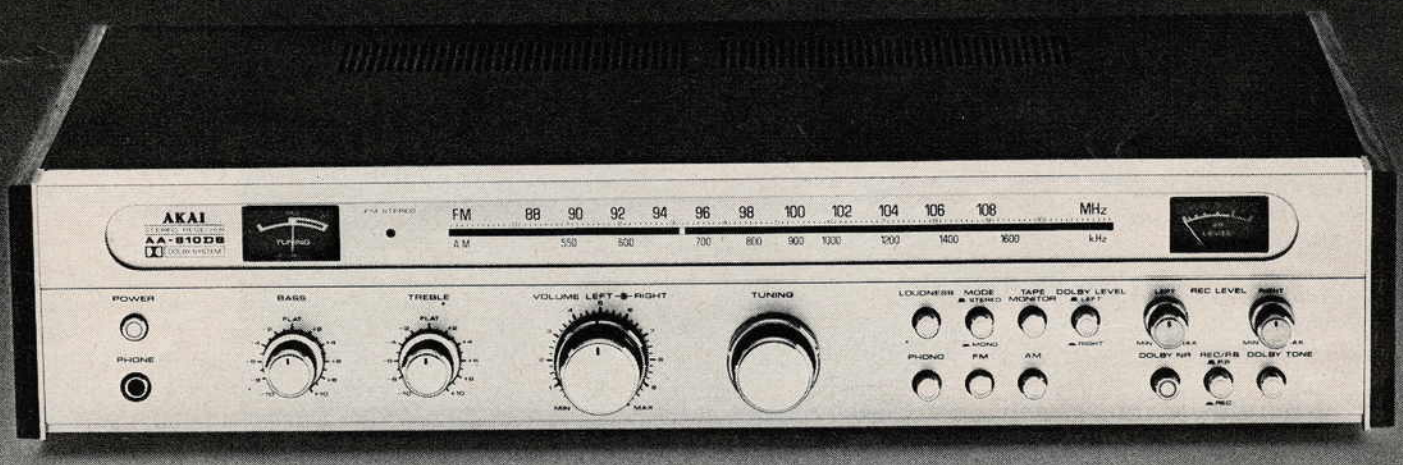

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Light my fire . . .

Being a generous person, I'd like to share my experiences with your other readers.

I'm an attractive woman in my early twenties and have a normal sex drive. Permanent relationships occasionally lose a bit of thrill for me so I sometimes find a need for a "No Strings" lover.

One evening I was in an unfamiliar part of town and stopped by a small fire station to ask directions to a certain bar. To my surprise, I was greeted warmly by some very nice and friendly firemen. It was quite obvious they appreciated my company, and I certainly enjoyed theirs. As we talked I became more interested and intrigued with the possibilities. Several minutes passed and the conversation became much more fun as I started dropping hints. I asked them how it was to spend such long hours alone without "proper" company? They responded in a normal masculine way and stated quite frankly that it made for "hard" times. I noticed quite easily by then that they were aroused and decided then and there to relinquish their problems. I was soon in a position I savor at all times and completely enjoy. The excitement of a considerate and willing lover is overwhelming! Talk about fantastic! I solved all our problems at once. It was wonderful.

Since then I have traveled parts of my Lone Star State on weekends and vacations, and I never have the fear of not finding a proper part-time lover when away from my boyfriend. I have found happiness in responsive and highly competent lovers with "No Strings" or hang-ups—and all in those wonderful houses that make it their business to put out "fires"!—*Name withheld, Austin, Texas*

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Memories are made of this . . .

I would like to tell you about the fantastic summer I had last year. I'm twenty-four years old, engaged, and lost my virginity only two years ago. But that's a different story.

Since my boyfriend and I live some thirty miles apart, and his job requires him to be on the road often, I have a lot of time on my hands. One Friday night I was invited to a party with some friends of mine. Since my guy was out of town, I jumped at the chance. The party was O.K. with the usual assortment of people.

About a week later, with help from one of my co-workers, one of the guys at the party called me up for a date. He was separated from his wife (some fifteen months at the time), and as I had remembered him, he was fairly good-looking. I said yes.

On our second date, we had gone to a late movie, and I asked him in for some coffee. While I was in making a potful, he fell asleep on the sofa. I didn't really have the heart to wake him and make him go home so I gave him the bed fixings for the sofa and went to my room to change.

When I came out, he was wearing these bright red, sexy underwear, and I instantly was getting turned one. I thought a second and said, what the heck, and climbed in—to his and my surprise. He rolled toward me and kissed me, ever so nicely, good night. Well, his kisses started getting to me, and I was really enjoying them. I could tell he was getting nervous, and I didn't want to stop. Soon he started kissing my neck and shoulders for what seemed like hours. He pulled my nightgown down off my shoulders and slowly, and with such great tenderness, kissed, licked, and fondled my breasts. God, was I loving it. He stayed there quite some time, and I was so hot I thought I would die. I wanted him—and right then. I reached to handle his penis, but he wouldn't let me. He pulled my nightgown completely off and started kissing my feet to my knees. For a million dollars, I couldn't have lain still. I reached down to touch my clit, and I have *never* been so wet in my entire life. I was literally soaking my panties.

He started kissing and licking upward over every inch. He finally reached my crotch, and within two seconds, I had a gigantic orgasm. He really was eating me out. He kept up, and I know I had at least another half-dozen orgasms. I was begging for him to screw me.

He finally took his underwear off and revealed his penis. It wasn't big, and it wasn't small; but it was about to prove how adequate it would be. When he entered me and started slow stroking, I wanted to screw forever. I came a couple more times and just simply wanted more—they were the most super orgasms I've ever thought existed. When he came I wanted to push his entire body into me, and each of his pulses just drove me wild.

We fell asleep, completely spent. When the alarm went off, I was ready for a rerun of the hours before. I guess he was thinking of that, too, and we started making love again.

Well, we got together quite often, mostly when my boyfriend was out of town, and for the entire summer, we made it over and over. I don't see him anymore but remembering him, and mainly that first night, just makes me tingle all over. I sure loved his body, but this memory will last forever. I wish everyone, once in their life, could have a lover like he was. I still have great sex with my boyfriend, but not nearly the same way. I just keep on remembering that one special time.—*Name withheld, Baltimore, Md.*

The show must go on . . .

I am a WAF stationed at Holloman AFB in New Mexico. I had often heard of your magazine but had never seen a copy until my husband, who is also in the Air Force, brought home a copy. Now my husband and I are both greatly interested in reading your magazine, especially the Forum.

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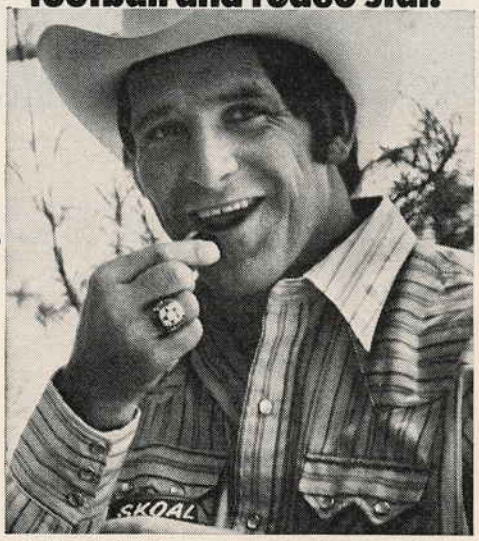

For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco" —as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept. M55, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

Of special interest to us was the couple who flashed off the truck drivers as they were passing on the highway. Although a female, I, too, am an exhibitionist. I get easily excited by exposing my bush or my breasts to guys or girls who appear interested. I especially get my kicks when it's a young kid between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years of age and the really older guys (over fifty). I think I enjoy these ages so much because they get so much more excited. My husband is also into my exhibitionism. And together we have devised a number of ways for me to do my thing. Our favorite is for me to wear a short skirt with nothing under it when we have a salesman or repairman over. I have quite an abundance of black pubic hair and find it very easy to expose a small amount of bush in the beginning, just to see if he's interested, then exposing more and more until my legs are almost wide open. Most of the skirts I wear at home are so short that a small amount of pubic hair sticks out even when I am standing. Our other favorites are the mailman, the newspaper boy, and the poor kid in the gas station who washed our window for nearly ten minutes while I feigned sleep, all twisted and turned on the front seat. Then there was the time at the shoe store where I tried on numerous pairs of shoes, and last but not least, there are the truck drivers. We usually try to put on a really good show for the truckers.

We have a few rules we live by for our protection. We seldom use the same service station or shoe store twice for exhibitionism. And when it's possible, we try to go out of town for these little escapades. I never expose myself to anyone if my husband isn't around, unless it's a young boy. I never overdo it or get the guy so excited that I can't handle the situation.

All of our little exhibition tricks are immediately followed by a fierce session of lovemaking, and we have many exciting memories to fall back on until the next time we get a chance to flash someone. We have noted in your magazine that there is increased interest in the subject of female exhibitionism. We wish there was a club for female exhibitionists so that we may swap ideas, stories, and photos. Since there isn't, we rely on your magazine to bring these ideas and stories to us. Many, many thanks for letting us tell our story.—*Name and address withheld*

Father knows best . . .

Your August issue had no letters at all on spanking. I was crushed for it's a subject dear to my heart, not to mention my ass.

Hoping others will do likewise, I herewith offer the tale of how my husband and I started our spanking life.

During our engagement, in the pursuit of total understanding, we discussed almost all conceivable subjects, one of which was marital punishment. We both agreed that spanking was childish, humiliating, and unnecessary in marriage. I further contributed the information that even as a child I'd

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never been spanked by my parents.

This was, of course, a bold-faced lie. But I surely didn't want Bill to get any ideas of continuing this painful practice my dad had started.

Imagine my horror when, two weeks later, I came home late from work to find Bill at our house talking to my father about this very item. As soon as I closed the door, Dad called, "Honey, come into the den a minute, please."

When I got there he said, "I was just recommending to Bill that he continue spankings to punish you after the wedding. I don't know what the problem is. He tells me you said that you've never been punished that way. What gives?"

I saw Bill looking at me very strangely. And I could feel the heat rise as I began to blush. I had to say something, but what?

I finally blurted out, "I just said that because I don't want Bill to spank me. You know how I hate it, Dad."

They both stared at me for a minute and then I heard Bill say, "Sir, I'd like to take your advice. In fact, I'd like to start a little early. I think a deliberate lie calls for a spanking right now. Would you mind?"

Over my vigorous protests, Dad agreed wholeheartedly. He even blocked the door, preventing me from running out. Bill caught me and dragged me to a chair. As he sat down, I was quickly flipped, bottom up, over his knee.

I'd only received one swat when I heard Dad's voice again. "No, no, son. It has to be on the bare. Over all those clothes, it wouldn't even hurt. Naked, or not at all."

There was only a few second's pause before I felt my skirt and slip go up. And immediately after that, my panties go down. I then received by far the nicest spanking of my whole life.

Somehow the fact that it was Bill, not Dad, gave a new and sexual flavor to the punishment. Oh, it hurt all right, and I wriggled and cried. But mostly, when he was finished, I just felt horny.

The spankings, still on the bare, have continued for the three years of our marriage. But now, occasionally, we use them as a sexual interlude rather than just as a punishment. It was the best advice Dad ever gave Bill.—*Name and address withheld*

Tag team

My wife and I are in our late forties but are quite active athletically. We have noted with keen interest the increase in Forum letters on the subject of girl wrestling. I was always turned on by the subject, but it was only after fifteen years of marriage that I discovered my wife was also a wrestling enthusiast. We have since enjoyed the sport together—both as spectators and participants.

There is nothing quite like the spectacle of seeing two females in a wrestling/cat fight. Nothing seems out of bounds, and the main objective always appears to be total humiliation of the defeated party. I have seen my wife in a few good scraps, and we were *both* highly aroused by the experi-

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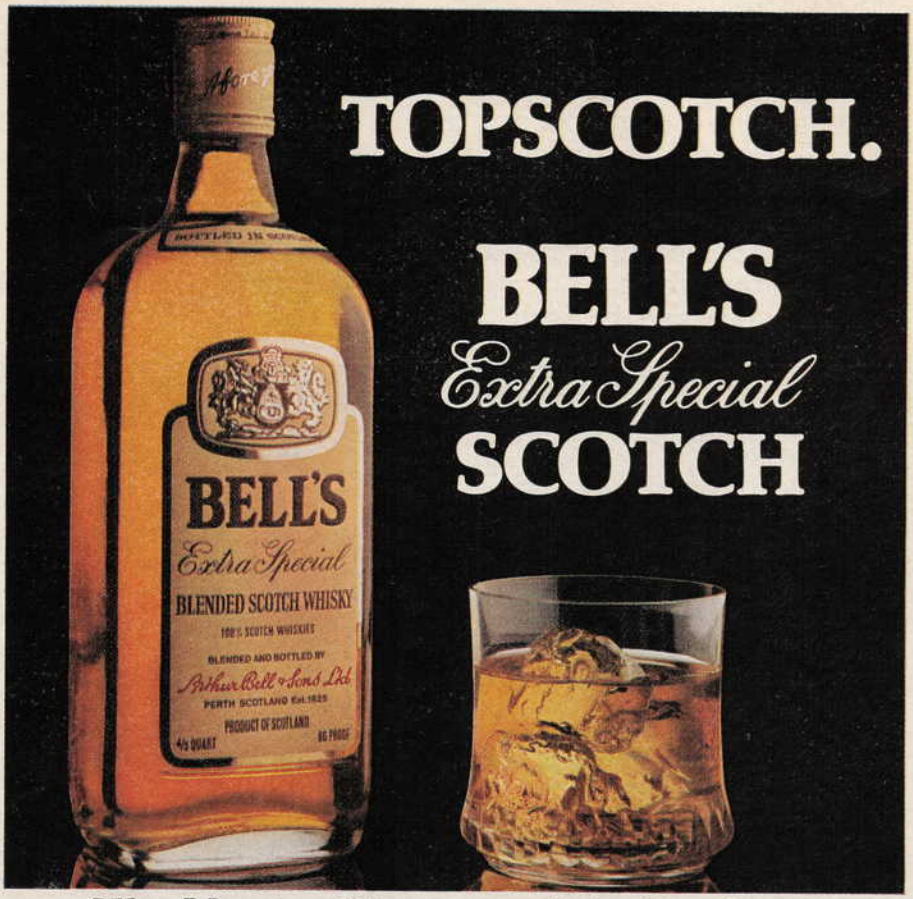

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ence. My wife is forty-eight but quite capable of defending herself against younger opponents. Last summer she got into it with a young twenty-two-year-old chick at a beach party. She gave the youngster a good going over and embarrassed the hell out of her by stripping the girl's bikini off in front of everyone. To top off her victory, she took the girl's bikini and used it to tie the girl's ankles and wrists together. The poor kid was left there on the grass, naked—helpless and begging for mercy.

And we are not alone in our interest in wrestling. We meet frequently with other couples and groups for matches which are sometimes friendly and sometimes not. A couple of years ago, I actually hired a girl to wrestle my wife. We had a big party planned that included many of our wrestling friends. I thought it would be a good idea to bring in an outsider and have her wrestle my wife as part of the party entertainment. The girl I got was twenty-four years old and a real beauty queen type. My wife was forty-five at the time, but after about five minutes of wrestling, she had the chick tied in knots and crying to give up. My wife decided to give me and our friends a real show for the evening because we were all ready for some "raw" thrills. She ripped that beauty queen's bikini completely off her, leaving her deliciously naked before the cheering group. It was a hilarious sight watching this now red-faced chick trying to cover her nakedness while my wife tossed her around and tied her up in one hold after another. With the encouragement of the crowd, my wife used a few "special" holds on the chick that had her begging for mercy. At one point she marched this "Miss Universe" around the mat from behind with a combination "tit" lock and "cunt" hold that had the party laughing and taunting my wife's opponent at her predicament at the hands of an "old woman." After a few minutes of this, what had been a tough talking show-off, was now five feet of sweating, rosy flesh shaking at the knees. My wife later told me she had several orgasms during the whole thing. Needless to say, my wife's opponent did not stick around for the rest of the party.—*Name and address withheld*

Rearguard action . . .

I've been reading *Penthouse* for a couple of years now, and up until recently, I thought that most of the letters you printed from people were put-ons. A lot of them seemed to be fantasies that had no relation to reality. As most of them involve things that would usually not happen in public, it was hard to tell if there was any truth in them or not. But something that happened to me last July changed my opinion of your letters column.

Monday I came back from the July 4th long weekend without much enthusiasm to start the last week of summer school or to get back to work. I sat in my first class in something of a stupor. I sat for thirty minutes that way—until I felt a crawling on my bottom. I sit at the back of the room with only one person, an attractive brunette, behind

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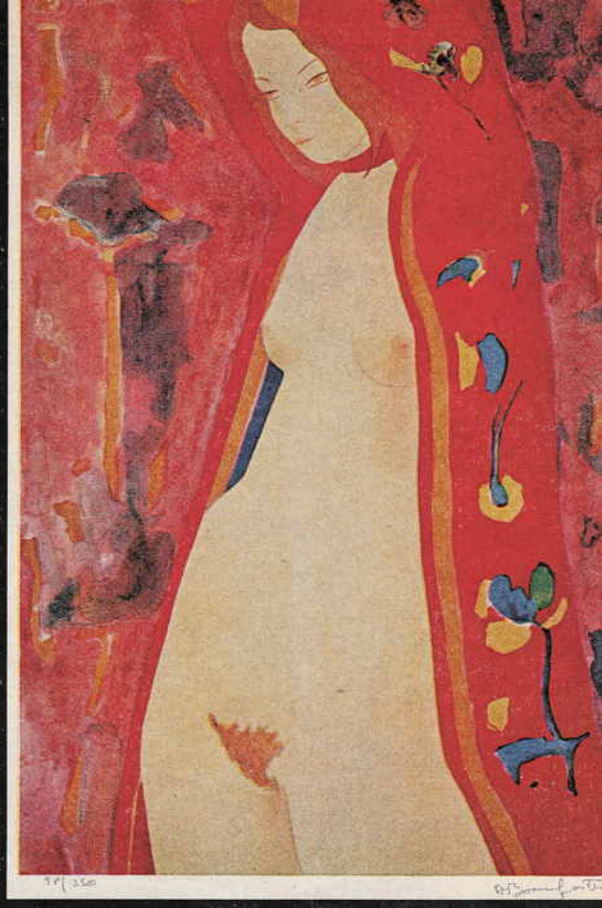

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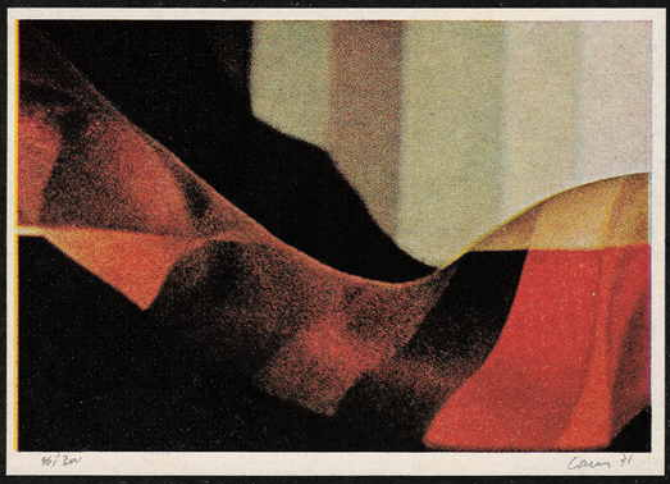

Artist: Eugenio Carmi. **SUZANNE** *Color Photo-Serigraph. Edition 200. Numbered. Handsigned by the artist, 1971. Image size, 21-1/4" x 31-1/2". Screens effaced.* Unframed, **$150.** Framed, **$200.** A protean talent, Carmi has excelled in graphics, electronic art, sculpture in plexiglass and steel. He has had important one-man shows at the Museum of Modern Art, Paris, won the Prix International Biela for his graphics, has exhibited in Osaka, New York, Milan, the Art Council of Great Britain, many more.

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me. Being a Monday after a holiday, about one-fourth of the class was absent, including the students that sat near us. I wasn't really sure what was going to happen, but I sat still waiting, keeping my eyes on the professor. First I felt her hand slowly pull out my shirttail. Next I felt her fingers, long ones, wrap around my belt and the top of my pants. She began pulling very slowly until I was almost afraid our desks would bump together. They did. This close to her, I could smell her perfume. It was Estée Lauder, and it turned me on just to smell it again. The last girl that I dated who wore it went off like a volcano in bed!

It didn't take long to understand her intentions. Her left hand snaked down into my slacks, her fingernails raking my buttocks until she reached her objective. The middle finger began playing with my hole, teasing it until I was so hard I felt like turning around and attacking her. I heard a soft giggle as I almost came out of my desk when the finger entered me. Slowly she began to push in and pull out, setting up a rhythm of nerve racking lovemaking, all the time teasing my insides with the edges of her fingernail. She kept it up for about five minutes, quickening the speed slowly until I could stand it no longer, and I came in my pants. My whole body was a quivering mass of Jello as I came. When I settled back into my desk in a dead heap, I again heard that soft giggle. The finger removed itself, followed by the hand. I heard a click, and then a tissue was handed across my shoulder to me. I did my best, but the front of my light summer slacks was a mess with no doubt about what the mess was. After class was dismissed, I turned to speak to her. She was smiling broadly, nodded her head yes, and off we went to my apartment for two hours of wonderful loving. I found it very funny that she thought me stuck-up. She told me that she had been wanting a date with me for a month. I thought she was stuck-up so I had not asked. Knowing her reputation around school as an untouchable socialite, it was even more amazing to me. She told me that she thought that since I was older than the other students, and had done my thing for the army in Vietnam, I wouldn't be a bastard and spread it around that she would go to bed. (She's watching as I write this, and it's OK with her.) It all goes to show you that those girls that are above it all are just like the rest of us. Wait. She just corrected me. She said that girls like her are just more choosey. Kind of makes me feel good!—*G.T., Wichita Falls, Texas*

Brand new bag . . .

Over a year ago, my husband and I discussed your special preference letters, but frankly the idea of using enemas for sexual gratification did nothing for me. So because of my lack of interest, we never experimented. I gave the subject no more thought until a few months ago while having a heated argument.

My husband had arrived home in a wretched mood. Short-tempered and argu-

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mentative, nothing I said or did was right, and we were in the midst of screaming at one another when I lost patience and told him what a crappy mood he was in. Then I said: what you need is a good enema. I don't know what even made me think of an enema at that precise moment—maybe it was your magazine—but acting on impulse, I went into the bathroom, filled up a syringe bag with soapy water, and for good measure, attached a large douche nozzle to the hose. I went into the bedroom with the full bag on a hanger and told my husband to undress—and no arguments. Everytime he would begin to say something, I would silence him sternly until he did as he was told and was lying naked on the bed.

I hung the bag on the bedpost, and as soon as I inserted the lubricated nozzle all the way in, he immediately got an erection. When I released the water, the muscles in his legs tensed, and he began to move from side to side. I stopped the flow of water occasionally, and as he got more and more aroused, I began to masturbate him while at the same time moving the nozzle around in his rectum in a slow circular motion that drove him wild. He finally climaxed with a powerful ejaculation, and it was about five minutes before he got up from the bed to empty himself.

Afterwards, the change in his attitude was almost total. He was relaxed and gracious, almost docile, and in a good enough mood to have a few drinks, and later still, to make love enthusiastically.

I'm smart enough to know when I've found a good thing, and since then I've continued to administer enemas to my husband whenever he's tense or out of sorts. And he always responds favorably. I don't know how or why they work, but I do know from experience that for my husband an enema is not only a positive sex experience, but the best therapeutic device I've found to cure an uptight disposition.

I am suspicious that enemas are primarily a male sex fetish as I still have no desire for my husband to give me one, but I wonder if anyone could comment on the male vs. female attitude toward enemas from a physiological as well as psychological point of view. Is the pleasurable and tranquilizing effect enemas have on my husband unusual or unique?—*Name and address withheld*

Same old bag

Some time ago one of your readers (on the subject of enemas) mentioned a "drawing glorifying (?) the administration of an enema" which he said was famous, and he asked that you locate and print it.

From the wording I inferred that he had not seen it but wanted to. There is a relatively new book (in German) on this subject with 186 illustrations (drawings) depicting the giving of enemas. Almost surely the item solicited is among this collection.

I think it likely that most university medical school libraries will have it. The title is: *Kallipygos und Askulap*, and the author's name is Friedrich von Zglinicki.

The first part of the book (on excellent paper throughout) is a "descriptive catalog of the illustrations"; the second part consists of the actual illustrations themselves. And even though the book was published in the 1970's, the drawings represent approximately the period 1700–1850—as best as I can judge it. A few more ancient illustrations are included.—*D.S., Address withheld*

More monopede mania

My husband and I have been following readers' contributions to "Monopede Mania" for some time now, with personal interest due to the fact that I had my left leg amputated at the knee four years ago.

Obviously some of the comments are made with tongue in cheek, and we thought most of them farfetched until last month when we were in a situation where I had to go without my artificial leg for two weeks while it was being repaired.

A couple who are acquaintances of ours, whom we hadn't seen for some time, phoned to say that they were in the area on a business trip and wanted to call at our place. I was somewhat hesitant about them coming as they had not seen me since my accident, and I had not used crutches since I had been married three years ago.

When they arrived that evening, we sat around and talked for some time. During that time I saw my husband glancing down at my legs from time to time. I soon realized that as I had been sitting turned in my seat talking, my left leg was almost totally exposed by the slit in the long evening dress that I was wearing. To cover the stump and thigh, I had used a knee-high stocking which was identical in color to a regular stocking on my right leg. At first I thought I was imagining things, but I could see his reaction every time I moved it. I found myself crossing and re-crossing my legs and soon felt myself getting turned on. It was as if I was teasing him by alternately covering and uncovering my breasts.

After our guests had left, he watched me for a while as I was walking around on the crutches I had borrowed, and he commented on how aroused he was by the swinging movement of my hips and the sight of my leg stump as it occasionally came into view.

It took me a while to get used to the idea, but we both agree now that I should use crutches at home on special occasions as a prelude to lovemaking. It definitely heightens our response to each other and is a positive effect we can enjoy, as opposed to the negative aspects of losing a limb. —*M.R.W., Vancouver, Canada*

I am a thirty-year-old man, father of two, well respected in my community, successful in business, very sports minded, and in general a very normal guy.

However, I have for most of my adult life had a never-ending desire for sex with girls with missing limbs (be it arms or legs). I have a very attractive wife with a very nice

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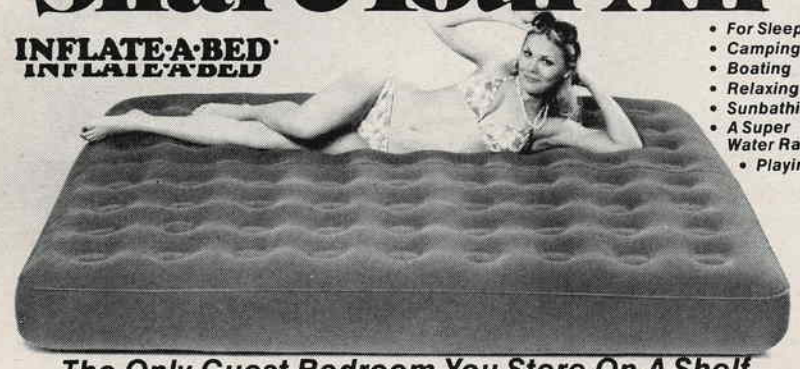

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figure, but she doesn't compare to the thrill I get when I go out with one of the many amputees that I have dated and have gone to bed with.

Over a period of some fifteen years, I have dated probably fifteen amputees. I had to search for some of these. One I traveled 400 miles to see. I have gone with those missing just an arm or leg, one was without legs between the hip and knee, one had both arms completely off and another had an arm and leg off on the same side of her body. All of these were very nice to medium in looks.

Of the above mentioned girls, I have made love to three of them: the girl with her legs off, the girl without arms, and a girl with her leg off at the hip.

Probably the best time I have had with any of these girls was with the one without arms. She was born this way and had adjusted very well. When I took her out, we went to a drive-in movie. I waited awhile that night before I tried anything with her, but when I did, I found out I was with a chick that was starved for sex. She really got into all that we did, and I went out with her several more times.

I honestly and sincerely get turned on by the sight of a girl's stump or stumps. I really like to just lay back and watch them move their stumps around and watch them walk or hop around.

I know it sounds kind of strange, but I sometimes imagine my wife or a nice-looking chick I may see as having a leg or arm off. Sometimes I pretend my wife has her leg off when we ball, and this really turns me on, causing me to climax quicker.

Even though I really am hooked on amputees, I still get excited over a sharp normal chick. I guess I like both kinds.

Some of the letters I have read in *Penthouse* concerning this subject I believe to be made up in the writer's mind. In my experiences with amputees, I have found some of the things talked about in your Forum just don't happen.

It is very true that the stumps of these women are very soft and very sensitive. The girl I balled with no arms really enjoyed me holding and rubbing her very small stumps. She said that she got a half-way climax from this.—*Name and address withheld*

My cousin subscribes to your magazine and since the "monopede mania" letters have been published has been bringing them for me to read. I am a twenty-one-year-old girl with coal black hair, a very good build, and a pretty face. (Sorry, I don't mean to be this conceited, but it is true.) My problem is that I am five-foot ten and five-foot seven. Two and a half years ago, I fell backwards from a second floor porch rail, spent nine weeks in the hospital, two months in bed at home, and wound up with my right leg being three inches shorter than my left.

When the doctor permitted me to walk, a three-inch lift was put on my right shoe. You can imagine how unsightly that is. I felt like taking my life. People would stare at my foot, then look with sympathy. I had been a model

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in a large department store, but of course that was out after the accident. I took a job as cashier in a motel-restaurant. This way I could at least work with my horrible right shoe hidden from public view.

Four months ago I met Ted who was doing an audit for our company. The audit took two days, and he asked me out the night we finished. We had a wonderful time, and Ted did not seem the least embarrassed at people staring at my foot. It was our fourth date before he asked how I had become crippled. Then he removed my shoe and had me limp around my small apartment. It really turned him on and, I admit, saved me from doing something terrible.

Ted and I are now engaged to be married. When possible Ted has me barefoot, limping on the ball of my right foot. We even go on dates like this to certain places, me all dressed up but without shoes. When wearing a regular shoe on my left foot, I limp very badly and have a time keeping the shoe on my right foot. While walking on the toes and ball of the short leg, my heel hangs from my shoe.

I still wear my shoe with the lift while working and on other occasions. However, with Ted, I either fight to keep a regular shoe on or go barefoot. The past few weeks I have used crutches at times, and it really gets Ted wild.

Perhaps this will start a "short leg mania" and other letters of afflictions that cause people to feel so odd.—*Name and address withheld*

Augmenting August's cover

I have been a long and faithful reader of your fine publication, but for the last few months, your Pet of the Month photographs have been terrible. I like to look at the beautiful body of a woman without all that damn fog or haze around her. Also you have a fox on the August cover, but alas I could not find her in the issue anywhere.—*L.W., Nuevo, Calif.*

I am a new, eighteen-year-old reader of *Penthouse* and love every feature and pictorial you print. I especially liked your August Pet, Marguerite Cordier. She deserves a whole book-spread of her. Keep the good pictorials going.

Also, the August cover girl knocked me out! Please print her name and dimensions for a keepsake.—*R.J., Kingston, Ontario, Canada*

I am a nineteen-year-old male and an avid reader of your magazine. I especially like your Forum section, and the pictures are always great. It's a great, all-around magazine. Keep up the good work.

But I do have one question about your August issue. Who is the luscious creature on the cover? She is absolutely a knockout and one of the sexiest girls I have ever seen. What a lovely! She sure looks ready for action. My congratulations to the photographer. It is a very tantalizing picture and definitely a turn on.

I was disappointed when I did not see her inside the magazine. You are doing your readers a great disservice by not exposing her further. I hope to see more of this lovely morsel in an upcoming issue, as I am sure many of your readers would.

I would really appreciate it if you would divulge her name, stats, and age.—*S.L., Westfield, N.J.*

As long as we have read your magazine, we have always looked forward to seeing the girl on the cover pictured on the inside of your fabulous magazine. We would like to know why you didn't place your August cover girl on the inside of that issue. It really pissed us off.—*Rich Becker and Bill Weible, Altoona, Pa.*

We thought you'd never ask. We felt the same way about her, too. Lisa Gomez is the name, and further details can be seen on pages 107–113 in our September 1975 issue.—Editor

I am not writing to *Penthouse* to convey any sexual experiences nor to criticize anything in your publications. In fact, I am a faithful reader and enjoy immensely the excellent photography and liberal articles and editorials found in your magazine.

I am writing to you about a girl in your "Come as you are" advertisements for *Penthouse* subscriptions. I was paging through my August issue of *Penthouse* when I came upon your advertisement on page 19. The girl looked amazingly familiar to me. Since I can't get a clear view of her face, I'm left with an uneasy feeling and a nagging question in my mind. If you could be so kind as to reply with some useful information (a name or photograph), it would be greatly appreciated.—*G.A.D., Chestnut Hill, Mass.*

Your memory is slipping, G.A.D. If you want a clear view of Terri Saunders' face—and other features—see our December 1974 issue.—Editor

Miscegenation miscellany

This letter is in regard to that of B.J. (Aug. 1975). I am young, single, white, a student of psychology and always a ladies' man. Thus I am ceaselessly sexually active.

Psychology comes natural to me, and I especially focus in on male-female physiological and psychological interactions and behavior patterns. Thus I have given deep thought and keen observation to the black man-white woman sexual pair.

It all comes down to what you want out of sex. There are basic and fundamental style differences in the races, and they are plain to see. For instance, in her new book, *The Erotic Life of the American Wife*, Natalie Gittelson tells of one woman she interviewed as saying that "black men move in on you at ninety miles an hour, lift you up, and spin you like a top." As B.J. says, and we know, there is now a significant class of white women who prefer black men. But there are also women who find that sexual relations with white men are infinitely preferable to sexual relations with blacks.

For instance, it's a fact that black men are less accepting of cunnilingus and analingus than are white men. Many women, love, love, love to be stimulated by the male tongue *all over*.

In Morten Hunts' book, *Sexual Behavior in the 1970's*, which is called by *Time* magazine, "the most far-reaching poll since Kinsey," it is found 63% of the married white males and 49% of the married black males had performed cunnilingus in the last year, and that 72% of the single white men had eaten their honey while only 35% single black men had.

Again, it all depends on what you want out of sex. The new breed of man—passionate, erotic, self-confident and capable of being tenderly submissive to his lover; and the new breed of woman—sexually aggressive and capable of dominating in sex, both find the most fertile ground in the rapidly growing world of fetishism, which is an almost exclusive white male domain.

So, the conclusion is that there's something for everybody. I have seen and heard the black man-white woman subject discussed many times but never from this important angle which is why I've written this letter. I think it's great that B.J. wrote in to express himself in Forum. It's about time we got the whole family in on the picture. Blacks on the track and whites outta sight, ya understand.—*L.A., Seattle, Wash.*

There are many reasons why black men and white women attract each other. The black man and white woman are put on the same level in today's world—they're considered minorities since both have been shortchanged by the white male. That means that they're usually underemployed, underpaid, and often discriminated against. You know that old saying, "People who stick together, stays together." That best explains the magnetism between the black male and white female.

Some white women libbers seek black spouses to revenge the white male chauvinist pigs, some for a new experience, while others believe that the black man has a larger penis. Interracial marriage is at an all-time high, mostly between black men and white women. I'm happy with my black husband, and we're having our first child. My parents hate my guts, his parents hate his also. My mother hates to even see us hold hands in public. She would have a heart attack if she saw us screwing in bed —which is what we do most of the time anyway!—*A.J., Mamtramack, Mich.*

I've just finished reading, with mixed feelings of amusement and disgust, the letter, "Black on White," by B.J. in the August Forum.

B.J. made the same old complaints about the black male-white female taboos that we could all recite from memory. If he wants to rattle a closet skeleton, then let us take a look at present day taboos.

I am a young white male and have en-

joyed a very full and active sex life with black and with white women. I do not prefer black over white or vice versa. I enjoy them all—each and every one.

My first relationship with a black woman, G., was in high school. It began with small talk in classes and hallways, progressed to telephone calls, and finally to passing notes at school (being sure that no one saw us). Our conversations and letters usually revolved around the main issues of how much we liked and wanted each other. G. and I were never able to make the union—she was too worried about being caught and about the way black men would react towards her afterwards. She informed me that black men did not take lightly black women dating white men.

B. was the first black woman I went to bed with. She was tall, slender, and beautiful. She was very aggressive when we were alone and let me know what her desires were. She would never let me come to her door to pick her up; rather, we met on a dark street two blocks from her home. This was so no one would see her with a white boy.

During my college days, I managed a campus bar which was a popular pick-up spot. The bar was frequented by black men but very seldom by black women. One night while I was working, a very beautiful black woman, K., came in and sat in the section I was attending. We carried on small talk and played eye games the entire evening. At closing time I ushered everyone out, but to my surprise, K. appeared out of the women's rest room. She had hid there so no one could see that she was waiting for me. She stayed with me that night and several nights thereafter, but in the morning, there was the reoccurring theme—I could not drop her off at her apartment, it had to be around the corner. She said she would be killed by her black friends if they found out. And this is a liberal campus environment.

One evening while K. and I were in the bar, we became so horny we put our arms around each other, and while standing we gently kissed and rubbed against each other. Just then three black men that K. had never seen before walked up and demanded to know "what the fuck was she doing?" She told them it was none of their business, and they threatened to beat the hell out of her. Luckily for K. and myself, there were policemen present. Ironically, the three black men were in the bar trying to hustle white women.

I could carry this story on with other incidents, but I think you have gotten the picture. Every black woman I have dated has been afraid to date white men publicly, and afraid of the ridicule, threats, and ostracism of black men. Granted you will occasionally see a black woman and white man in public, but this is an exception rather than the rule and is not a valid representation of what's happening behind closed doors. The black women I know are very intelligent, humane, warm, sensitive, and sensual. They are also very passionate and enjoy all forms of sex —oral, anal, and conventional.

In an age when black male-white female relationships are a common everyday occurrence, white male-black female relationships are still in the fetal stage. There are many black women and white men anxiously awaiting a change in attitude for we are tired of back doors and dark streets. Where do you stand, Mr. B.J.?—*Name and address withheld*

Dixie bitchin'

Florence King's "In Praise of the Southern Bitch" does describe many of the coeds here at Ole Miss—and in the South for that matter. As Yankees attending Ole Miss, we will admit to the existence of the "Southern Bitch" (they are all around us), but we can't give them the same praise as Ms. King. When we are in a classroom and hear the mindless babble of two Southern Bitches, we have to ask ourselves, are we really in a university classroom or are we sitting in a local tavern splitting a pitcher of dark beer next to a couple of "fine looking chicks." Another footnote on the Southern Bitch is that either she or the man she goes out with must be equipped with a Monte Carlo or Cutlass Supreme.—*S.S. and J.G., University, Miss.*

Real Cash

Your interview with Johnny Cash was the

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best piece of this type that I've read yet in any publication since Cash was featured on the cover of the former *Life* magazine. That was in 1969 and since that year, it has been my privilege to meet briefly with Johnny and his family six times. In only four pages, you have covered so much of the *real* man!—*Robert W. Henderson, D.D., Middletown, Conn.*

Making believers out of them

I never thought we would be buying a *Penthouse* magazine as my husband and I just aren't much for reading erotic literature; but after hearing George O'Toole interviewed on a radio talk show and learning of his article in your magazine, we find ourselves with *Penthouse* prominently displayed on the coffee table.

So I want to thank you for the George O'Toole article regarding Oswald—it was fascinating reading. Keep up the good articles—we just may become erotic readers yet.—*Mrs. S.J., Chula Vista, Calif.*

Chavez's checkpoints

As a former Immigration Inspector, I read with great interest your interview of Cesar Chavez. I greatly admire Mr. Chavez as a man of vision and courage; however, he often seems to disregard the facts. He intimates that the Immigration Service is deliberately negligent in its efforts to apprehend illegal aliens, and he hints that this may be in conspiracy with the Teamsters Union in an attempt to break the UFW strike. He lists the closing of the Immigration Checkpoints as evidence of this. These innuendos are completely false, and Mr. Chavez knows it. The sad fact is that the Immigration Service Border Patrol is one of the most overworked, understaffed, and ill-equipped agencies in Federal government. Even with limited manpower, it is vainly trying to stem the flood of illegal immigrants into this country. One example is the fact that in the Southwest Region of the U.S., the Patrol apprehends over 12,000 illegal aliens each week. As far as the Immigration Checkpoints are concerned, Mr. Chavez is way off base again. The fact is that the Immigration Service fought in court to keep the checkpoints open. The California checkpoint at San Clemente was closed by a court injunction. This court action was initiated by numerous Mexican-American Legal Aid groups. A final determination as to the constitutionality of the checkpoints will probably be made in the near future by the U.S. Supreme Court. Mr. Chavez's continuing fight to help the migrant workers is to be commended; however, he does a disservice to his cause when he sensationalizes and ignores reality. Thank you, *Penthouse*, for an interesting interview.—*Name and address withheld*

Viet vets

I have just finished the article "Destruction of a Human Being," and I feel it is not a fair or correct representation of the military.

Let me start by saying that your magazine is one of the most read publications in our barracks. Many a time I have stopped someone from throwing away a used *Penthouse* because of it's worthwhile articles.

I am, however, disappointed about the majority of your stories on Vietnam veterans and your general attitude on the military. It seems that most of your stories are about vets that have had to turn to drugs, crime, and psychiatric treatment because the military has "fucked them up."

I have been in the Marine Corps for more than three years, and I must point out to you and your readers that the military has it's good points and bad.

I enlisted just after high school, and these past few years have been most enjoyable. I've met both good and bad people. Like S/4 Downing, I have gotten the "green weenie" on occasion, but I've also gotten the schools I've asked for, good duty stations, and correct paychecks.

I'm not saying that military life is a barrel of roses because at times it isn't. I am saying that there is a lot more *good* about the military than you give it credit for. Pay, travel, medical, dental, and living conditions are improving all the time. I am not saying that the military suits the needs of all, but I am saying that a great many people have benefited from it.

There is much more I could say, but I'd like to leave you with this: I still don't know of any civilian employer that will take a young high school graduate, put him through months of training, give him four weeks paid vacation a year, and after three years give him $10,000 to stay with them.

I love my corps and my country. I just re-enlisted for five more years. Give us a break, huh?—*Wayne S. Godfrey, Sgt., U.S.M.C.*

I have *never* been affected by a magazine article as I have been by Judith Jobin's "The Destruction of a Human Being." I've read all your articles on the screwing of the Vietnam vets (and others), but this one was too much. Is there no one who can help these men? Doesn't anyone out there hear them? Don't they care? How can these things happen?

As I read the article, I became more and more angry and frustrated at Ed Downing's ruination. How he lived through it, retaining even a measure of his sanity, is beyond me.

Regardless of how the individual felt about the Vietnam war—these men are people, like anyone else, who, unfortunately, did as they were told and went to war. How can this country turn its back on them?

Please continue to publish these articles and help the veterans—of any war. Maybe, someday, someone who can *do* something about the incredible red tape and lack of compassion will read your magazine.—*B.C., Address withheld*

We're working on it.—Editor

I am a nineteen-year-old female who is in the army working as a psychiatric technician. Working with many Vietnam vets and watching what they go through, I can understand what happened while they were in Vietnam.

From what we communicate to him, we nurses and technicians are the psychiatrist's ears and eyes when he cannot be on the ward. And from what he sees and hears himself, I think he can understand also.

While that woman who wrote has had only experiences with one vet in an army psych unit, we experience all types of problems such as flashbacks, hallucinations, paranoia (severe), and various other symptoms including the ones that woman described.

If that woman thinks it's only up to the wives and girl friends of these men, she is wrong. It's also up to psych units in every army base and VA hospital. Also, a lot of Vets are afraid to go back to their women, or their women actually reject these men which gives them extra problems that have to be worked out.

What will help these men? A secure environment with little or no stress, plenty of time to heal the psychological wounds, and truckloads of understanding and love.

In regard to another letter where a man showed resentment towards the army, saying "he never met a cool or honest officer," it shows he has never set foot in an army hospital. Here, we (enlisted as well as officers alike) go on a first name basis. People here are professionals. I respect and admire these people. They have worked to become officers.

I was never issued a drum of vaseline, and I have never seen an officer with a can of white wash. So if he got a screwing, it was a screwing he deserved. I hope it was a good one!—*Name and address withheld*

I have been reading the articles on the Vietnam veteran with interest. Many of your readers may find some of the problems of our veterans hard to believe, but having had to deal with the Veterans Administration for many of my constituents, they can take my word for it, they are true.

Just this year I was trying to get a discharge for one of my constituents who had served one hitch in the army and then signed up for a second tour. During his second tour, he joined a religion that did not believe in war and killing and had tried to get a discharge as a conscientious objector. During this time the army saw fit to reduce him in rank. I wrote to the Department of the Army to the Office of Chief of Legislative Liaison in Washington, D.C., in his behalf but never received an answer. Finally he was discharged, and I wrote back to the Army Legislative Office—and advised Major D.L. Davis that he did not now need to answer my letter. He then wrote me right back and explained how that office was established solely to respond to members of Congress and normally didn't answer mail from any other source. My interest now is this, if the army can afford to operate an office for inquiries from members of Congress, why can't they afford an office to help our veterans with the problems they have? I am an elected representative of the people

just like a U.S. Congressman or Senator, and when one of my constituents asks me for help, I want to help. One thing Major Davis must not have thought about is that just about all members of Congress have served in the State Legislature before going on to Congress, and they approve the budget for the army.—*Joseph P. Harris, State Representative, Kokomo, Ind.*

Pop bomb

You deserve much praise for printing the article by Anne and Paul Ehrlich, "Starvation 1975," in the July issue of *Penthouse*. It is time we listen to knowledgeable people like Mr. and Mrs. Ehrlich and realize what the future holds for the human race—unless food and population issues are met squarely and immediately with wisdom, realism, and courage. Thank you for giving your readers the opportunity to understand this ominous situation. Please continue to cover population and natural resource problems in future issues of *Penthouse*.—*Helen Webb, Harpers Ferry, W. Va.*

Just a short note of praise and thanks for your July article, "Starvation 1975." I'm not a regular subscriber to your magazine, but I was heartened by the high quality of this responsible and extremely vital piece. Since this population problem is a direct link to war, crime, mental disorder, shortages, etc., the message must be sent out to everyone.

Thanks again, and I hope to see more of the same in the future.—*Ms. Jane Piccicuto, Granby, Maine*

Exchange rating

I don't know whether or not you people at the top—or people at large—realize it, but *Penthouse* is by far the most coveted possession so far as mail is concerned here in Durance Vile. Monthly, the people who are fortunate enough to have a subscription to *Penthouse* line up at the desk to get their issue, and it *is* something to look forward to!

I could go on and on with the accolades, but you *know* how good your rag is. By comparison, everything in the joint has a price and an exchange value relative to an issue of *Penthouse*. I thought you might find it interesting to know that the current exchange rate for a *Penthouse* is at an all time high—regardless of how old the issue might be. Rates are as follows: one *Penthouse* is worth two *Playboy* (current issues only); two fuckbooks (intact with covers); three *National Lampoon*; four *Esquire*; twelve *Psychology Today* . . . and I've yet to see a successful barter involving a *Penthouse* and any number of *Reader's Digest*.—*James P. Barker, California Men's Colony, San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

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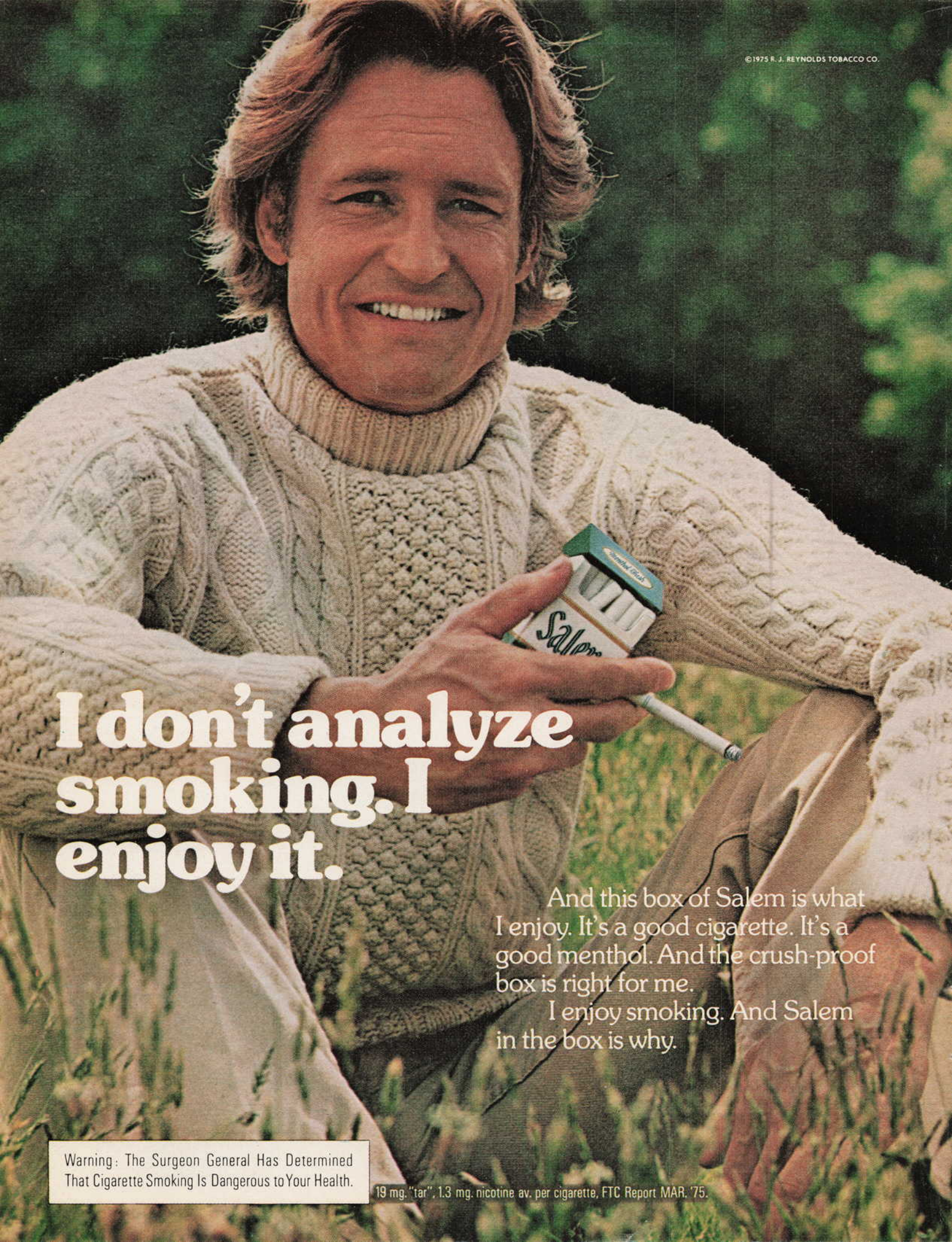
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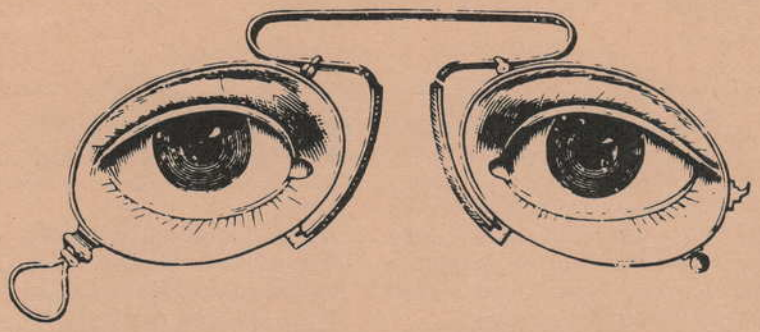


VIEW FROM THE TOP

FUNKY EUTHANASIA: GIVING THE KISS OF DEATH TO 1975

There is a hell that Dante never spoke of. It is ruled, this hell, by the tortured spirits of fads and vogues which refused to die natural deaths. Flagpole sitters wobble high above the banks of a chlorinated Styx. Hula Hoops roll endlessly, everywhere, like ashcan lids down a windy street. The souls of the damned amble aimlessly—in sharkskin Nehru jackets, in sack dresses, in dashikis, in zoot suits. They read aloud from Salinger, do the Mashed Potato, discuss great moments in method acting, stage sit-ins and panty raids. They have been caught off guard, these sinners, and sloughed by the Polack jokes of pop. The wages of gaucherie are death. How many Mort Sahl monologues can fit on the head of a pin? Theology, as we know it, shudders.

It is a fact of life: some fads die gracefully, others scream all the way to the electric chair. Take heed then, frail whims of culture. The writing's on the wall, and cybernetics won't save your soul. Abandon ship, or perish beneath the Day-Glo sun.

Out of mercy, disco music deserves a quick razor to the aorta. Permitted to go on much longer, its demise would be unbearably painful to witness. Who among us could stand such horrors as "Let's Ease On Down the Road Again Like We Did Last Summer"? Amphetamine insipidity, so dearly chichi of late, is about to go the way of San Francisco rock. Avoid embarrassment now. Take all your Gloria Gaynor records, all your "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?" T-shirts, and hide them. Wherever you keep your Kingston Trio albums will do nicely.

And, for Chrissake, dump that copy of the *Village Voice* before somebody sees it. The New Journalism, probably the most tedious thing to happen to American writing since Henry James, is on the critical list. Is there anyone left out there who does not yet get the cerebral dry-heaves each time Pete Hamill tries to remind us that he's no candy ass by telling us of (a) the time he drank beer at the Lion's Head before noon, and (b) the time he spoke man-to-man with an honest-to-goodness laid-off construction worker? Beware of anyone who professes to care about the New York Mets, the common man, or the problems of minority groups.

You would also do well to steer clear of any future buddy-buddy movies. All that gooey eye contact between Robert Redford and Paul Newman gets a bit trying after a while. Besides, buddy-buddy movies (with the exception of *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*) are only poignancy without broads. What ever happened to Aldo Ray? Slob acting shall rise again. Get in on the ground floor.

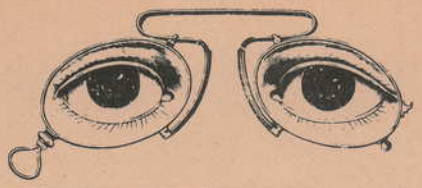
It would also be pleasant to see a ban on political scandals in the future. Dirty laundry, White House style, is not only boring, but it also disrupts prime-time TV programming with those special reports. I missed two good *Hawaii Five-O*'s and God only knows how many Leggs commercials just because all you yuk-yuks were dumb enough to vote for that asshole in the first place.

Any type of nostalgia is also a one-way ticket to the cultural graveyard. All of it: Peter Bogdanovich, art deco, the Pointer Sisters. Especially lethal is anything that deals with Growing Up in America, whether it be *The Summer of '42*, George Carlin, or *American Graffiti*. I grew up in America, and all I remember about it is pulling my pud and standing around in an iridescent trench coat with the collar up in back and a pair of pointy shoes along with several others who also wore iridescent trench coats with the collars up in back and pairs of pointy shoes, and saying things like "Barbara Mack got the clap," or the very popular alternative saying "Your mother eats my pork." These other more nostalgic visions of the discovery of manhood (capitalization optional on that one) simply do not strike a responsive chord.

Really, we have only scratched the surface here. Every day another vogue gets pissed out by the bladder of fancy. If you are a girl who has not yet gone and got a little butterfly tattooed on your ass, don't do it now. The same thing goes for pierced ears for men. If you possess a Louis Vuitton bag, stomp it, burn it. If you are a Russian ballet star planning to defect to the U.S. of A., be forewarned that in the eyes of all concerned you are just another slouch who don't talk English good. In the realm of ersatz boozing, it's becoming less and less fashionable to rave about what a great beer Coors is. Find something even more cultist, like Lone Star, or, better yet, switch to whiskey, the drink of the future. And please, all of you, no more Earth Shoes.

When you get right down to it, there's one way, and one way only, to avoid the humiliation of being caught culturally out of sync. Be a slob. You never actually liked all that trendy stuff, did you? Ease on, ease on, ease on down to the bowling alley.—*Nick Tosches*

Victor Juhasz



SCENES

FILM BOOTLEGGING: THE STING OF HOME MOVIES

So you'd like your own private print of *Jaws* to show for your friends? Maybe a mint-condition duplicate of *Godfather II*? Or how about *Funny Lady*? Well, if you've got the projector, there are people who will sell you these films for just a few hundred bucks. And if you believe that they just don't make 'em like they used to, for a few hundred dollars more you can purchase excellent vintage prints of such classics as *Gone with the Wind* ($1,200), *The Wizard of Oz* ($900), and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* ($1,000). When you show these films, however, just keep your blinds down because the FBI may be watching. And Paramount. And Warner Brothers. And the Motion Picture Association of America. And any number of other film organizations now trying to stop the illegal traffic in bootleg movies, a rip-off from studio profits that is conservatively estimated at over $100 million a year.

For years well-meaning, legitimate collectors and film scholars have been duplicating, trading, and buying copies of old films which in many cases might have been otherwise lost forever. Henri Langlois and his world-renowned Cinémathèque in Paris is probably the most famous example of a "respectable" film bootlegger. (Today it is easier to get to a screening of Howard Hawks's 1932 classic *Scarface* [Paul Muni as Al Capone] at Langlois's Cinémathèque than to find a print in the United States; the film, unfortunately, is tied up in the morass of producer Howard Hughes's estate.) Frank Sinatra, Rock Hudson, Walter Kerr, Mel Tormé, and Sammy Davis Jr. are among the well-known names of a multitude of film buffs who own private collections. But selling and dealing has become international, with first-run films being shown in South Africa, Australia, Taiwan, and Cuba with no profit return to U.S. filmmakers and no taxes paid to the U.S. Treasury. In Havana, Cuba, for instance, there were recently eleven theaters showing *The Godfather*, for which Francis Ford Coppola will be none the richer.

In the past such illegal trafficking was about as dangerous as driving without a license—fines of $150 were stiff. But because of the increasingly enormous scope of today's bootlegging operations (and very probably with the involvement of organized crime), the film industry and the feds are starting to put some real teeth into the ambiguous copyright laws, so that selling off your old print of *Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair* could land you up to three years in jail and cost you $25,000 *and* the confiscation of your collection.

A few months ago in Los Angeles a U.S. grand jury returned indictments against sixteen film lab operators who were duping pictures like *The Exorcist*, *The Way We Were*, and *The Three Musketeers*. In one seizure alone more than 500 films were confiscated. Breaking the copyright laws was once only a misdemeanor, but now the studios have gotten the FBI to investigate illegal traffic across state lines, thereby making the crime a felony.

In one incident, actor Roddy McDowell's home was raided and several hundred films taken by the FBI, and although McDowell was able to persuade the authorities that his collection did not exist for profit-making, the incident sent collectors scurrying. A recent article in *Filmmaker's Newsletter* warned private collectors not to brag about their titles, not to keep records of purchase, and not even to ship their movies in film cans. President of the MPAA, Jack Valenti, assured *Penthouse* that "we have no desire to infringe upon the rights of legitimate collectors, although we would like to compile a good inventory of what is owned," and warned that collectors should be wary of buying and selling their prints irresponsibly. In fact, some of the more renowned collector/scholars have actually been working with the studios in providing the best prints of old films for redistribution. And in the area of preservation of America's vast film heritage the studios have been notoriously lax.

For decades Hollywood was wholly indifferent to the preservation and restoration of its own products, leaving many valuable pictures to rot in their storerooms on nitrate stock. Studio head Jack Warner once burned an entire stock of irreplaceable prints because he needed the storage room for newer films. Just recently Technicolor, having abandoned its process, sold off its machines to the People's Republic of China and stacked up their prints in an outdoor lot in preparation for destroying the films. Despite the efforts of collectors, historians, and the American Film Institute to cart the stock away, Technicolor could neither sell nor give them away because of copyright problems. A few collectors even planned to break into the lot one night, but found it guarded by FBI agents. That same evening a heavy rain ruined the films. The following day they were all incinerated.

Because of such indifference and wastefulness on the part of the studios, collectors and film buffs are now outraged by the FBI's efforts to oversee what they feel are educational, archival, and personal enterprises.

The big business of black-market movies: Jaws *in your own living room*

The Bettmann Archive

Buying and selling GWTW

While most legitimate collectors *do* support the government's efforts to nab the big international dealers, they are getting a little paranoid about having their homes broken into and their caches of Monogram Westerns confiscated.

Videotaping is one way of duping a print, but the schools and universities that usually deal in such practices are small potatoes to the guys who pirate films as a full-time, international business. One twenty-five-year-old bootlegger—known in the "business" as Deep Focus—supports himself exclusively on the profits he makes selling first-run prints to collectors, theaters, and resorts in the Catskills. "It's really very simple," he says. "Sure you can get a lab to reproduce a film you've rented from a distributor, but the quality isn't always so hot. You can get much better and much newer stuff simply by finding a guy who works at the movie studio itself. Another way to get prints is through the airlines, which use 16mm. They've got thousands of prints for their flights, and they beat the crap out of them. So when they've run their course the prints are taken back by the studios and usually destroyed. But it's pretty easy for the guy who's supposed to burn them to just sell them off. You can get airline prints for $25 that way and sell them for $300.

"Then there's always the good old U.S. Postal Service. You get a guy in the local post office to intercept a print, get it duplicated in one afternoon, replace it, and send it on its way."

How fast can Deep Focus get his hands on a current feature? "I got an offer to buy a copy of *Jaws* for $300 two weeks before the picture even opened in the theaters. I had offers to buy *Nashville* for $800 one week after the New York City premiere." Like Deep Focus says, "You can get anything you want if you know the right people."

If anything will cut down on film piracy, it's good old American technology. In a year or so MCA-Phillips and RCA will be issuing "video discs" for your home television screen at a cost of from $5 to $10 a disc. If people can buy those, they're unlikely to spend $300 on a celluloid print that will get worn and scratched. There are those film aficionados who will always demand the silver screen over a box—at any cost.

Foreign dealing is another problem. The United States is working with foreign governments to strengthen support of international copyright laws, and even Russia is going along with the spirit of cinematic détente. And in South Africa, where you could once buy a first-run feature over the counter in Johannesburg, the fine for film bootlegging has jumped from five rands to 150 (a rand is worth approximately $1.50).

Finally, with new innovations in sound technology like Sensurround, eight-track, and quintaphonic systems, which often cost up to $15,000 to install in a theater, the international audience is going to want the same treatment as Americans get. After all, who wants to go to see *Earthquake* if it's not going to rock your socks? And what would *Tommy* be without the assault on the ears from five mammoth speakers?

So maybe Francis Ford Coppola doesn't have to worry too much anymore.—*John Mariani*

FILMS

NIGHT MUST FALL

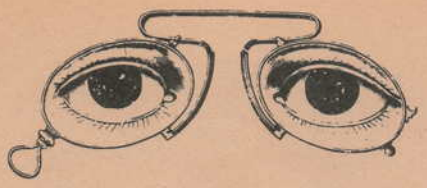
Claude Chabrol's *Just Before Nightfall* is only now finding its way into American theaters, but it was made in 1971, not long after *Le Boucher*, still probably his best-known film here, and two years before *Wedding in Blood*, reviewed in *Penthouse* more than a year ago, in September 1974. This crazy releasing pattern, a matter of foreign-film distribution economics, hurts Chabrol less than it would most directors. For the past six or seven years his work has been so remarkably of a piece it is difficult to see how one movie might necessarily follow rather than precede another. Chabrol has found his world, his themes, his characters—to some extent, even his characters' names. In many of his films, the leading man will be called Charles; the leading woman, Hélène.

Bouquet and Audran in Claude Chabrol's murder melodrama

The Charles (Michel Bouquet) of *Just Before Nightfall* runs a small ad agency in Paris, where, one afternoon, almost at her perverse invitation, he strangles his mistress, who happens to be his best friend's wife. To the police the murderer's identity remains a mystery, but Charles himself eventually balks at going scot-free. So he begins a series of confessions. First he admits to having had an affair. Both his friend (François Périer) and his wife Hélène (Stéphane Audran) forgive him. Then to the friend he confesses the murder, and he is told to forget the whole thing and think of his wife and family instead. Finally he tells his wife, and tells her also that he means to give himself up. That night she administers a fatal dose of sleeping drops, and Charles dies quietly—officially a suicide—his good name and the convenience of his home successfully preserved. The ending comes as no surprise; Charles's death is what Charles has been engineering since the beginning.

To anyone familiar with the more recent films of Claude Chabrol, merely reading this plot synopsis will suggest certain connections. Seeing the movie will suggest several more. The upper-bourgeois environment is one, an oppressively modern environment in a couple of showcase houses in which everyone literally is on show—through picture windows, in the various levels of the living areas that organize their lives. The general pleasantness of everyone involved (Stéphane Audran and Michel Bouquet are exceptionally attractive people) is another. And the glitter—and fragility—of all the handsome surfaces is a third.

But just beneath those surfaces there is another world, by no means discontinuous with the first, in which the terms are not "home" and "family," but something more like "games" and "guilt"—and "retribution." For all his involvement in a decently deluxe environment of money and material comfort, and despite his commitment to a



Roman Catholic order of sin and penitence, Chabrol's deepest instincts seem to lead into something much more risky and frightening, an idea of vengeance that takes the act of murder out of the control of morality and places it into a pattern of doom. When Hélène kills her husband she takes revenge—for herself as a misused wife, but also for the other woman whom Charles murdered and over whom his anguish about personal guilt begins to seem a slightly ludicrous indulgence.

Beneath the sleek façades of *Just Before Nightfall* there is a universe of brutal absolutes in which everyone originates his own destruction (Hélène as surely as Charles and the helplessly "wicked" mistress), and anyone may see it through to a conclusion. It is a difficult vision, relieved mainly by the precisely restrained performances of the players and the elegant, sometimes elegantly grotesque sense of the director's visual style. Chabrol concocts murder melodramas—thrillers—almost all his films have some part of this. But his thrillers come out like classical tragedy—not sad, but stern and beautiful and inevitable. To my knowledge there is nobody else making movies of such gratifying intelligence.

"Was it all right?"

"All right?"

"Outside. Was it safe, where you were?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Not much of an exchange, out of context, but she, the one asking the questions, is his prisoner in her own bachelor-girl apartment. Soon she will be his lover, for just one night. And he on that cold December day has had his world destroyed, shot to pieces, all his colleagues killed, himself in grave jeopardy. He knows now that the outfit that employs and supposedly protects him may want him eliminated—as the only knowledgeable witness to a slaughter designed to cover up an organizational embarrassment.

Sydney Pollack's *Three Days of the Condor* comes at a time when the CIA has lost all credence, let alone respectability. And so the movie's fiction, which is a pretty good fiction, must almost pale before the facts. The one difference we might admit is that in life everything would have been bungled much more thoroughly than it ever is in the film.

Three Days of the Condor is based on a suspense novel, James Grady's *Six Days of the Condor*, and some of the differences—aside from removing three of the days—are worth noticing. "Condor" is the code name for young Joseph Turner, an obscure employee in an obscure branch of the CIA engaged in analyzing detective fiction. One day, for no apparent reason, Turner's office is hit, and everyone in it is shot to death while he is out buying lunch. Then his adventures begin; he plays a deadly game of hide-and-seek—through Washington, D.C., in the book; through New York City in the film. The change is important; New York in all its civic oddities figures rather as a haven from federal power.

Both the book's Condor and the film's (Robert Redford) make use of a girl (Faye Dunaway in the movie). In the book this leads to something; in the film it does not. That is because the book ends happily, while the film ends problematically. And *that* is because the book, for all its intimations of corruption in high-government places, is really a quite conventional bad guys versus good guys intrigue. But in the movie, the good guys have all disappeared—except a few, like Condor, to be used as victims. A very modern movie, right in touch with the times.

I don't mean to give away the plot, which is fascinating, or the character of the hired assassin Joubert (Max von Sydow), or such mid-level CIA functionaries as Higgins (Cliff Robertson) and his associates. *Three Days of the Condor* is a well-constructed thriller, and though it can stand closer scrutiny—I've seen it twice, with pleasure—it should be allowed its surprises along the way. Inevitably, it becomes a power struggle between one man and the CIA—a game full of losers, but moment by moment you'll want to know who wins.

Sydney Pollack's film direction has never overwhelmed me before, not in the overrated *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, or *Jeremiah Johnson*, or *The Way We Were*. But I find it hard to fault him this time in his sense of pace, or dramatic climax, or even location—*Three Days of the Condor* being the most interestingly accurate use of New York I've seen in a recent movie.

By now Pollack's self-evident rapport with Robert Redford pays off in very special ways, Redford's particular kind of sanity working to quiet the potential for paranoia in the excellent screenplay and to warm what is in every other respect an utterly chilling story of personal danger. Even the romance, the night spent with Faye Dunaway to get out of the cold, as it were, takes on the quality of a helpless gesture in the face of so much malevolence. But it is a lovely brief romance—as it ought to be for two such people—tough, ironic, tentative, and finally gentle. If you think that's commonplace in today's movies, you haven't been to enough movies. *Three Days of the Condor* might send you back again. No immortal masterpiece, it has the virtue of doing everything it wants to do, right.—*Roger Greenspun*

Sydney Pollack's new thriller with Redford and Dunaway: A game full of losers

WORDS

DID CIA KILL KENNEDY?

For the second time this year we've been handed the bitter cup of controversy. The new conspiracy report is *Coup d'Etat in America: The CIA and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy* by Michael Canfield and Alan J. Weberman, with a foreword by Congressman Henry B. Gonzalez (Third Press, $11.95). It follows on the heels of George O'Toole's explosive evidence of Lee Harvey Oswald's innocence and frame-up, *The Assassination Tapes*. This new book claims that CIA men killed Kennedy and framed their own agent Oswald for the murder.

Once you open the door to the thought of conspiracy, clues fly in from all directions. The major theories now are conspiracy of the Right, of the Left, of the Mafia, and within the government itself. The last is clearly the scariest of all. If the Intelligence Community is truly a Praetorian Guard that can, as in the Roman Empire, make and unmake governments, we are living the decline and fall of America. Canfield and Weberman see the assassination as nothing less than such a coup d'etat.

It was America's best-known conspiracy, Watergate, that sparked their energetic investigation of the Oswald case. The suspicions it aroused led to the discovery that Watergaters E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis, both ex-CIA, resembled two of the three "tramps" who were picked up at the scene of the Kennedy assassination and released on the FBI's say, without police questioning. The book diligently pursues links between Hunt and Oswald. Sturgis himself revealed to the authors the existence of Operation Forty, an assassination section within the CIA.

The authors feel their great achievement was to uncover a motive for a conspiracy to kill Kennedy. This is difficult; Kennedy made enemies, but he was no extremist in any direction. Canfield and Weberman start from the fact that everyone known to be involved—certainly Oswald and Ruby, and everyone they suspect, certainly many CIA people including Watergaters, and certainly the underworld—all were keyed into the intense clandestine struggle over Cuba. The turning point in this underground war was, of course, the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Canfield and Weberman believe Kennedy signed his death warrant when he refused to order a second air strike, and thus exposed the CIA's invaders to massacre on the beach.

The flaw in this seems apparent to me in the second sentence of "The Theory." "By 1963 Kennedy's murder was being planned by assassination experts within the Central Intelligence Agency. Orders had come down from upstairs that Kennedy must die. . . ." Where is "upstairs"? Upstairs should be the White House.

Sure there was bitterness in the CIA. Howard Hunt, a leader in the Bay of Pigs planning, expressed it publicly. Bureaucratic frustration might be enough for one or a few unstable guys to kill the boss, but for a large organized conspiracy you need a large group that is not merely disgruntled but also expects to gain something big. What could the sophisticated analysts of the CIA have expected of Johnson (whom the authors believe to be innocent)? Cuban policy didn't change. A revenge killing is no coup d'etat. Who won what? With Watergate, it was the presidency.

If there was no government conspiracy to kill Kennedy, there was at least, their evidence insists, a conspiracy to cover up what did happen. Nixon didn't resign because his supporters committed burglary; it was the cover-up that enraged Americans. Representative Henry Gonzalez makes a realistic demand when he insists that Congress investigate an infinitely more appalling cover-up.

UPI

Was Lee Harvey Oswald an agent for the CIA?

RECYCLING INFORMATION

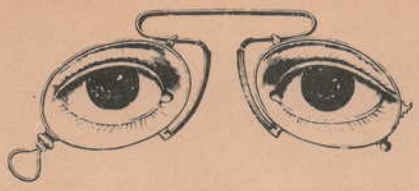
The Whole Earth Catalogue was somewhat puritanical when it came to sex; the topic barely graced its voluminous pages. To rectify the omission, Bernhardt J. Hurwood (*The Bisexuals*) has edited *The Whole Sex Catalogue* (Pantheon, $6.95). It is a credit to Hurwood's sophistication that his book is less of a how-to than a where-to-find-it reference. Hurwood never moralizes, and so at last we have a sex book that tells you more about sex than the sex hang-ups of its author. Dr. Reuben should have been so wise. Legalized brothels, sex aids, swingers' clubs, nude beaches, S & M fraternities, homosexual resorts, treatment centers—there's info here for every sexual persuasion and kink.

I don't really know what *An Index of Possibilities* (Pantheon, $5.95) is all about or what it's for, but there it is just the same—a monster paperback like *The Whole Earth Catalogue*. The book is edited by eight English madpersons. It is voluminously researched, clearly written, and magnificently indexed. I learned some things from it: how to grow grass on an automobile; that a man on a bike is the most efficent form of locomotion in the animal kingdom; Arthur D. Little made a silken purse (well, silklike) from sows' ears because he was irritated by Shakespeare's slur on the limits of technology. The authors suggest other uses for their book: "Stab blindly at the index and rip off the bottom corner of page 188, chew thoughtfully, and wait."

Down to earth but spawned from the same "whole earth" dream that a big book can lead us to a saner world is *Simple Living* by Jacques Massacrier. This big paperback is from France, but has been sensibly Americanized by Links Books ($7.95). Subtitled *An Illustrated Workbook for the New Farm and Home*, it offers 307 inventive ideas for creative living. While it aims at the practical, it is a loving and lovely book. The words are in a gracious calligraphy and the simple illustrations, perfectly clear for practical purposes, are tender and warm.

The book has a nice, subtle humor. Along with basic carpentry, cookery, masonry, and animal husbandry, there are recipes for aphrodisiacs, instructions for casting horoscopes, and, for the indefatiguable do-it-yourselfer, directions on how to tie your baby's umbilical cord.

—Norman Hoss

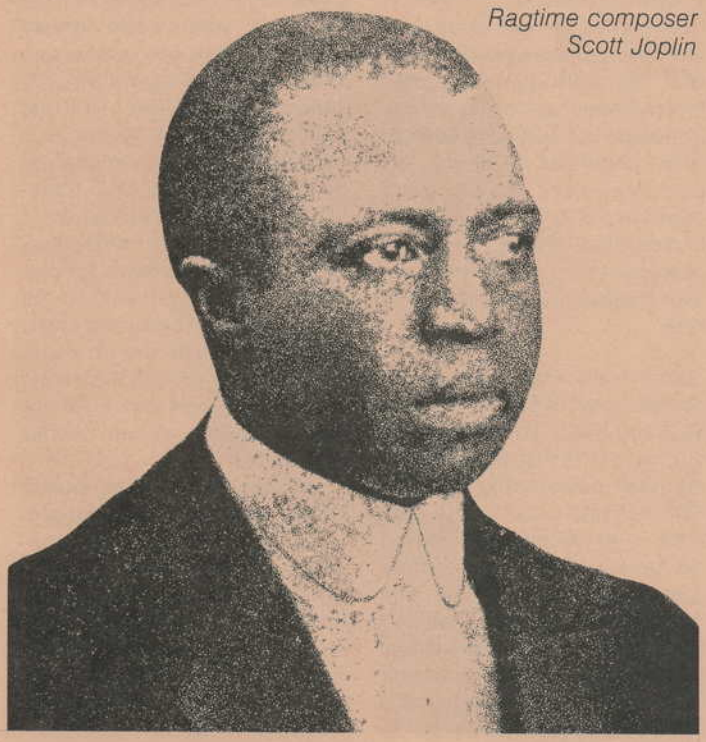


SOUNDS

SCOTT JOPLIN AND THE RAG REVIVAL

"What is scurrilously called ragtime is an invention that is here to stay," wrote Scott Joplin in 1908 in the introduction to his *School of Ragtime*, a book of six piano exercises designed to teach amateur rag players how to achieve that "weird and intoxicating effect intended by the composer." Joplin was wrong, however. The ragtime era, which flourished between 1895 and 1915, was nearing its end, shortly to be displaced by a new and even more intoxicating form of music called "jazz." World War I was around the corner, ready to sweep away the colorful, optimistic, turn-of-the-century life that bred the melodic charm and rhythmic insouciance of the piano rag. Joplin himself died a bitterly disillusioned man, syphilitic and insane, on April 1, 1917, the very day the United States entered the war.

Today, Scott Joplin's proclamation seems more likely to be fulfilled: the country is once again in the grip of ragtime fever and leading the revival is the music of Joplin, who has regained his crown as "King of the Ragtime Writers," this time, it appears, for keeps. His complete catalog of published piano works only includes forty-four original pieces—rags, marches, waltzes, and a tango—but one can hear them being played everywhere. On recordings his music not only comes in its pristine piano form, but has also been arranged for harpsichord, organ, violin, chamber groups, orchestra, and even the Moog synthesizer. Amateur pianists are again buying the sheet music and picking out rags on the parlor piano, while concert artists soberly program Joplin on recitals between Chopin and Brahms. Ice cream, deodorants, and cigars are sold on radio and television as *The Maple Leaf Rag* tinkles away in the background. The Academy Award-winning film *The Sting* introduced millions to ragtime by using a sound track score based entirely on Joplin's music. His opera *Treemonisha*, neglected and unperformed when the composer was alive, is currently playing to delighted audiences on Broadway. Joplin outlived his day and died a pauper, but now his music has become a big-money business (the Joplin estate, a modest one ten years ago, now receives monthly royalty checks in five figures).



Ragtime composer Scott Joplin

The details of Joplin's life are sketchy. Already apocryphal anecdotes are beginning to romanticize his early days in Texarkana, Texas, where he was born in 1868, the son of an ex-slave from North Carolina and a free woman from Kentucky. Evidently young Scott was a serious but intensely musical child who played the guitar and bugle, presumably took lessons from the local German music teacher, and was encouraged to play his white neighbors' pianos while his mother did their laundry. At fourteen, Joplin struck out on his own, taking up the only career available to a black musician in the Mississippi valley region during the 1890's—an itinerant pianist entertaining the clientele at pool halls, saloons, bordellos, tenderloins, medicine shows and vaudeville tent shows.

A rough "music conservatory" for a teenager, but one of tremendous vitality, dancing to the musical pulses and melodies that Joplin was to absorb and refine into his own personal rag style. There was no "art" to rag music when Joplin found the basic elements in his youth—white honky-tonk piano tunes wedded to black rhythmic patterns, a combination that establishment classical musicians frowned upon as "scurrilous" even after Joplin had legitimized the mixed marriage. It's lucky for us that he did. A white boy of his talents would undoubtedly have been bundled off to Germany to study and return, as so many did in those days, a pseudo-European composer in the genteel tradition that passed for high culture in late nineteenth-century America. But because of his poverty and because he was a black, Joplin was instead thrust into a hard-living folk-conservatory, one that was uniquely suited to catalyze his creative energies in a way that more formal schooling could not.

In the 1890's Joplin began to center his nomadic life around St. Louis and Sedalia, Missouri. It was in 1899 in Sedalia that the music publisher John Stark heard Joplin play a newly composed rag at the local Maple Leaf Club. Stark bought the piece for fifty dollars on the spot and *The Maple Leaf Rag* became the first great instrumental sheet music hit in America (a million copies had been sold by 1904). The royalties freed Joplin from financial problems, allowing him to spend all his time teaching and composing. In 1907 he moved to New York, met and married his second wife, Lottie, and began working on *Treemonisha*. By the time the opera was completed in 1911, the ragtime craze and interest in Joplin's music was on the wane. The composer published the work at his own expense and arranged a futile audition run-through at a Harlem rehearsal hall in 1915. No one was the slightest bit taken with a black folk opera about plantation days, particularly urban blacks who were anxious to erase that kind of image. Joplin, now virtually penniless and ravaged by the disease contracted in his youth on the brothel circuit, died soon after, a forgotten man until the massive revival of his music in the 1970's.

No doubt a second negative reaction to Joplin's music is on the way—no composer can withstand the kind of intense exposure that Joplin is receiving in 1975. Nor do his compositions merit the more extravagant bouquets given by some of his most enthusiastic admirers. Perhaps the rags are to some degree equivalent to Schubert's short dances for piano solo, but Schubert was a multifaceted genius and Joplin cultivated a narrower range. The classic rag formula is a restrictive one, automatically limiting a composer's inventive originality and expressive potential to a small if

Treemonisha: *Neglected and unperformed when composer Scott Joplin was alive*

subtle scale. To be sure, Joplin gradually polished his technique until he became a master of this vignette form, handling the typical rhythmic syncopations with unparalleled grace and, most important of all, enriching his work with an endless stream of melody that seems to bubble off the keyboard.

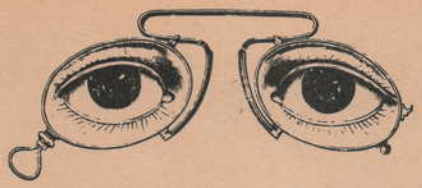
Oddly enough, the rediscovery of Joplin has been a white phenomenon virtually ignored by black musicians, and led by figures not from the pop and jazz worlds, but from the classical sphere. The first spark was touched off in 1970 by a young musicologist-pianist-conductor named Joshua Rifkin who made a disc of, at that time, eight unknown Joplin rags for Nonesuch Records as part of that label's early American music series. Much to everyone's surprise, the album sold like a pop hit. At about the same time, another musicologist, Vera Brodsky Lawrence, prepared an edition of Joplin's complete works published by the New York Public Library (all the commercial publishers had turned down the project, claiming it was a ridiculously unprofitable venture). It too became a runaway success and a paperback reprint followed immediately.

Then Gunther Schuller, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, gathered a group of students together to record *The Red Back Book* (Angel), a collection of Joplin pieces authentically arranged for theater band. This caught the attention of the producers of *The Sting*, and after the film's release a flood of Jopliniana poured forth on record, very little of it of any lasting value: some ghastly pit-orchestra arrangements by a Los Angeles group called The Stingers; E. Power Biggs's embarrassing attempts to swing Joplin on the harpsichord; a five-disc "complete" works set played by Richard Zimmerman, a pioneer ragtime enthusiast but a clumsy pianist. What will be left to correct the perspective when all the cashing-in entrepreneurism has died down will be a few worthwhile recordings that honestly re-create the true spirit of the music—Dick Hyman's marvelous set of all the piano music on RCA, for instance, played with just the right combination of clarity, playfulness, and rhythmic dash.

And there will also be *Treemonisha* (Deutsche Grammophon). *Treemonisha* is not a rag opera, but a kind of folklife vision couched in a variety of Afro-American musical styles including the rag, the sentimental ballad, the barbershop quartet, the waltz, the march, and high-spirited dances. Here, Joplin was not only striking out in a more ambitious direction to find a wider scope for his musical ambitions, but he was also attempting to make a statement about the black predicament in turn-of-the-century America in the form of a parable. Treemonisha, an eighteen-year-old girl and the only educated person in her antebellum Arkansas community, is elected by her superstitious and ignorant people to lead them into a new era of enlightenment—which she does symbolically in the opera's finale, an irresistibly haunting "real slow drag." All the characters—Treemonisha's foster parents, her boyfriend Remus, even the "evil" conjurers Zodzetrick and Luddud—are depicted with the naiveté of a children's story—the same kind of warmth and humanity that infuses all of Joplin's music at its best.

This very naiveté and the clichéd dialect used in Joplin's own text may doubtlessly offend more sensitive and sophisticated blacks and whites today—the same self-consciousness that currently discourages productions of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* (the Metropolitan Opera's planned Bicentennial presentation of that opera was cancelled primarily for this reason). But when produced with a feeling for its innocent spirit and without condescension, *Treemonisha* is a grand show and almost

Joplin's opera is a folklife vision of turn-of-the-century America



impossible to resist—its optimistic message is a universal one, framed, in the most direct, basic, communicative musical language.

Joplin's music may not always be with us in quite the abundance that it is today—perhaps just as well, considering the questionable purposes it has been made to serve—but it seems unlikely that his rags will disappear from view as they did for the fifty years following his death. His melodies and rhythms are now part of our national consciousness—once heard they refuse to go away.—*Peter G. Davis*

KEEP ON TRUCKING

"Rock Island Line." They don't write songs like that anymore. Can't write songs like that, actually. The classic old railroad songs and their singers have long been shunted off into the sidings of American folklore. There's simply nobody around like Jimmie Rodgers, wailing of lonesome whistles and movin' down the line.

Freight still hangs in on the railroad, but most of it these days goes by diesel truck, and it's the trucker whom balladeers are singing of in the seventies. It's in their trucking songs that the lonesome power horns blast as the rigs roar down Danger Road. Same mood, different machinery. The trucker, the owner-operator, the independent—these are the folk heroes who spur the new songs, the *new* last American cowboys.

Although country singers have been singing of the trucking life for some twenty years now, the last five years have seen a genuine acceleration of the form through the close attention of record companies, writers, and radio stations. Out in Wheeling, West Virginia, station WWVA sponsors an annual Truckers Jamboree where drivers listen to a lot of the music and can invest, if they like, in a $100,000 Boss Truck diesel rig complete with (honest) a bar behind the driver's seat, or a "Fuzzbuster" radar detector.

The big trucking firms are not slow in seeing the profit in an association between trucking music and highway hardware. Mainly, it's the owner-operators who come to listen to the music. And country singer Dave Dudley is the truckers' favorite singer by a highway mile. Dudley, who has worked on the railroad *and* driven trucks, makes a big thing about a trucker's honesty.

"The trucker keeps you honest," he says. "They can spot bullshit and they won't buy it. A song can be about driving or loving or comedy, it can be about anything, but it has to be real."

Country singer Dave Dudley: King of the truckers' road

Dudley sings: "Ten forward gears and a Georgia overdrive/ Taking little white pills and my eyes open wide" in his first and biggest truck driving hit, "Six Days on the Road!" It doesn't please the Interstate Commerce Commission, but it's a fact of life to the indie owner-operator. In Dudley's songs the log books are all to hell, the truck is overweight, and the weighing station is bound, sure as hell, not to be manned by good ol' boys.

Truck driving ballads, like the railroad songs before them, don't move far away from the country music format in style, and they inject the old sin-sex-salvation syndrome among all the details of mechanized life on the road. Patti Powell's "Long Haul Widow" insists on her trucker hubby getting a short-haul line. Linda Gayle's "Waiting at the End of Your Line" is the song most requested on radio by the wives and sweethearts waiting at one—or both—ends of the run. And Red Simpson's little Danny talks about the father he hardly knows because "Dad is out with the diesel."

The rig itself certainly comes across as the other woman in many of these songs. In a "Name Your Rig" contest held by the National Association of Truck Stop Operators and WWVA, the winning name was "Sheneeda"; the trucker explained about his vehicle, "She needs a lot of lovin' to keep her going—a new motor, a new transmission, and a new rear end." Symbolism indeed!

Man against man—the heroic Casey Jones tradition—also makes its appearance. There's "Diesel Smoke on Danger Road" sing Ray King and Dixie Deen, and you ain't a man 'til you knowed it. And "Nitro Express" is some dangerous rig to ride, out of control and moving down the mountain, with death around the curve. The ghost of this trucker turns up in Red Sovine's "Phantom 308" with the deceased dieseler helping out lost travellers and hitchhikers on lonely country roads.

Sovine, second in popularity among the diesel set to Dudley, also warns truckers that they should never trust that "Hitchhikin' Girl." Actually, Sovine has come up with the classic maudlin trucker ballad, "Giddyap Go." Here, after twenty years, the trucker is reunited with his son at a truckstop because the song's title is painted on *both* their rigs. You see, "Giddyap Go" is a phrase (aw shucks) the kid used to describe his father's profession when the family was together and happy, before the cruel highway claimed another divorce statistic.

It's reckoned there are about one hundred recorded songs dealing with this kind of highway life, and a couple of 50,000-watt clear-channel radio stations are beaming late night programs directly to the truckers' cabins. The market potential is also being tried out by smaller stations. The two major stations, WWL in New Orleans and WWVA in Wheeling, estimate that around 850,000 truck drivers can be reached on any given night. Last year WWVA tied in with General Motors in a Power Parade Caravan that was a show on wheels (Dudley headlining, of course) appearing at twenty-seven truckstops in twenty-eight days, spaced five hundred miles apart, in twenty-six states and covering 11,645 miles. Trucking music and GM rigs were sold. The trip was hard for Dudley, who can now afford more leisurely travel, but it reconfirmed his faith in his particular audience. "A true-blue bunch, stuck with me for ten years. They still ask for songs I did years ago. They just never forget," he said at the end of the tour.

It may not sound like it but this is the stuff of which songs—and legends—are made.—*Ian Dove*

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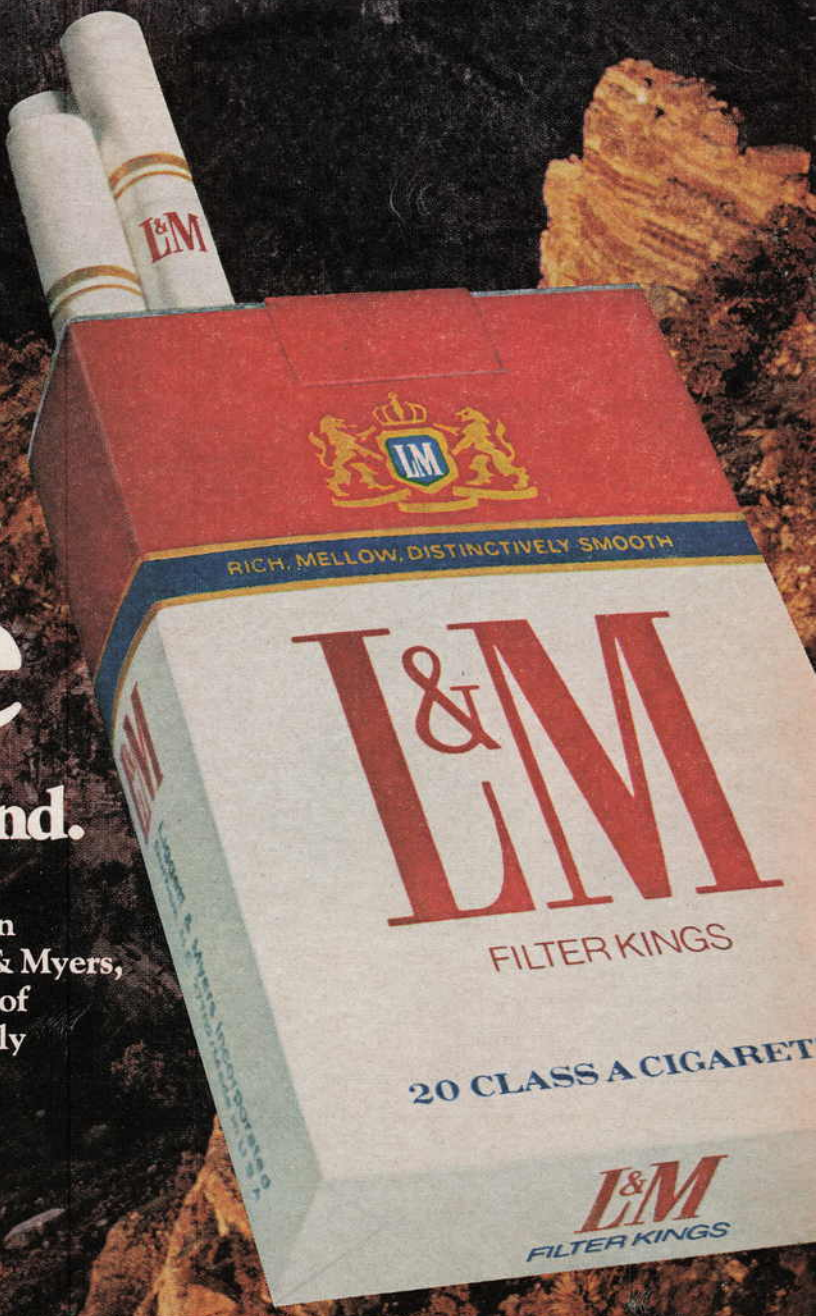

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THE NSA-AMERICA'S $10 BILLION FRANKENSTEIN

BY TAD SZULC

The National Security Agency—a monster of supermodern technology and seemingly inexhaustible resources—is the largest, most important, most expensive, and most secret member of America's "intelligence community." It is also the most untouchable: thus far it has been virtually free to do as it pleases.

The NSA, which is run by the Pentagon, costs over $10 billion a year and employs some 120,000 persons around the world. It engages in everything from cryptology and the surveillance of Soviet military and nuclear deployment—activities that are vital to our national security—to encouraging illegal burglaries and practicing domestic political spying. And such objectionable foreign practices as Turkish opium production and South African apartheid have been treated gently by our government because of NSA requirements for intelligence installations in those countries.

Although the NSA's activities are seldom publicized, in contrast with the intense spotlight currently centered on the Central Intelligence Agency, there are reasons to believe that this huge technological empire, too, finds itself in serious trouble. Frankenstein-like, the NSA is being devoured by its own technology—much of which appears to be misdirected, with its uses often exaggerated. The agency, in fact, seems to be drowning in the mass of data it keeps acquiring, but can no longer digest.

There are also indications of an unusually cozy relationship between the NSA and big business, and some observers believe it may be fast becoming something of a virtual prisoner of the corporations on whom it depends for more and more of its sophisticated equipment, gobbling up obsolescent systems which then must be replaced.

Moreover, the morale of the men and women who work in the NSA's huge bureaucracy seems to be sagging disturbingly. In the field, there are racial and other frictions among the agency's military personnel. This state of affairs—at home and overseas—is, of course, greatly detrimental to our national security.

Because of the NSA's growing proclivity toward various forms of domestic espionage—such as its extensive monitoring of private international telephone, cable, and telex traffic—the civil rights of Americans are also jeopardized. As far back as 1967, the Army Security Agency (ASA), an arm of the NSA, was engaged in electronic snooping against antiwar and other dissident groups under the Pentagon's secret GARDEN PLOT plan for the military control of civil disturbances. GARDEN PLOT has been the master plan for containing civil disturbances throughout the U.S. It would be fully activated if the president, in a national emergency, declared martial law in the country (see page 194).

The Rockefeller Commission's report in June on illegal CIA domestic operations made no direct reference to the NSA or the ASA. It simply said that the CIA had received "international communications" reports from another agency. Parallel investigations of the intelligence community by special Senate and House committees thus far have also exempted the NSA from intensive scrutiny. These exemptions cover the NSA's basic technological intelligence activities, along with its domestic political operations, for the simple reason that a special law passed by Congress in 1959 provides that there shall be no legal requirement "for the disclosure of the organization or any function of the NSA, of any information with respect to the activities thereof, or of the names, titles, salaries, or number of the persons employed by such agency." Another law makes it a criminal offense to disclose

Illustration By Peter Lloyd

Our most secret intelligence organization is being devoured by its own runaway technology.

or publish the NSA's secrets. The NSA, therefore, seems to be beyond the scope of any investigations. It is untouchable—except by the president of the United States and the secretary of defense who, at least in name, directs the agency. Unlike the CIA, there are no permanent congressional oversight committees that might probe into the NSA's activities. There is no law, as in the case of the CIA, that would prohibit the NSA from engaging in domestic police functions. In fact, there is no law creating the NSA. There are only laws protecting it. This is why so relatively little is publicly known, even to this day, about the NSA.

The agency was born in total secrecy on November 4, 1952, when President Truman issued an executive directive (National Security Council Intelligence Directive Number 6) setting it up. There was no announcement, and the text of the directive remains classified twenty-three years later. The House Intelligence Committee had to issue a subpoena last August to be able to read this directive because the White House did not wish the Congress to have access to it.

For five years, no official government document even mentioned the NSA's existence. Only in 1957, when the NSA's first headquarters building—a $35 million structure at Fort George C. Meade in Maryland—was completed, did the government acknowledge that there was such a thing as the NSA (an $11 million annex was erected in 1963).

The 1957 reference simply stated that the NSA was "a separately organized agency within the Department of Defense" for "the performance of highly specialized technical functions in support of the intelligence activities of the United States." The only suggestion of what the NSA might be doing was contained in the vague statement that the agency was responsible for "organizing, operating, and managing certain activities and facilities for the production of intelligence information" and for "organizing and coordinating the research and engineering activities of the U.S. Government which are in support of the Agency's assigned functions." The statement added that the NSA would also be "regulating certain communications in support of Agency missions."

This is as wide a charter as *any* agency of the U.S. government has ever enjoyed. In effect, it allows the NSA to do anything it pleases: initiate operations, set up secret ancillary organizations, and, as it turns out, break the laws of the U.S. In pursuit of information, the NSA has sponsored over the years burglaries of foreign embassies in Washington, with the FBI carrying out the actual break-ins. This presumably violates international law as well, but the NSA has taken the relaxed view that stealing code books from foreign embassies is in the national interest—and is, therefore, permissible. (Its rationale was that the books were essential for code breaking.)

Basically the NSA can be described as the hub of the "SIGINT [Signal Intelligence] Community." In simple terms, SIGINT is *everything* that pertains to technological intelligence. A former NSA official defined the agency as "the organizational leadership of a global complex of electronic eavesdropping posts, analysis and communications centers, security and communications organizations, industrial manufacturers of advanced electronic technology, U.S. and Western military and security services, academic research institutions, and government and private research centers."

The SIGINT community, a highly autonomous part of the overall U.S. intelligence community, is formed by the NSA and a vast array of specialized military agencies such as the ASA, the USAFSS (United States Air Force Security Service), and the NSG (Naval Security Group). These three agencies (known as Service Cryptological Authorities) perform the bulk of the work for the NSA, using all the resources of the military establishment.

The ASA, USAFSS, and NSG account for the vast majority of the NSA's military and civilian employees. Special support is provided by the Defense Department's supersecret Advanced Research and Projects Agency and the Defense Special Projects Agency. As a rule, SIGINT operations are integrated with the military services on all levels—although the NSA also works closely with the CIA, its intelligence community partner.

Subordinated operationally to the SIGINT community are ELINT (Electronic Intelligence), COMINT (Communications Intelligence), RADINT (Radar Intelligence), SIGSEC (Signal Security), with an electronic counterintelligence function, and EW (Electronic Warfare).

(SIGSEC, a huge and vital operation designed to protect NSA's secrets at home and abroad, recently discovered that the Soviets were monitoring long-distance communications in the U.S. They had found a way of listening to the microwave network that carries much of our domestic telephone traffic.)

The SIGINT community depends on CRITTICOM, a top-secret, satellite-relayed, computer-generated system, for its worldwide communications. CRITTICOM technology has reached the point where, in effect, computers talk to each other over its network.

The NSA's principal mission, when it was created in 1952, was cryptology. All governments encode, encipher, and encrypt secret messages between them and their envoys (or spies) abroad—always hoping that the "cleartext" will remain inviolate. Similarly, they seek to intercept and decipher the messages sent by other governments. Thus cryptology is an unceasing game of wits nowadays played with arcane mathematical equations, immensely complex machines, and specialized computers. Because military as well as political and diplomatic messages are usually in code, no government in peace or war feels entirely secure unless it can intercept and—if possible—read other governments' secret traffic. National survival may depend on the ability to do so. The advent of the nuclear age and associated missilery has made this endeavor even more urgent. This is what SIGINT is all about.

But the NSA must first intercept messages in order to be able to try to make sense out of the coded radio messages or scrambled voice communications. This reality has led the agency to develop a formidable worldwide listening network that can intercept everything from diplomatic communications between foreign governments and their Washington embassies (and, for that matter, between any number of foreign capitals) to low-level tactical messages between military units in the Soviet Union or China, and even chatter among, say, Bulgarian MIG pilots in the air. (The NSA once succeeded in picking up radio-telephone conversations between the Kremlin and limousines carrying top Soviet leaders in midtown Moscow. In Washington, the Naval Security Group is responsible for intercepting the communications of foreign embassies.

Above all, NSA stations listen for any signal indicating that the Soviets or the Chinese might be preparing to fire nuclear missiles against the United States or Western Europe. These listening efforts cover Soviet nuclear submarines just as, presumably, Soviet intelligence services monitor signals transmitted to American submarines. All the U.S. eavesdropping is a COMINT function.

If interception and cryptology are the NSA's primary functions—and by now they have grown to monumental proportions—electronic intelligence and electronic warfare have become natural adjuncts of the agency's operations. It is no longer enough, for example, to listen to Soviet communication traffic to obtain an idea of what the Russians may be planning militarily. It is just as important to watch the operations of Soviet defensive and offensive radar systems to determine whether Russian commanders are setting in motion programs for a first-strike launch and a counter-strike defense. To collect this information, electronic intelligence planes and ships are on station at all times to monitor Soviet and Chinese radars. This is ELINT. (RADINT is the use of radar to obtain intelligence on such activities as Soviet missile testing.)

Electronic warfare is another part of the NSA's total effort. Pilots flying U.S. aircraft in a war must be backed up by NSA listening posts to be instantly advised when a surface-to-air missile radar has locked on them. Though planes carry their own locator devices, ground support is invaluable to insure that electronic countermeasures, such as dropping chaff to deflect enemy radar, can be taken in time. Conversely, the NSA must worry about the enemy's electronic countermeasures.

Finally, the NSA's present-day mission includes the verification, through satellite television and still-photo observation, of the Soviet compliance with the strategic arms

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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MARIONETTE BY THE DREAMSTUFF CORPORATION

GOLD
HIT OR MYTH?

BY LEE BERTON

Gold! For sixty centuries people have fought wars, killed, cheated, lied, and stolen for it. We have taken it as a medicine; we've decorated our bodies with it; and we've even sent it to the moon in complex circuitry.

Shakespeare calls it a saint-seducer and king-killer. "Yellow, glittering, precious," he wrote, gold "will make black white, foul fair, wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant." It is, he says, the "common whore of mankind"; and he mused, "What can it not do and undo?"

People lose their lives for it, hide it beneath floorboards, put it in graves, make coffins from it, and smuggle it across borders in every imaginable way and in every human orifice. In Japan, businessmen pay $2 a minute to bathe in a 313½-pound solid-gold bathtub shaped like a phoenix because each immersion is supposed to prolong life. In Calcutta, beggars pan for gold in gutters outside jewelry shops where tiny grains are rubbed from gold ornaments to test their authenticity. A Hawaiian auto dealer recently offered two ounces of gold with every new car. A Boston bank will give a bounty of 400 ounces of gold to anyone who can persuade a friend to deposit $1 million for a decade. And Scandinavian Airlines flies gold devotees to a remote mining camp above the Arctic Circle so they can pan for gold.

Gold has an aura and mystique that defies logic. Not as scarce as platinum, it is still more expensive. But it can be easily counterfeited. And there are many similar shiny substances —particularly the pyrites—that miners call "fool's gold." Centuries ago alchemists sought in vain for ways to turn baser metals into gold. And scientists today, tinkering with the atomic structure of matter, are closer to achieving the alchemists' dream than anyone ever thought possible.

As world governments print more paper money to pay their debts and as inflation rapidly erodes the value of this paper, gold once again occupies the center stage. During periods of prosperity and stable prices, gold is like a spore—almost lifeless but having immense innate vitality. Upset that stability and you hype the gold market. *The Investor's Encyclopedia of Gold* notes that this metal is the "only simultaneous defense against

Today's gold market is no place for the novice—unless he's a masochist in search of a golden fleecing

both inflation and deflation. On the up side, gold, being a commodity, will appreciate in free-market price along with all other commodities. On the down side, in the event of a deflationary blow-off, gold, being money, will buy more of everything as prices fall. Thus, *gold is the only universal hedge*." Silver and platinum, the encyclopedia observes, because they seldom function as money, are much "weaker defenses" during a period of deflation.

But if holding gold could cure everyone's financial woes, wouldn't the gold rush go on forever? Obviously, it hasn't. The overall gold bullion market in the United States—where gold buying was legalized in 1975—has been a flop so far. The official date for gold's arrival here was December 31, 1974, but the public had already gorged itself on gold coins during '74, and people were confused by the variety of ways to invest in gold once bullion selling began. Actually, there are now as many ways to "play" gold as there are positions in the Kama Sutra. To mention a few—besides coins, shares in gold-mining companies, and bullion—you can buy warehouse receipts, shares in a bullion fund, and gold futures. And the sharpies in the gold market are devising more ways to take your money.

In truth, gold has not always been "as good as gold." Let's see what history shows us: in 1934, when private ownership of gold in the U.S. was prohibited, its price was raised from $20.67 to $35 an ounce. Forty-one years later, the price is now hovering over $170 an ounce and it even went as high as $197 an ounce in Paris in 1974. Big windfall, eh? Hardly. Gold remained at $35 an ounce until 1968 when Western nations signed the Smithsonian Agreement in Washington—a Pollyannaish dream that envisioned a two-tier system where gold would sell for a stable price of $35 an ounce among central banks (later raised to over $42 an ounce and since revalued to the market price by some nations) and float uncontrolled in a free market. It turned out to be hogwash, because human nature will arbitrate any two different markets out of existence eventually; if you can buy an apple for five cents and sell it for as much as twenty-five cents elsewhere, the temptation and the motivation is

great—no matter what the formal agreement. By 1971, sure enough, the United States was forced to untie the dollar from our rapidly diminishing gold stocks (down to $12 billion from $22 billion in 1945) when foreign investors demanded gold for their bucks. Successive devaluations (real and de facto) followed and the price of gold has risen in their crest. Thus, over the past five years, owners of gold have quadrupled their money—assuming they bought gold in 1971—despite a downturn in mid-1974 and early 1975 and a relatively static price since then. "A bonanza for them, but hardly a reliable hedge over the long haul," points out University of Chicago economist Milton Friedman.

Charles Stahl, an economic consultant who has long specialized in precious commodities, says the number one enemy of gold is compound interest. At 12 percent, he notes, money doubles in about six years; at 10 percent, in about seven years. "So, unless the increase in the price of gold can do better than that, there is very little incentive for an investor to hold gold." Actually, holding gold in any form (coins, contraband bullion brought illegally into the country or held overseas, or jewelry) prior to legalization was a washout before 1971. But the meteoric rise in the price since then has been an irresistible lure for many Americans. Until late 1964, Americans were prohibited from speculating in gold coins; a collector could buy and trade, but not a speculator. But a change in the law two years ago permitted the collection of gold coins minted prior to 1960 or coins restruck after that year with pre-1960 dates. As a result, Americans rushed into the gold coin market in 1974, a year before they were permitted to buy gold bullion, and snapped up over three million ounces of these coins—chiefly in Mexican pesos and Austrian koronas.

Not surprisingly, many neophytes were fooled. Unscrupulous dealers overcharged up to three times the coins' value, and many of these coins were fakes. And in the wake of this glitter glut, the price of gold plunged 28 percent from spring to mid-summer of '74, but shot back up as the date for legalization of bullion buying approached. The gold industry's only authenticating laboratory, the American Numismatic Association Certification Service in Washington, D.C., estimates that one out of every three gold coins sold is not authentic. Many fake "Spanish colonial coins" supposedly found as sunken treasure were counterfeits, "minted" overseas; a "1733 pillar dollar" sold for $15,000 by a Florida dealer now under Federal investigation was purchased by the dealer for $10 plus postage from a "mint" in Southeast Asia. Also, thousands of fake American double eagles "minted" in Lebanon have been flowing into the United States over the past two years. John Seaholm, a New Paltz, New York, art professor, told *Forbes* magazine he had to sell his home because a $13,500 investment he made in gold coins turned sour. And Allen Park, Michigan, store manager Ervin Molzan handed over his $25,000 life's savings in return for coins that experts suspect are worth only $900. "I feel stupid," he says.

Molzan should not feel so embarrassed because he has a lot of company, lots of people have been tricked into buying worthless gold or overpaying for it, and few of the so-called monetary specialists really understand the situation. The late Ralph Rotnem, a sage Wall Street analyst, used to say that only two men in the world understood gold—and they disagreed. Indeed, most of the time-honored precepts about gold have fallen by the wayside in recent years. As soon as too many people begin accepting certain maxims about gold, the results are inevitable. They agree the price will rise; they buy precipitously; demand outstrips supply; and the price does rise. Then, like lemmings rushing into the sea, they decide the price will fall and all hurry to sell. But there are few buyers and the plunge in value wipes them out. Central banks can be just as taken in by their own reasoning. After they untie their currencies from gold, they assume the price of gold will fall. But during periods of monetary crises and economic unrest, some merchants or black-market operators will demand gold. American tourists discovered this several years ago when a few European hotels refused to accept dollars. This is why goldbugs insist that paper money is worthless and that gold is forever.

A recent incident in Vietnam dramatizes this thesis. Vietnamese pilots of small private planes evacuating refugees from the central highlands of South Vietnam during the spring offensive of the Vietcong and its northern allies demanded—and in many instances received—taels of gold (1.2 ounces) as payments. They would not accept piasters, the local currency. "It's not surprising," says Sidney Brown, a vice-president and economist at Deak & Company, a big international foreign-exchange dealer in New York. In one week during evacuation, piasters went from 1,100 to the dollar to 1,600 to the dollar. "And that was the asking price," notes Brown. "There were *no* bidders."

When citizens lose faith in their government, they also lose faith in its money, Brown says. "In countries torn by war, gold becomes the unofficial medium of exchange. During World War II, refugees fleeing from countries overrun by conquerers had to pay gold to corrupt officials. When the first contingent of U.S. soldiers landed in North Africa, our generals didn't carry U.S. dollars, but pieces of gold. They used them to pay off the French naval commanders in Algeria who conveniently forgot their allegiance to the Pétain régime. Merchants in France hoard gold in their mattresses to protect them against frequent changes in government. Farmers in India hide gold in jugs and vases because, seeing starvation and death around them, they are hedging against Armageddon."

Many Americans have sharply criticized the government for not permitting them to hold gold bullion prior to 1975. In the forefront of these critics are the goldbugs, a small coterie of advisers who've been pushing gold in one form or another since 1960. Jim Dines, a leading goldbug and publisher of the *Dines Letter*, admits people haven't yet rushed into the gold-bullion market. A recent and well-publicized daylong gold seminar he planned at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall was postponed because of the lack of interest although tickets for the event were pegged at from $20 to $50 instead of the usual $250 Dines gets for a two-day seminar. Dines found only 500 takers, and Carnegie Hall seats 2,800. And although Dines himself purchased gold bullion at nearly $195 an ounce—the opening price the day of U.S. legalization—and it has since fallen below $170 an ounce, he is not disappointed.

Early in 1975 France revalued its gold holdings to $170.40 (since dropped to $167) an ounce from the previous "official" price of $42.22 an ounce. "Gold cannot go much beneath the price set by France, and at the current quote it is practically a riskless speculation," he maintains. Dines, a trim bachelor who holds a law degree and once worked for military intelligence, says he was "seduced" by the stock market when he was a $75-a-week law clerk. At forty-three Dines is semiretired and works only three days a week.

Like most goldbugs, Dines relishes his Cassandra-like role. "The next time there is a dollar crisis—and you'd better believe there will be one—the price of gold will skyrocket," he says. "Americans will buy gold because they will say, 'this much I don't want to lose.' "

But some economists worry that governments can manipulate the price of gold either openly or secretly. It's known that the Soviet Union is selling a lot of gold these days to finance its wheat purchases; and these sales are not reported to the West. So far this year the United States has publicly sold some of its gold stocks twice, helping depress the price. Also, both Italy and France have indicated they may sell gold if their economic situations worsen. "Because governments own so much gold, it makes gold investments very risky," contends A. James Meigs, a Wall Street economist formerly with the Federal Reserve Bank in St. Louis. "Who knows what governments are going to do? I am distrustful of politicians because sometimes they don't know what they will do until it happens."

Dines retorts that governments are "powerless" to prevent the rise in the price of gold over the long run. "The little man will have his say eventually; he knows that paper money without backing is rubbish," Dines says.

Right now the little man is confused. If he wishes to invest in gold, the choices are numerous:

- Direct ownership of gold bullion as coined bars (stamped from rolled sheets to exact weight and then struck with a raised legend or design).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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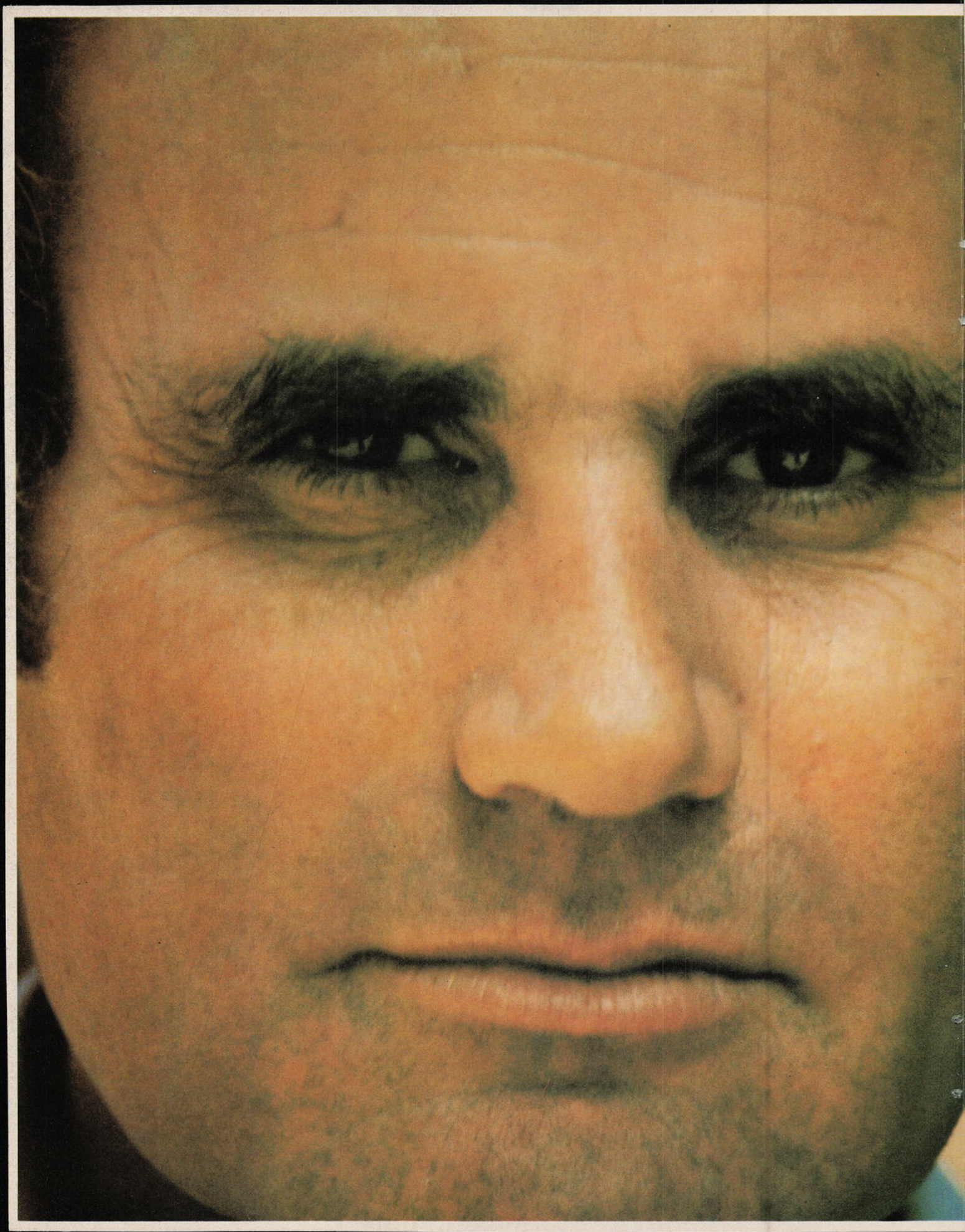

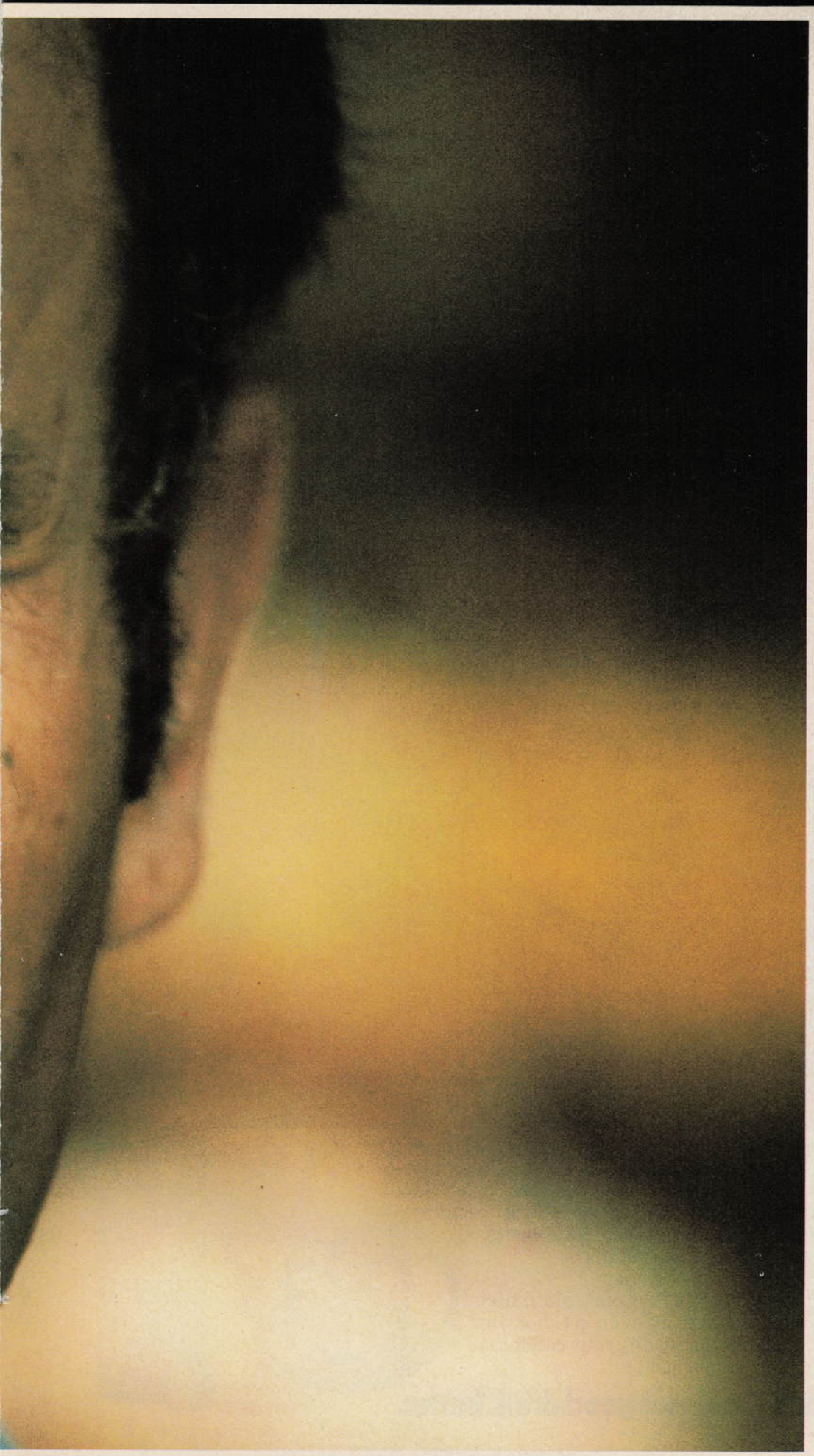

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MATTI GOLAN ON HENRY KISSINGER

On October 6, 1973, Matti Golan, chief diplomatic correspondent for the leading Israeli newspaper, *Ha'aretz*, was in London. And on that same day—which was Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the year for Jews—the Egyptians and Syrians attacked Israel in force, starting the biggest Arab-Israeli war in twenty-five years. Within hours, Golan was back in Israel, and by nightfall Lieutenant Matti Golan was on the battlefield with the Israeli army.

Golan's immediate response to the danger his country faced—a response that is typical of Israelis—makes his current position especially ironic, for during much of the present year Golan has been engaged in a struggle, not with the Arabs but with his own government, to get his first book published. For several months, Golan's book (tentatively titled *The Secret Conversations of Henry Kissinger*) was totally banned by the Israeli censor.

The reasons for this action are still not completely clear. What *is* known is that at the time the book was banned by Brigadier General Walter Bar-On, the chief censor, an official announcement stated that the book was "full of secret and top-secret material." But the reasons seemed to be more complex than that.

For one thing, the focus of the book is on American Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—chiefly on Kissinger's involvement in the negotiations that ended the Yom Kippur War and helped bring about the Syrian-Israeli disengagement pact on May 31, 1974. For another, as the *New York Times* reported, "the original manuscript consisted mainly of highly confidential official documents and transcripts of meetings between Mr. Kissinger and Israeli officials." But probably the most important reason for the banning of the book was given in a statement by Israeli Premier Yitzhak Ra-

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bin, who told a specially convened cabinet meeting that Kissinger would have to resign if the book was published.

In any case, the banning of the book caused an immediate worldwide protest that was probably more embarrassing to the Israeli government and Kissinger than simple publication could have possibly been. On June 20, Golan submitted a "partially rephrased" version of the manuscript, and this was approved on July 11—after, Golan says, "the deletion of one word that appeared in five places." When asked by *Penthouse* interviewer Len Stone in Tel-Aviv what "partially rephrased" meant, Golan replied that he had had to paraphrase about 10 percent of the direct quotations.

Although the main focus of Golan's book (which will soon be published in the United States by Bantam Books and Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Company) is on the Mideast negotiations, the implications of Kissinger's policies go beyond that subject. As Golan told interviewer Stone: "I believe that Kissinger's way of thinking is destructive to the West, because he always concludes that the Western world must make concessions in order to keep the Russians or the Arabs quiet—or even the North Vietnamese, for that matter. But experience shows you can't keep people quiet by making concessions. If you make one concession, you must make another, then another, and another, and so on."

Perhaps surprisingly, Golan doesn't think that the fact Kissinger is Jewish has anything to do with his attitude towards Israel. "I think he considers himself first a historian, and then a secretary of state . . . and perhaps his way of thinking is a luxury that a historian can afford, but I don't think that the secretary of state of the United States can afford it."

But, first and foremost, Matti Golan is an Israeli patriot. "I wrote my book to serve my country," the thirty-eight-year-old journalist said, and he went on to make the following point very strongly: "Many American journalists make the mistake of comparing censorship in Israel to the freedom of the press that you have in the United States. . . . This is a big mistake. We are not in your fortunate situation . . . we have many countries around us who wish to destroy us. So even if there was a mistake in the handling of my book, Israel is still a democracy and a free society.

"I am not ashamed of the military censorship in Israel," Golan went on to tell Len Stone. "We are sitting here in my home now, and my two children are sleeping in the next room. Their security is more important to me than any book or scoop—or anything of that sort—could possibly be."

Penthouse: What was your purpose in writing your book and releasing this inside view of Henry Kissinger?

Golan: To serve my country. I think that the personality and, especially, the policies of Henry Kissinger should be open to public scrutiny. This is not a question of whether he is right or wrong on one issue or another; this is a matter of the existence of Israel. So I decided to help open public discussion about Kissinger's policies. I was covering for my newspaper the disengagement talks and political moves in the Middle East between Israel and the United States during and after the October 1973 war. And I was fascinated by the events from October 6 until the signing of the agreement with Syria. Never in the history of Israel had so much happened in such a short time. First the war took place and then, quickly, we had peace negotiations. My aim was to show what these negotiations were really like, to go beyond such statements as "the talks were fruitful"—or "constructive," or "friendly," and so on—and find out how this mechanism *really* works. I discovered some fascinating things. I found out that my previous ideas had nothing to do with reality. For instance, when Kissinger and ministers from Israel and probably elsewhere would have a meeting about, let's say, the disengagement with Syria, they would often announce that they were talking about Geneva. And when asked if they discussed the disengagement with Syria they would flatly deny that there was any mention of it. I also found out that Kissinger and the other participants, all of them leaders in their countries, do not spend all of their time, sometimes not even *most* of their time, directly discussing major issues. They like to gossip, they like to tell stories, they like to show off. But in so doing, they are really discussing world affairs, and each one contributes his wisdom to the conversation. Kissinger, for instance, would talk for hours about his negotiations with Vietnam. Sometimes there were even heated arguments about strategy or tactics that had nothing to do with the Middle East. And then they would get back to the issues . . . and it would go on like that for many hours.

Penthouse: Does Kissinger enjoy playing field commander?

Golan: Oh, he likes it more than anybody else, because he has a very large field—he's got the whole world, and he covers it.

Penthouse: Does Kissinger, in effect, give orders, saying, "You *must* obey me"?

Golan: No. That's not his style. He counts on the intelligence of the listeners; he says it in a much more delicate way. But more than that, he likes very much to show off, to prove—and I don't know if he means to prove it to his listeners or himself—how bright he has been in some situation, how cleverly he handled a certain world leader, or how clever his moves were in a certain part of the world. Sometimes it seems that his ego needs these reminders. And since, apparently, there is nobody else to remind him, he reminds himself.

Penthouse: What happens when Kissinger meets a negative response to his demands?

Golan: Well, that is another thing I discovered during my research. Watching Kissinger outside the negotiations—I mean, seeing him on television, coming or going, with all the smiling faces around him—I thought he was a very calm person who keeps control of himself. But when he's negotiating he's a completely different person, especially when he meets opposition—and not just opposition to his demands, but also to his tactics, even to his ideas. He gets very mad and uses quite strong language.

Penthouse: Does he become hysterical? Does he bang the table with his shoe as Khrushchev did at the United Nations?

Golan: He bangs the table with his tongue. That is, he doesn't say, "You will not get the twenty-five airplanes that you ask for"; instead he says, "Remember, you don't have *that* many friends in Washington"—and everybody knows what he means.

Penthouse: In other words, "Don't lose me as a friend because if you do, then you're finished."

Golan: That's right. "If you lose me you're finished and you won't get anything." And, of course, he wraps up his argument by saying that everything he is doing is for the benefit of Israel, and that the Israelis, in general, do not see one step ahead of them. He'd say that Israelis only see what's going on here, in the Middle East, but that they don't see the overall picture—which is not true. The Israelis, more than many people in the world, know the international political situation, but they see a different picture from the one Kissinger sees. And it's possible that Kissinger, by seeing the overall picture, doesn't see the *real* picture. He's seeing something abstract. He doesn't see people . . . he doesn't see countries. He sees the world. And if you're thinking in those terms, then it's a completely different story. I think he considers himself first a historian, and then a secretary of state. Well, perhaps this way of thinking is a luxury that a historian can afford, but I really don't think it's a luxury that the secretary of state of the United States can afford. And it's certainly not a luxury that people who are involved in wars can afford.

For example, Kissinger was responsible for the fact that Israel was unable to win the October War with a striking military victory. You remember, the Israeli army had the Egyptian Third Corps almost completely surrounded. At this point, Kissinger promised Israel not to negotiate a cease-fire with Moscow and the Arabs without first consulting with Israel's premier, Golda Meir. But then he turned around and went to Moscow and made just such a deal at a very bad time for Israel. Keep in mind that before this, earlier in the October War, Israel had asked at least three times for a cease-fire—and the Americans were trying to arrange it but the Soviets and the Arabs always ignored them. They asked for a cease-fire only when *they* were in trouble. Because they had turned down our requests before, the Israelis assumed that Kissinger would not rush to make an agreement. But he did—because of fear that détente and American relations with the Arabs would be damaged. Moreover, while Kissinger believed that détente was working to his advantage, the Russians—while telling him they were doing

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GOLD

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- Direct ownership of bullion as cast bars (poured from melted gold, filed to exact weight and stamped).
- Holding of jewelry, art objects, ornaments, or decorative items of gold.
- Holding of gold-bullion coins (originals or restrikes such as the Panama Balboa or the South African Krugerrand).
- Holding of numismatic coins, valued well above gold content for rarity, market demand and attractiveness (old Roman and Spanish coins are examples).
- Trading of gold futures in commodity markets. There currently are two such markets in New York, two in Chicago, one in London where brokers sell both "spot" (today's gold at today's price) and "forward" gold (tomorrow's gold at today's price), and one in Winnipeg which opened in 1972.
- Investment in stocks of gold-mining companies, mutual funds of such stocks, or mutual funds which themselves buy gold bars (one, Bars of Gold, early in '75 shelved plans to go public, blaming "negative publicity" about gold and "the government's campaign to persuade people not to buy gold").
- Gold bullion for delivery at the bullion broker's vault, at a bank vault, or at a warehouse in the U.S. or overseas.
- Trading in gold-delivery contracts, warehouse receipts, or bank certificates indicating ownership in bullion. Like mortgages and loans, these IOU's are being traded and discounted in small, unregulated markets by sophisticated investors.

Each market, of course, has its advantages and disadvantages. Bullion buyers must assay their bars before dealers will buy it back. Assayers test the gold to make sure it's all there and authentic. "The stamp on a gold bar is child's play to duplicate," warns Rudolf Hanau, a vice-president for Consolidated Refining, a company which turns out gold bars. "Also, checking gold's specific gravity isn't foolproof; tungsten has the same specific gravity. A sandwich of tungsten inside gold would test okay." To avoid shaving a bar, some firms are enclosing them in plastic envelopes with seals that are difficult to duplicate.

Also, as noted, coins can be counterfeited. But if genuine, coins don't require an assay costing from $50 to $100 before they can be sold to a dealer, and they give collectors genuine pleasure. Buying shares in gold-mining company stocks is safer because the market is regulated; flimflams are less frequent. But in every country where gold is mined for the U.S. market (U.S., Canada, South Africa, and some Central American and South American nations), there are perils: blacks have threatened to flood the mines in Africa; government taxation and ecological pressures raise mining costs in North America, penalizing the mining companies and hurting their stock.

Gold shares are also subject to the vagaries of the stock market and can be extremely volatile. In one day during September 1974, some gold stocks fell as much as 30 percent. An investment adviser who followed them, E. George Schaefer, had mailed a special delivery bulletin to subscribers of his weekly letters the previous weekend, warning that the "present atmosphere" wasn't conducive to holding gold shares. His bulletin received wide publicity, and a torrent of gold-mining shares was dumped on an already nervous stock market where the only bright note since 1971 had been the gold stocks. Schaefer reversed his advice within a week, but the criticism he received from other market advisers for his flip-flop apparently was too much for him. Two weeks after sending out the bulletin, he jumped from the fourteenth floor of his Indianapolis apartment house, leaving a suicide note for his family. "Unfortunately, his bulletin was widely misunderstood," says Indianapolis attorney Lawrence Hinds, a close friend. "What George was concerned about was that too many of his subscribers were going deeply into hock by buying gold stocks on margin. He just wanted them to take a breather. He never expected the reaction he got. The value of his own estate decreased by over 30 percent."

In any gold market, therefore, it's easy to see why there are so many shouts of caveat emptor, and why overreaction is the order of the day. Because the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington does not require registration of investment programs in coins or bullion as it does for stocks, New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz is backing a proposed state law that would require gold sellers to be licensed. Lefkowitz has good reason to look askance at the gold market. He has already uncovered three fraudulent mail-order operations in coins and bullion. In one case, a promoter advertising in foreign language newspapers promised to double the money of investors in one month; he'd had no experience in buying or selling gold. Another firm illegally diverted money from bullion accounts to buy land. And a third firm, Royal Mint, failed to deliver a half million dollars in orders to 130 investors throughout the country. Lefkowitz obtained a court writ to bar Royal Mint from continuing to sell gold, but it had already gone bankrupt. He charged it with engaging in a "Ponzi scheme" where money received from one investor was used to pay off others (Con man Ponzi took the American public for $8 million a half century ago in much the same way). Lefkowitz charged that "when the business of Royal Mint ground to a halt, the terminal investors were left with huge losses." Some cases are tragic. A seventy-year-old widow from Palisades Park, New Jersey, lost over $24,000. "I haven't any life insurance and that money was to pay for my last agony—sickness, death, funeral bills, and the rest to the hospital in which I die," she sighs. An elderly Laredo, Texas, man writes: "The possibility of any available funds for reimbursement would be a godsend. When one stakes his life savings at age seventy-three, there is not much time for recovery."

Complaints about gold frauds have also been growing at the President's Office of Consumer Affairs. "Despite the many advance warnings to consumers, there have been a lot of rip-offs," says Ms. Andrea Schoenfeld, a deputy director there. "In Denver, a fraudulent assayer in league with a dishonest promoter got a bank to issue them a huge loan using low-quality gold as collateral. One Western coin exchange was selling interests in gold coins it didn't have. And in the Midwest—believe it or not—a visiting businessman bought a bar of 'gold' from a fly-by-night salesman and the gold turned out to be lead clad in gold leaf."

Arthur Vuozzo, a fifty-one-year-old electronics engineer from Massachusetts, who lost more than $5,000—10 percent of his savings—when Royal Mint went out of business, says he learned a costly lesson. "I found out that no matter where you see an ad, never pay for gold by mail unless it's first transferred to the bank where you do business."

Aware of the pitfalls in an unregulated market, some legislators tried to delay the legalization of gold but failed. U.S. Representative Henry Gonzalez of Texas, who is chairman of a House banking subcommittee, tried to get a bill passed that would have delayed it for six months. "Unless Congress acts, a lot of Americans are going to buy gilded lead bricks," he warned. But other Congressmen view legalization as a way to feather their own nests. Muckraker Jack Anderson reveals that U.S. Representative Phil Crane of Illinois in 1974 tried to push through a bill that would compel the Treasury Department to get Congressional approval before it sells gold. This would help restrict gold selling and push up the price. Anderson points out that Crane owns a $15,000 collection of gold coins and introduced his bill, which didn't pass, only a little while after buying twenty-seven Austrian koronas for $5,000.

Some financial specialists are so enamored of gold, they are pushing for restoring the "gold clause," which in the early part of this century was a common attachment to loan agreements, bonds, and mortgages. The clause provides that when payment is due, it can be demanded in gold at a fixed rate. These specialists point out that stronger currencies are backed by more gold. For example, from 1970 to 1974, Switzerland's currency gained 51 percent in value against the dollar, and its gold at current value is equal to 76 percent of its money supply. During the same period, the Italian lira lost 7 percent against the dollar; Italy's gold, even at today's price, covers only 17 percent of its money supply.

Constitutional lawyers are now debating whether legalization of gold in the U.S. again opens the door to the gold clause, even though Congress in 1933 outlawed it "hereafter." Henry Mark Holzer, a teacher of constitutional law at Brooklyn Law School,

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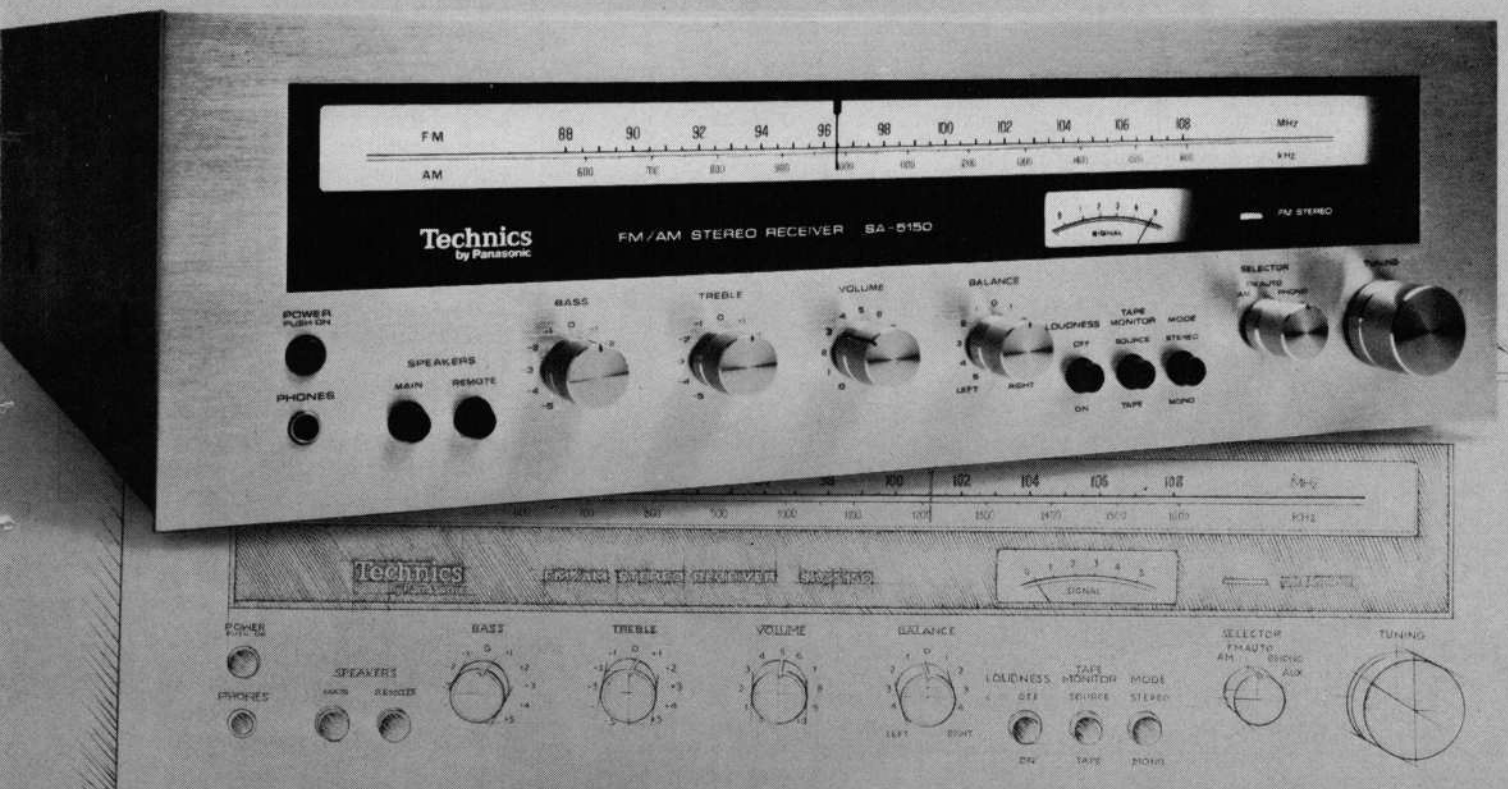

is a strong backer of the gold clause. In a speech he made before a monetary conference that was reprinted in the *Wall Street Journal*, Holzer argues that the right to gold clauses is as inalienable as life, liberty, and property. The U.S. Treasury has publicly stated that the gold clause restriction continues despite legalization but admits that the courts will be the final arbiters. Some people are indignant at this ambiguity. "When push comes to shove, the individual apparently has no inalienable rights," wrote T. P. Dillon of Monroe, North Carolina, to the *Journal*. "Let's face it: the central government of our home of the brave and land of the free is broke, busted, insolvent, and financially irresponsible."

Since the dollar's value continues to erode (some OPEC nations have refused dollars and have asked for SDR's—a new international backup for paper money—for their oil) and since some foreign currencies are growing stronger (Switzerland recently imposed a 40 percent penalty on converting other currencies into Swiss francs kept on deposit there), Holzer and his supporters are surely whistling in the dark. To permit gold clauses would help bankrupt American industry and commerce. Actually, many goldbugs complain that legalization of gold is just a bone that has been thrown to the public—and too late at that. Franz Pick, one of the most irascible and outspoken critics of the U.S. Government, says the only way for the United States to stop inflation and make the buying of gold by the public unnecessary is to float a $500 billion bond issue with a coupon and principal linked to the cost of living. The bond's interest of 2½ percent a year should be free of all taxes and the bond should not be redeemable for at least twenty-five years. "Brezhnev and Mao would put all their money into it," he says. "That's because it's *real value* and not the minidollars being turned out in Washington." Pick says the Federal Government is purposely frightening investors away from gold. The Treasury sold 754,000 ounces of gold in January 1975, ostensibly to "calm down" the new gold market. And another sale of close to 500,000 ounces was made last June—much of it going overseas. "This time we wanted to improve the U.S. balance of payments," says a Treasury spokesman. "Do you know who are the gravediggers of the nation?" asks Pick, fully expecting to answer his own question. "They are the treasurers who sell shitty bonds which they hope to pay back with 'monkey money.' "

Most U.S. banks have been less than enthusiastic about selling gold. Midlantic Banks in New Jersey gave up after only three months in the business. Brokerage houses aren't having much luck, either. "Should you buy gold?" asks a slick booklet put out by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. The booklet is careful to point out that gold doesn't produce income and has no guarantees for capital appreciation. So far, the customer response has been close to a whimper for the nation's largest brokerage house. "We're making only about five or six sales a day of five to ten ounces each—hardly worth our while," admits Bryan Hall, a broker in Merrill Lynch's Hollywood office. But only twenty miles north of the Merrill Lynch office, business is booming at the Golden State Coin Exchange. "Most of our clients are people who don't want to expose their names to the public," confides Allan Stuppler, co-owner of the California store. "They stash the bullion or coins away in safety deposit boxes and forget about it. We do better because banks are afraid gold sales will deplete their cash reserves and brokerage houses tremble about gold sales hurting the stock market." Stuppler calls gold the best hedge against disaster. "We believe in gold," he says. "The banks and brokers don't have their hearts in it."

Critics of gold buying accuse its boosters of promoting self-serving fears of economic chaos. Comments Robert Bael, a portfolio manager for Sperry & Hutchinson, the huge trading stamp company which does a lot of investing with its cash flow: "We sometimes talk in theoretical terms about gold going to $500 an ounce or $1,000 an ounce through free market forces. It seems to me that we would then be in a world created by massive negative redistribution of private wealth, if there were any left. It could be a world of deprivation, of famine, of social chaos, and political disorder. And it could be a world of increased control and diminished human freedom. If you really believe it's coming, you should buy a few pounds of gold, some bags of silver coins, and a shotgun . . . and then leave for the hinterlands."

Who actually buys gold? Dr. Henry Jarecki, chairman of one of the world's largest bullion dealers, Mocatta Metals, puts buyers in five categories: the industrial user, the speculator, the investor, the traditional hoarder, and the apocalyptic hoarder. "In France, for example, where traditional hoarders are numerous, 25 percent of the average middle-class citizen's estate consists of some sort of gold assets," he notes. "The apocalyptic hoarder equates Watts with St. Petersburg and expects some day to escape rioting masses by throwing gold coins in their midst," states Dr. Jarecki, who ought to know since he's also an associate professor of psychiatry at the Yale Medical School. Jarecki moved into the gold market through his use of computers for diagnostic statistics. His computer know-how has aided him in gold and silver arbitrage—the quick and accurate offsetting of different prices around the world to make a profit.

Will gold always retain its fascination for the human mind? Dr. Jarecki turns to the wall of his office with a Dickensian twinkle in his eye. There hangs a huge blowup of a cartoon from "The Wizard of Id." The much maligned and extremely short king stands on his balcony, speaking to his dejected and buffoonish subjects gathered below. "Remember the golden rule," says the king. Below, the king's credo is spelled out: WHOEVER HAS THE GOLD MAKES THE RULES.

"Don't be stupid! Why turn her into a frog when it's just as simple to turn her into a nymphomaniac?"

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Out of the last 6 years of smoking, I've only enjoyed the last 5 months.

I started to pay attention to all the fuss about smoking about 6 years ago. That's when the uproar about 'tar' and nicotine started to get in the way of my pleasure. For me, it made the real difference between just liking smoking and really enjoying it.

I thought of quitting, but I really didn't want to. So I decided to switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette.

Easier said than done. You practically had to drag on the ones I smoked until the insides of your cheeks touched.

Then 5 months ago, I was over at my sister-in-law's house. We were both smoking low 'tar' and nicotine brands. But I was the only one complaining about the flavor. So she offered me one of hers. I told her, "No thanks, one's as tasteless as another." She said, "This is different."

And it was. It was a Vantage.

Now I've smoked more than a few low 'tar' and nicotine brands over the last 6 years. But Vantage is the only one I've found that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine. Without destroying the flavor. And it has an easy draw, too.

So for the last 5 months, I've really enjoyed smoking Vantage.

And when I sometimes wish I'd found them sooner, I tell myself I should be glad I found them at all.

Nancy Clarke
Glen Rock, New Jersey

MENTHOL
11 mg. 'tar'
0.8 mg. nicotine

FILTER
12 mg. 'tar'
0.8 mg. nicotine

FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE NSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

limitation treaty on the number of authorized land-based launchers. This is done in cooperation with the CIA and the air force. The newest "ferret" satellites can also pick up communications' signals and track radar sweeps; this is all grist for the NSA mill.

But there is no real limit to the NSA's far-flung concerns. Its personnel and equipment support counterinsurgency on the ground (NSA units were deeply engaged in this in Indochina and, to a much lesser, but important extent, in several Latin American and African countries) by getting fixes on guerrilla units through intercepts of their radio communications. Bolivian army rangers, for example, were able to locate and capture Che Guevara's guerrilla force in 1967 after NSA airborne observers picked up his backpack radio signals. These operations are known as "Direction Finding" and they have multiple applications. GARDEN PLOT at home is an example.

All the foregoing explains why, over the years, the NSA has grown to its present enormous size. Its total annual budget—including the budgets of its associated secret agencies, like the ASA and secret Pentagon research groups—runs upward of $10 billion (nearly one-tenth of the entire defense budget). It is impossible to arrive at the precise figure because the NSA's expenditures are hidden within the overall defense budget and probably in the budgets of other government departments. The expenses of ASA and its navy and air force sisters may be charged to the individual services, but, logically, they must be counted as part of NSA. The same reasoning can apply to the budget of the National Reconnaissance Office, which runs the spy-in-the-sky satellites, although its $1.5 billion budget is assigned to the air force. The air force, as another example, runs the SR-71 spy plane program (the successor to the CIA's U-2) and probably pays for it, but the NSA is its principal beneficiary. The three services are responsible for the pay, benefits, and maintenance of tens of thousands of army, navy, and air force personnel assigned worldwide to NSA duties, but, again, this is really a bookkeeping operation. Research and development of equipment designed for the NSA may be funded through other agencies, but it is an NSA expenditure. It is for all these reasons—and inflation—that the $10 billion annual figure for the NSA is more realistic than the $1 billion that has been generally used in discussing the agency. The $1 billion represents no more than the NSA's *headquarters* budget.

The Soviet Union also spends great amounts on cryptology and electronic intelligence. But it is impossible, even for the NSA and the CIA, to come up with a meaningful figure. Cryptology, which is highly advanced in the Soviet Union, is probably handled by the Fifth Directorate of the KGB (the KGB is both the internal and external secret police) and the GRU, the Russian military intelligence. American experts assume that the total Soviet technological intelligence, including their satellite program, is operated by the military in conjunction with the KGB. But because the Soviets have fewer foreign bases than the U.S., their overall costs may be lower than ours.

Aside from Soviet territory and the Eastern European countries, Russian technological intelligence presumably operates from Cuba, which is their best observation center targeted at the U.S. In the north, of course, Soviet monitoring stations on their side of the Bering Sea cover not only the U.S.–Canadian Early Warming System, but our Minuteman launch sites in North Dakota as well. There may also be Soviet intelligence installations in Somalia and South Yemen, covering the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf. It is believed that until 1972, the Soviets had intelligence facilities in Egyptian ports; they may have new ones in Syria.

The Russians also cover the Mediterranean—and the U.S. Sixth Fleet—from installations around the Black Sea and near the Turkish border, in addition to observations by ships and planes of their own Mediterranean fleet. There may be Soviet intelligence installations in North Korea and North Vietnam. And, for many years, the Soviets have been plying the seas with electronic intelligence trawlers (disguised as fishing vessels) sometimes just a few miles outside U.S. territorial waters. There is always a Soviet electronic trawler on station off Rota, the Spanish-American base in the Atlantic where our nuclear submarines refuel. And long-range Soviet reconnaissance planes cover the Atlantic on flights to Cuba.

The NSA and its associates employ or control around 120,000 persons—civilian and military—at home and abroad. This is more than ten times the strength of the CIA.

Presently commanded by air force general Lew Allen Jr. (whose title is DIRNSA—Director, NSA), the agency employs Ph.D.'s in mathematics who provide the theoretical backup for the cryptologists; scientists and engineers who develop ciphering and deciphering machines; computer programmers; electronic and radar specialists; communications experts; linguists (many trained at the army's language school at Monterey, California); nuclear scientists; and specialists in every field even remotely touching on intelligence. (Allen himself is an ex-pilot with a Ph.D. in nuclear physics.) Including secretaries, maintenance people, and security guards, there are in excess of 10,000 employees serving at the NSA's Fort Meade headquarters.

Abroad, the total of NSA and related personnel is close to 110,000, though precise figures vary. (The end of the Vietnam War, for example, probably reduced this amount somewhat.) Thousands and thousands of men and women are needed to run the foreign operations. There are the crews of intelligence ships (like the *Pueblo*, captured by North Korea in 1968) and intelligence planes (like the EC-121 shot down near North Korea in 1969). With over 2,000 permanent intercept positions scattered around the world, the NSA mans secret radio-listening outposts in the Aleutians, Taiwan, Japan, South Korea, Australia, Turkey, Ethiopia, Morocco, West Germany, Spain, the Azores, the island of Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean, South Africa, and scores of other foreign locations.

NSA personnel, though often drafted from regular army, air force, navy, or marine detachments, follow their own special chain of command. An NSA-assigned corporal may ignore the orders of a colonel if they conflict with his duties. And colonels and generals have long ago learned not to question men who happen to be on secret detail.

Though no serious observers of the intelligence community question the need for the NSA as a crucial instrument of national security—nor the secrecy surrounding its foreign intelligence aspects—important doubts are arising about the validity of some of the agency's operations. These doubts relate to the impact of the NSA's activities on overall American foreign policy and to the grave risks that certain of these activities may pose.

In terms of foreign policy, the U.S. pays what is often a heavy price for the maintenance of NSA and related installations on the territories of other countries. A major recent example was the Ford administration's battle with Congress to restore military aid to Turkey which, under the law, was suspended after the Turks used American equipment to invade Cyprus in 1974. Congress took the view that violations of U.S. law cannot be condoned for any reason, although it knew that the principal reason for wanting to please the Turks was that some of the most important NSA operations are run from Turkey. And the Turks, of course, have threatened to take over our military bases if aid is not resumed. On July 24, just before the House of Representatives defeated Ford's proposal to restore military aid, CIA Director William E. Colby secretly testified before several committees about the importance of the Turkish intelligence bases. But when even this effort produced no results and the House killed the Ford bill, the president said it was a foreign policy "disaster."

(The loss of the Turkish installations would certainly be a severe blow to the United States. Contiguous to the Soviet Union, Turkey is an ideal NSA observation point. NSA radars and CIA radio telemetry listening posts in Turkey can easily track Soviet nuclear missile testing in Central Asia as well as over the Caspian Sea missile test range. Thanks to the NSA, Washington can keep track of Soviet airlifts to the Arabs. Special intercept positions allow the NSA and its partners to monitor most of the military communication traffic in southwestern Russia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. NSA operators in Turkey can copy coded and "cleartext" transmissions in Morse, voice radio, telex, and microwave relays. NSA computers than match and

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I'm what you might call an "idea man" and I know how to make money—a lot of it! For example, last November I grossed over $50,000 on just one of my ideas alone. And I did it by showing other people how to make even more money than that!

I have a lot of ideas. Hundreds of them. And every one of them makes money for me, without exception.

I have discovered ways of making money that are so fantastic and so powerful it would scare you.

It even scares me sometimes when I have so much money piled up on my desk that I can't count it all in one day! Hundreds and thousands of dollars pouring in from all over the country day after day!

I'm going to show you exactly how I have acquired this fabulous success and how you can do the exact same thing.

To begin with, I'm going to send you a copy of my Internationally famous book "The Million Dollar Man".

In this fascinating book I'll show you actual samples and step by step details of ideas that have made me thousands of dollars (including the one mentioned above where I grossed over $50,000 in one month).

I want to teach you everything that I know about making money and I want to show you how to "copy" my success.

I'll share these valuable secrets with you for two reasons: First, by selling this valuable information to you I will become richer. And second, the foundation of my success is based on enriching other people and showing them how to make a fortune too.

Now that's where you fit in! After all, why should you care if I get rich if I can show you how to make a fortune too?

In fact, to back up everything that I'm telling you I'm going to make the most incredible money making proposition ever offered in the history of advertising.

And here it is:

I'm going to ask you to send me a check for $10.00 (that won't even buy a good steak dinner nowadays). In return, I'm going to send you a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Package".

And that's not all: I'm also going to send a signed and notorized MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

This guarantee states that you must make at least $1,000 within thirty days from the time you receive your package or I'll return your UNCASHED check and you can keep everything I've sent to you!

I couldn't possibly make an offer like that unless I absolutely knew, without a doubt, that this valuable information will show you how to make a fortune.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not going to send you a bunch of get rich quick schemes or literature that will end up in the garbage can.

I don't believe in doing business that way.

I am going to send you a very fascinating, well written book and millionaire executive package that will show you how to make a fortune, and how to make it fast without doing a lot of hard work.

Making a lot of money with these plans and ideas won't require a lot of "education".

I know of one man that didn't even graduate from high school and he's making over $100,000 a year using the same principles and ideas outlined in "The Million Dollar Man".

It doesn't require a lot of "money" either. I grew up in a poor family and started with only $50.00 in my pocket.

What it will require is that you absorb everything that I'm going to send to you, and have the desire to become extremely wealthy, and then have the guts to do something about it!

If you meet all of the above requirements, and if you want to become independent and have everything that you've ever dreamed of in life, then I strongly suggest that you sit down RIGHT NOW and send for a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and the "Millionaire executive package".

I personally guarantee that this information will be the best investment that you have ever made and that it will completely change your life.

And remember: If you don't make at least $1,000 within 30 days from the time that you receive your package—In accordance with the terms of the money back guarantee I'll refund your UNCASHED check and you can keep everything that I've sent to you.

These plans and ideas have worked for me and they will work for you. I guarantee it, and I'll prove it to you if you'll just fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

If I'm wrong you'll get your money back and you can keep everything that I've sent to you. But, if I'm right, you will become rich. Either way you can't lose!

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Rick, your offer sounds incredible. But what have I got to lose? Please send me a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Package" by return mail.

Don't deposit my check until 30 days after you have sent it to me. If I do not make at least $1,000 within thirty days after I receive it—in accordance with the terms of the written money back guarantee you'll return my uncashed check and I can keep everything that you've sent to me.

On that basis here is my $10.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

compare Turkish intelligence output with information similarly obtained from installations in West Germany [where Augsburg is the main base], the Aleutians, Japan, and South Korea. In this fashion, U.S. electronic intelligence is in a position to continuously hear and observe much of what is happening in the Soviet Union.)

Earlier, the Turkish government, invoking the same threat, was fairly successful in discouraging the United States from pressing it too hard to force its farmers to give up growing opium-producing poppies. Turkey, of course, is one of the chief points of origin in the traffic of narcotics. In 1971, the U.S. agreed to pay Turkey $35.7 million over a three-year period to provide an incentive to local farmers to shift from poppy cultivation to other crops. Treasury officials say that during the first two years of the agreement, when $15 million was paid to the Turks, the flow of Turkish opium to heroin laboratories in Western Europe—and the flow of heroin to the U.S.—abated considerably. On July 1, 1974, however, Turkey breached the opium agreement. There was a crisis in U.S.–Turkish relations, and the American ambassador was recalled from Ankara, reporting that Turkey might interfere with NSA and other U.S. military installations if an issue were made of the opium problem. The Cyprus invasion a few weeks later overshadowed the poppy scandal.

Another instance of American foreign policy being affected by NSA requirements involves Ethiopia. Because we still retain secret NSA posts in Ethiopia (though no longer on the huge scale they were when the Kagnew installation, employing 10,000 persons, was at its operational peak), the administration agreed last year to provide shipments of munitions to the Ethiopian military régime fighting Eritrean rebels. Ethiopian posts covered the Persian Gulf and parts of Soviet Central Asia.

In South Africa, the NSA is secretly developing facilities for Acoustic Warfare in order to be able to track Soviet submarine movements in the Indian Ocean and along the sea-lanes around the Cape. One of the worst U.S. military nightmares is that packs of Soviet nuclear-propelled submarines might be able to prevent the traffic of oil tankers from the Persian Gulf to this country and Western Europe. This is why the U.S. has, in recent years, developed the policy of "communication" with South Africa instead of ostracizing it because of its racial apartheid practices.

The principal reason the administration wants to build a major military outpost on British-owned Diego Garcia island in the Indian Ocean is to expand intelligence operations there. Diego Garcia is an ideal spot from which to keep an eye—and an ear—on the Indian Ocean (where the Soviet navy has been increasing its presence) and the Persian Gulf regions. For complicated administrative reasons, the CIA is currently in charge of the Diego Garcia operation, with the NSA as its guest.

The revolution in Portugal has also created military intelligence and foreign policy problems. The advent of a far-left régime in Lisbon has placed in jeopardy the safety of American bases in the Portuguese Azores, in the mid-Atlantic. In addition to being a refueling base, the Azores have secret NSA installations. These maintain electronic surveillance over Soviet submarines in the Atlantic and communicate, through low-frequency transmissions, with American submarines on classified intelligence missions. The low-frequency range is relatively limited. Much of the American policy toward the new Portuguese régime has been, therefore, related to this problem.

Under the so-called "UKUSA" (United Kingdom–United States) agreement, the NSA works with British, Canadian, and Australian SIGINT communities. This, of course, also affects foreign policy. A number of NATO countries—and some others such as Israel—are also parties to the UKUSA agreement to a more limited degree. The NSA's principal foreign partner in SIGINT is Britain's Government Communications Headquarters, which maintains listening stations in West Germany, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Cyprus. British stations in the Far East complement NSA's installations in Taiwan, Japan, and South Korea in the coverage of mainland China, North Vietnam, North Korea, and Siberia.

A special relationship exists with Brazil, which has its own SIGINT capability in support of the NSA. There have been reports that Brazilian SIGINT teams operate throughout Latin America on counterinsurgency missions where the U.S. does not wish to show its hand.

The NSA, it is said, also *buys* Electronic and Radar Intelligence products from other countries—such as Finland, bordering on the Soviet Union. If so, this would be an extremely sensitive political operation, considering Finland's neutral status.

On another level, there is concern that the NSA may be overdoing some of its activities, especially in the ELINT collection area, thus exposing the U.S. to serious risks —such as a war by intelligence accident. The danger of war with North Korea arose, for example, in April 1969 when President Nixon considered an air strike in retaliation for the downing by North Korea of the EC-121 plane, an ELINT "flying platform," over international waters near the Korean coast. We do not know, of course, how many incidents of this nature may have occurred in the context of ELINT activities.

Herbert Scoville Jr., a former CIA deputy director, warned in a 1974 study on "The Role of Technology in Covert Intelligence Collection" that the eagerness to obtain ELINT material might lead to operations which could be unnecessarily "provocative" or place the U.S. in an awkward political position. Scoville wrote that "we are prone to support régimes which allow us to use their territory even though their objectives may not be compatible with our basic political goals.

"Despite the increased opportunities for ELINT collection," Scoville continued, "all such operations are not necessarily nonprovocative. In order to detect anti-aircraft radars located along the periphery of a country, it is frequently necessary to fly aircraft and sail ships close to the borders in order to intercept the signals. Frequently, such operations are subjects of international incidents."

Addressing one of the most serious NSA bureaucratic-operational problems, Scoville noted that "the scale and number of such [ELINT] operations is probably much larger than can be really justified on the basis of military need." He observed that "there is always the tendency in such a situation to repeat and repeat operations with the consequent increased probability that an incident will occur. . . . Greater restraint on the part of those authorizing such operations would probably reduce international tensions without any serious loss to national security. . . . We should not carry out provocative peacetime aircraft missions when satellites can provide the same data. . . . We should not be negotiating arrangements with governments inimical to our democratic principles just to obtain a base for redundant information available from other sources."

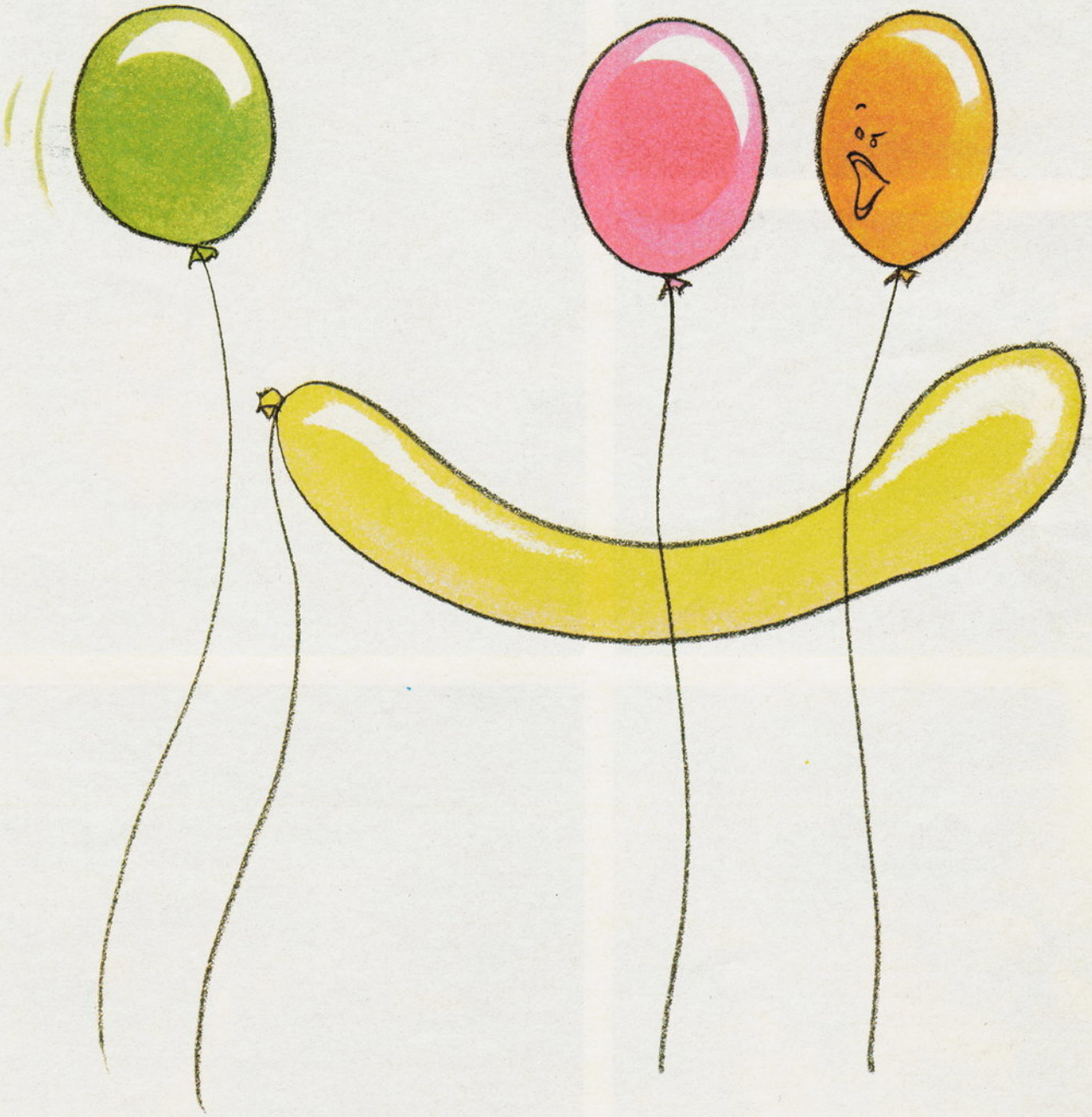
Although intelligence sources say that the ELINT naval program has been severely curtailed since 1972, Scoville's warnings should, of course, apply to the top-secret Holystone project, run by the NSA and the navy since 1960. This is probably the most dangerous—yet unnecessary—ELINT project ever devised by the NSA's greedy managers. According to unchallenged accounts published in the *New York Times* this year, Holystone submarines have repeatedly penetrated Soviet waters inside the three-mile limit. This has resulted in at least two known collisions with Soviet submarines, the temporary grounding of a Holystone submarine, and the damaging of another one that surfaced underneath a Soviet ship. In one case, in 1969, the commander of the submarine U.S.S. *Gato* was ordered to file falsified reports concerning a collision. The rationale for this program, personally endorsed by Henry Kissinger acting as Nixon's national security adviser, was that it would provide the U.S. with crucial data on Soviet nuclear submarines. Holystone's critics claim, however, that most of this data can be obtained from overhead observation, particularly by "ferret" satellites designed to pick up electronic signals.

But other basic questions, too, are being raised these days about the whole scope and concept of NSA operations. The first question is whether the agency is not too big and attempting to do more than is rationally necessary for national security. It is, of course, impossible to define arbitrarily what the *real* needs of national security are. Two factors, however, must be taken into account: one is that the NSA is essentially a highly specialized intelligence *service* agency for the real or imagined needs of its consumers, who range from the White

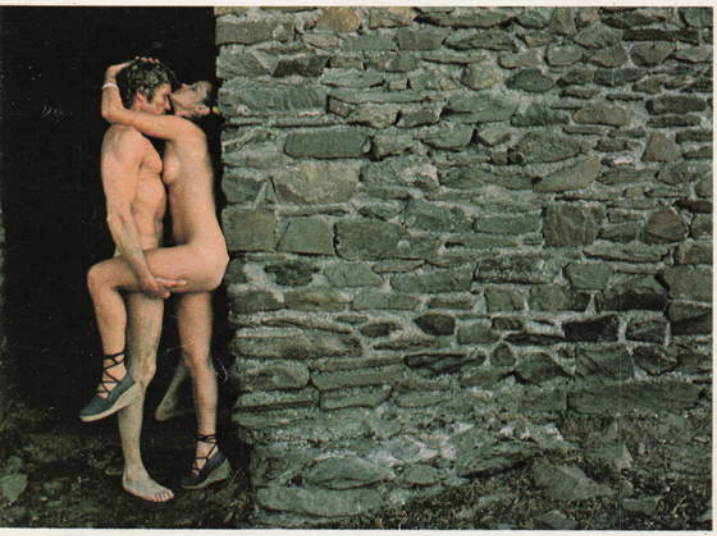
CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I understand she never lets him out of her sight."



Rising
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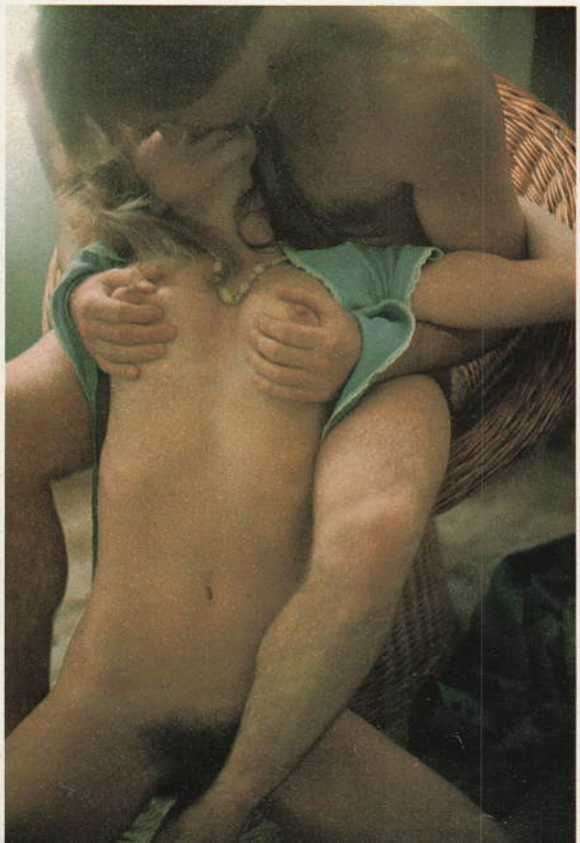
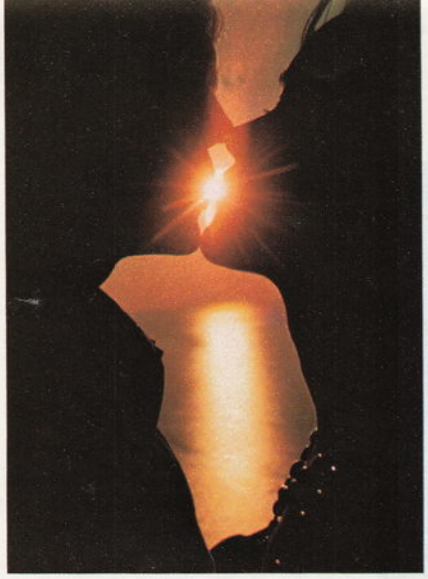
Hotel

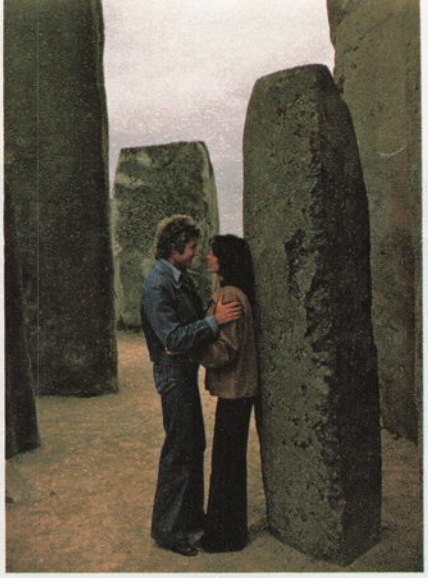


LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JEFF DUNAS
AND DENIS SCOTT

There is a special world of quiet villages, lonely islands, and deserted, gleaming beaches where two people can share an interlude away from all the pressures and problems of day-to-day living, or more simply, just share each other. And while that world is not really so distant in this age of rapid point-to-point transportation, once there it seems as remote as it ever was. But wherever or whatever the destination, it's not so much the place as the special feeling the finders bring to it—the joy of sharing new sights, sounds, and discoveries which will belong to them forever. A cobbled village street, weathered and worn by the centuries, suddenly seems new and bright through lovers' eyes. A

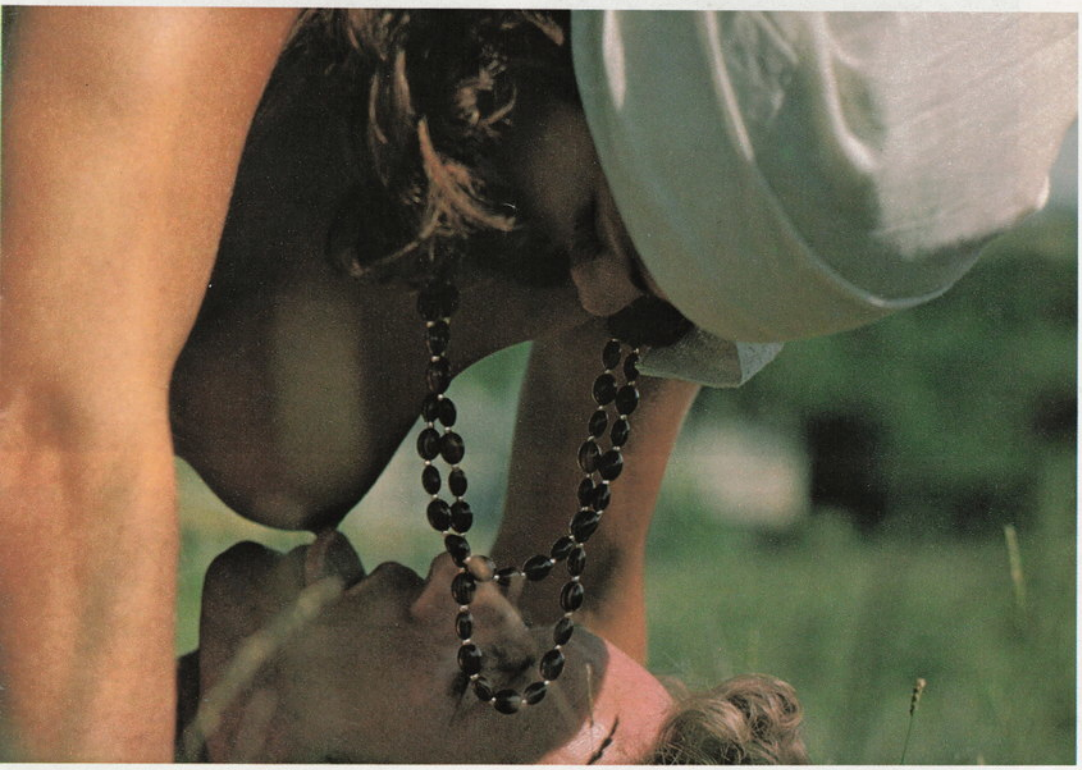


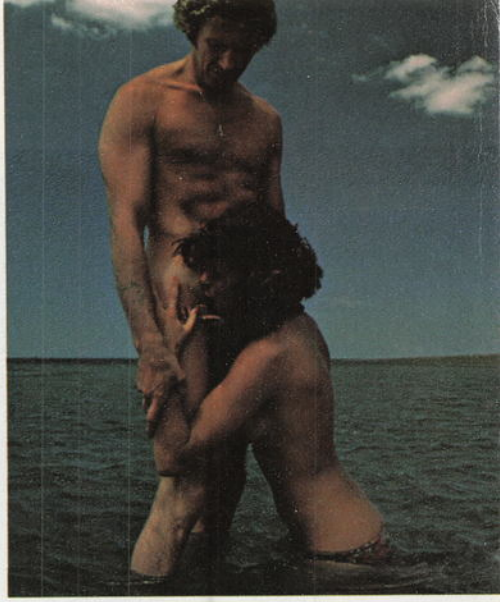


jug of wine in an oak-beamed inn; the utter quiet and privacy of a deserted stone farmhouse; or a hidden bay with the sea as soft and soothing as a caress—this is the stuff and substance of which memories are made.

In the lazy, easy warmth of summer afternoons with nothing but time to spend, tiny things—all too often taken for granted—take on new meaning, a new importance. A touch, a smile, the pure white skin of the nape of a neck can rekindle deep emotions long obscured

by the hubbub and hectic pace of the city. What has started as a pleasant easy stroll along ancient streets and through green meadowland ends in a late afternoon's lovemaking between crisp, cool sheets...hands touching and urging, thighs brushing and moving, lips tensing, pursuing, and opening wide. Bodies aquiver, now probing, thrusting as if to search out deeper delights—and in shared ecstasy, finally finding

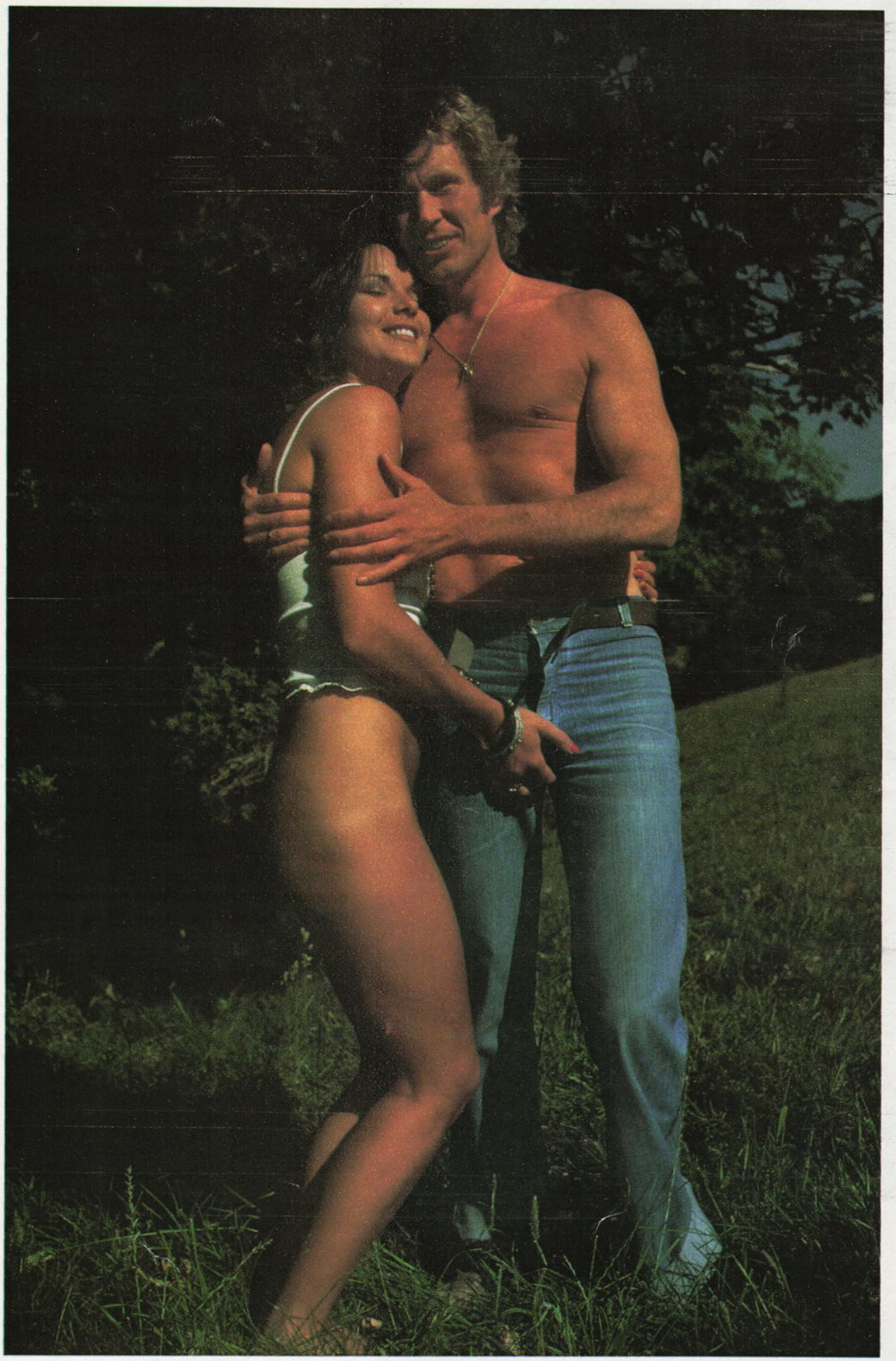




those few brief moments of perfect union that all men and women desire.

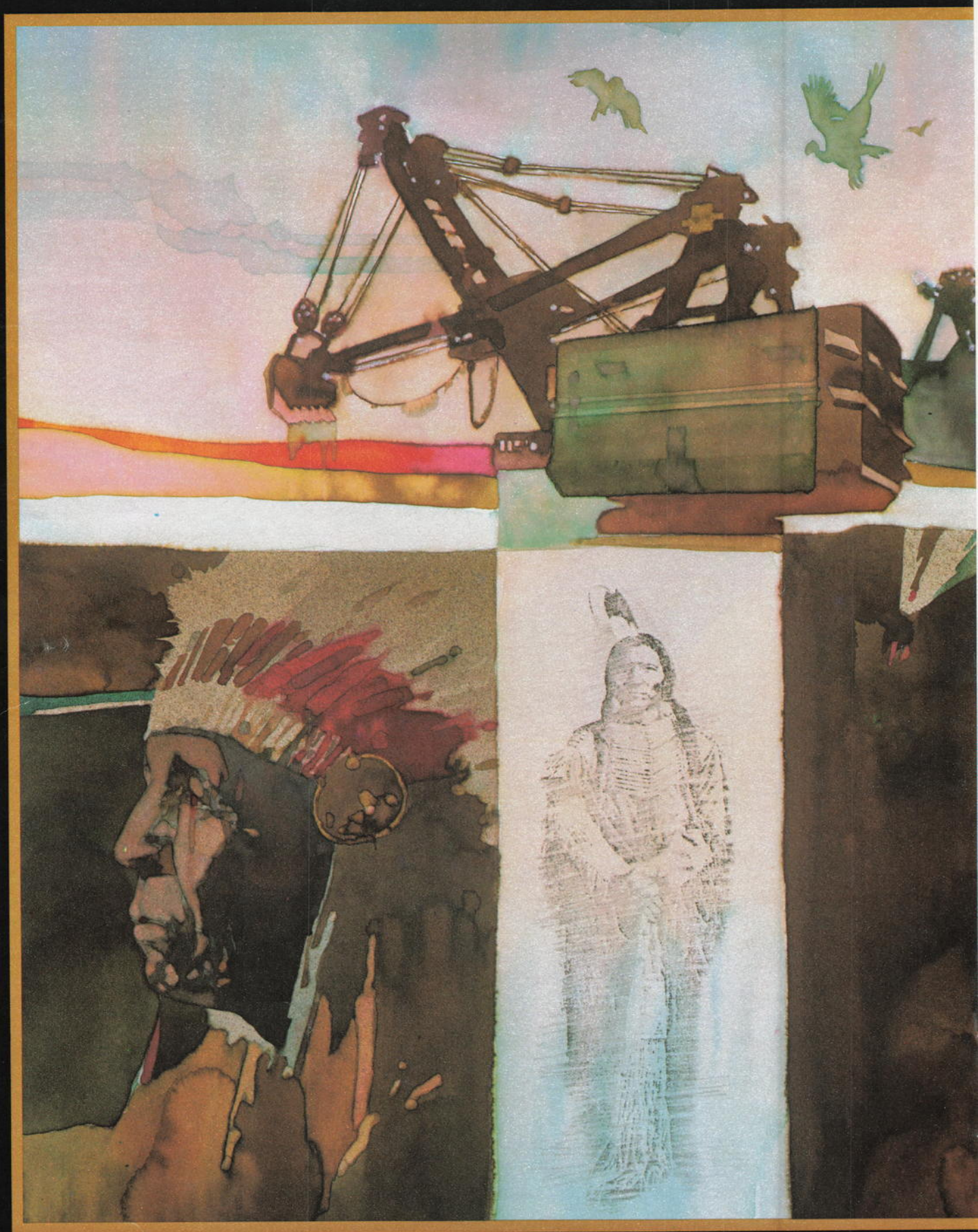
The day seems long. It sets its own pace easily, even casually. There's a comfortable meal and some good wine, sipped slowly for the pure pleasure it affords. Later, the lovers walk in the cool of the evening, through the fields and down toward the bay. The water has receded now, leaving pristine sand sculptured by the sea. They throw off their clothes and wade out. Standing together in the surf, feeling the sea's primal surge, she arouses him again, and he responds with a sure touch—lips brushing against warm breasts, the taste of salt on tongues, wet bodies embracing and enfolding as if they were one. Gulls whirl and cry, and there is no one else in the entire world.

For a man and woman sharing such moments, there can be no secrets. In this quiet place, there is time enough



to talk and laugh, to listen to the silence, and make love far into the night. To lie together and feel the closeness . . . to say nothing and yet say everything . . . to sense the tide of passion swelling in each other's bodies until it crests, climaxes, and ebbs like the ocean tide. Then the peace, the complete comfort of the aftermath, and the pleasure of sleep . . . in the sureness that they will awake together to make love again.

Nothing else is important now. Beyond this place—back in the world—there lies another time and place. There is an alien life to cope with, full of distractions, doubts, and digressions. But none of these things count now. They know they must return; but for the lovers who have shared these intimate days, the way back seems easier, lighter. And the memory of their mutual pleasure remains to sustain them long after the moment has gone.



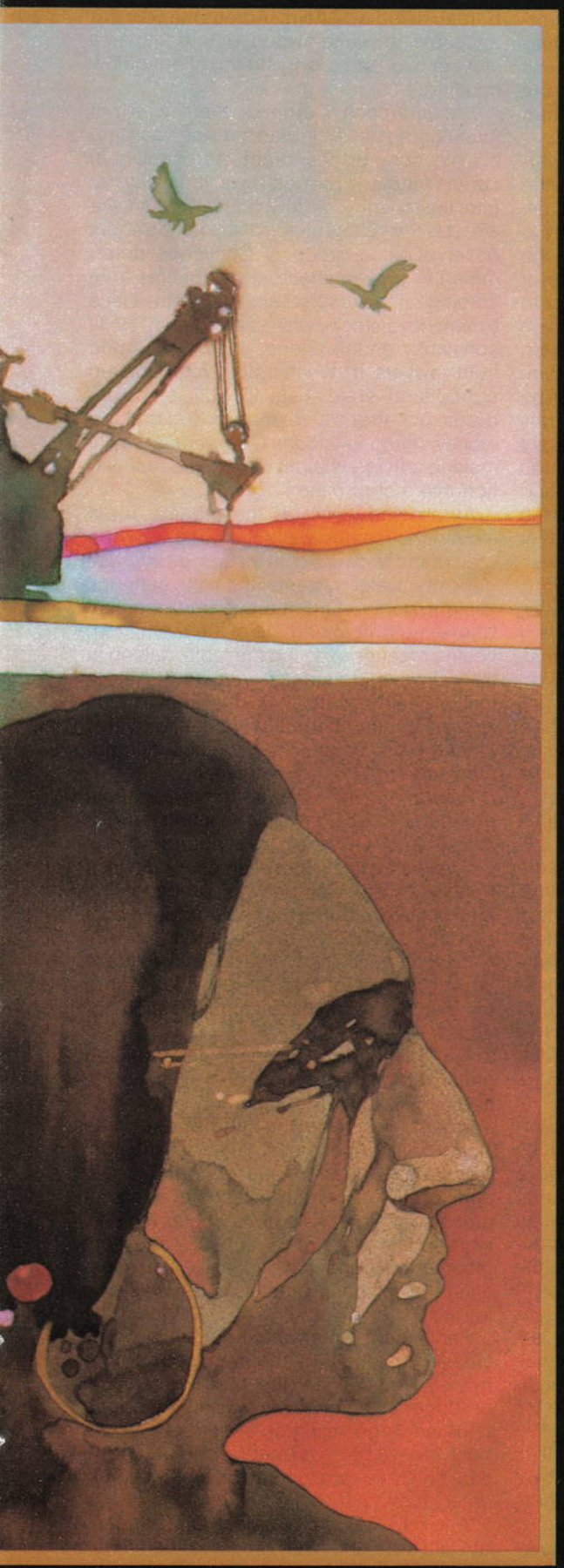


Illustration By Bart Forbes

THE BATTLE OF LAME DEER

One hundred years after Custer's Last Stand, American Indians are preparing for a new battle - against big government and big business.

The Northern Cheyenne had lived in the northern plains near the Tongue River, in what is now Montana. After Little Bighorn, the cavalry persuaded them to march south and settle with their relatives, the Southern Cheyenne at Fort Reno, Oklahoma. Nearly three thousand Cheyenne made the trek—but only after the soldiers promised the Indians that they could return if they did not like life on the new reservation. When they arrived, the soldiers took away the horses and the few weapons the Cheyenne still possessed. There was little food; the northerners fell ill from lack of nourishment and the heat. They protested about the food, and an army mission reported the government was starving the Indians to death. The Northern Cheyenne now asked permission to return to their home. The army refused. So two chiefs, Dull Knife and Little Wolf, moved their bands apart from the main camp and told their people to make ready. At night they slipped away. After three days—alternately running and riding—they reached the hills north of the Cimarron River where they hid in the deep canyons to await the pursuing soldiers. There were three hundred Cheyenne.

Soon Arapahoe cavalry scouts appeared and signaled for them to return. "We are going north," Little Wolf said in reply. Advancing into the canyons, the soldiers began firing, which was foolish because the Indians were hidden on all sides. Caught in the trap the cavalry spent the night without food or water. In the dawn, the Indians had slipped away and the soldiers retreated.

As the Cheyenne moved on—most of them on foot—word of a great Indian uprising spread. Ten thousand troops and three thousand civilians (cowboys, ranchers, traders, and settlers) were mustered and sent galloping across the plains to catch the Cheyenne as they crossed the Platte River. But the Cheyenne outwitted these pursuers. Fording the Platte in broad daylight, they ran

By James Ridgeway

on into the sand hills of Nebraska. There were never more than eighty warriors above eleven years old with the Indians, and often not more than two or three bullets to frighten away the hounding troops. With the old people and children exhausted, sick and hungry, their clothing in rags, the chiefs met and split the Cheyenne into two groups. Dull Knife and a few warriors took many of the old, the sick, and the children to seek refuge with their friend the Sioux chief, Red Cloud, at Fort Robinson. They discovered, too late, that Red Cloud had been moved north. Dull Knife and his group were trapped in a blizzard, and forced to surrender. At Fort Robinson the soldiers told Dull Knife and his followers they must go back south. The Indians refused. Thereupon the soldiers manacled some warriors and locked the rest of the Indians in a barracks. They cut off food and water until the Cheyenne agreed to move. Dull Knife's band was able to smuggle its few weapons into the building in the women's clothing. Making a last charge, they burst out of the building, firing as they ran into the snow. The soldiers shot down most of the fleeing warriors, and recaptured the women and children. Thirty-seven Cheyenne were trapped in the snow, and all but nine were shot by the military. But Dull Knife escaped and with a handful of followers made his way to Red Cloud on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota.

Continuing north, Little Wolf's band eluded the soldiers, hiding out in pits they dug along the Lost Chokecherry Creek, a tributary of the Niobara. When the snows eased, Little Wolf traveled on north until he was persuaded to give up and go into Fort Keogh. There the Cheyenne sunk into despair; they scouted for the army and were ruined on whiskey.

Eventually, in a camp at Pine Ridge, Dull Knife's group was reunited with the Cheyenne recaptured at Fort Robinson. The whites finally gave the Cheyenne at Fort Keogh a reservation on the Tongue River. At last the two groups were united in their own place. The story of this great struggle is referred to as the Cheyenne Autumn.

An hour out of Billings, Montana, heading east along Highway 90, I passed through the outskirts of Hardin, a grim little ranch town; then I drove on through the big Crow reservation, past a garish imitation Holiday Inn-type motel the Crows had built to attract tourists. Suddenly there was Little Bighorn. It was mid-afternoon, the sky was clear and it was growing cold. The spaces are immense as you stand atop this hill and look out mile upon mile over Indian country—the buttes and valleys covered by the thin, dry prairie grass.

In the distance, I could see where the Sioux and the others had made their massive camp, ten thousand people in all. I traced along the top of the ridge where "Longhair" Custer was trapped by the warriors rushing out of the ravine. They had swarmed over the hill like bees, destroying every man of the troop.

The day I passed through Little Bighorn, the place was crowded with irreverent Indian children and their parents. The youngsters raced among the exhibits—all honoring the whites—and laughing and shouting spilled out onto the hill where Custer was killed. The parents stood quietly looking out into the space where the Plains Indians had fought this great battle.

For the Northern Cheyenne, whose warriors made the charge against Custer, Little Bighorn was the beginning of an ordeal. They were marched off a thousand miles to the south to live with their relatives, the Southern Cheyenne, in the alien clime of Oklahoma. The northerners arrived there to find the government could not provide them with food. Rather than die from starvation and disease, the two headmen, Little Wolf and Dull Knife, resolved to lead the tribe back to Montana. Slipping through the army lines at night, the Cheyenne ran and fought their way a thousand miles back towards home. Eventually the whites relented and gave these Indians a bit of land along the Tongue River for a reservation. From that time on, the tribe has continued to exist, dwelling like most other American Indians in endemic poverty, plagued with sickness, but clinging to this piece of land obtained by their ancestors at such a terrible cost. About three thousand Cheyenne dwell on the 430,000-acre reservation.

Now the Cheyenne are caught up in a new and unwanted war for survival. Underlying their land are billions of tons of coal, the precious black diamond which the energy companies are hoarding against the time when the Arabs cut off the supply of oil. Today the whites must seem as crazy to the Indians as they did in Custer's time. Custer's mission was to clean out the Indians from the sacred Black Hills so the prospectors could have their gold. Today's whites race about turning the prairie farms and ranchlands into strip mines, using up the scarce water, importing thousands of whites to live in trailer camps, in the end creating a "Pittsburgh of the West" out of the Cheyenne homeland.

The Cheyenne are an immensely determined people, and finding themselves caught up in a great struggle, they have braced themselves to fight. Out of that struggle is emerging a new sense of Indian self-determination, a kind of economic nationalism that is occurring all around the world in places like Algeria, Kuwait, northern Holland, Scotland, and so on. Throughout Indian country word has spread that, like the Sioux at Wounded Knee, the Cheyenne are making a fight. Lame Deer, headquarters of the tribe, has come to symbolize the resistance.

Actually Lame Deer doesn't amount to much more than four corners marked by a flashing yellow light. Outside the town there is a crude sign scrawled in front of the trailer encampment of the American Indian Movement: NO ALCOHOL, NO DRUGS, NO PIGS, it warns sternly. Along the road into town are the scattered remains of automobiles, upside down in gullies, perched on hillsides, wherever their Indian drivers bailed out. To the left of the light are the buildings of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Across the way are a couple of white-owned gas stations, a store or two, and a long stretch of bungalow housing.

The afternoon I arrived, there was not much going on. An Indian kid was charging his old pony up the street. An occasional carful of Indians passed by on their way out into the country. A few houses down the street is the yellow shack of the Landowners Association, a group of Cheyenne determined to prevent the coal companies from coming on the reservation. Inside sits Dave Robinson, a stocky white-haired man. He is constantly on the phone, enlisting support from lawyers in Washington, rounding up agricultural specialists to advise the Indians on alternative means for making money, trying to find the Cheyenne a way of making a living without turning the reservation into a strip mine.

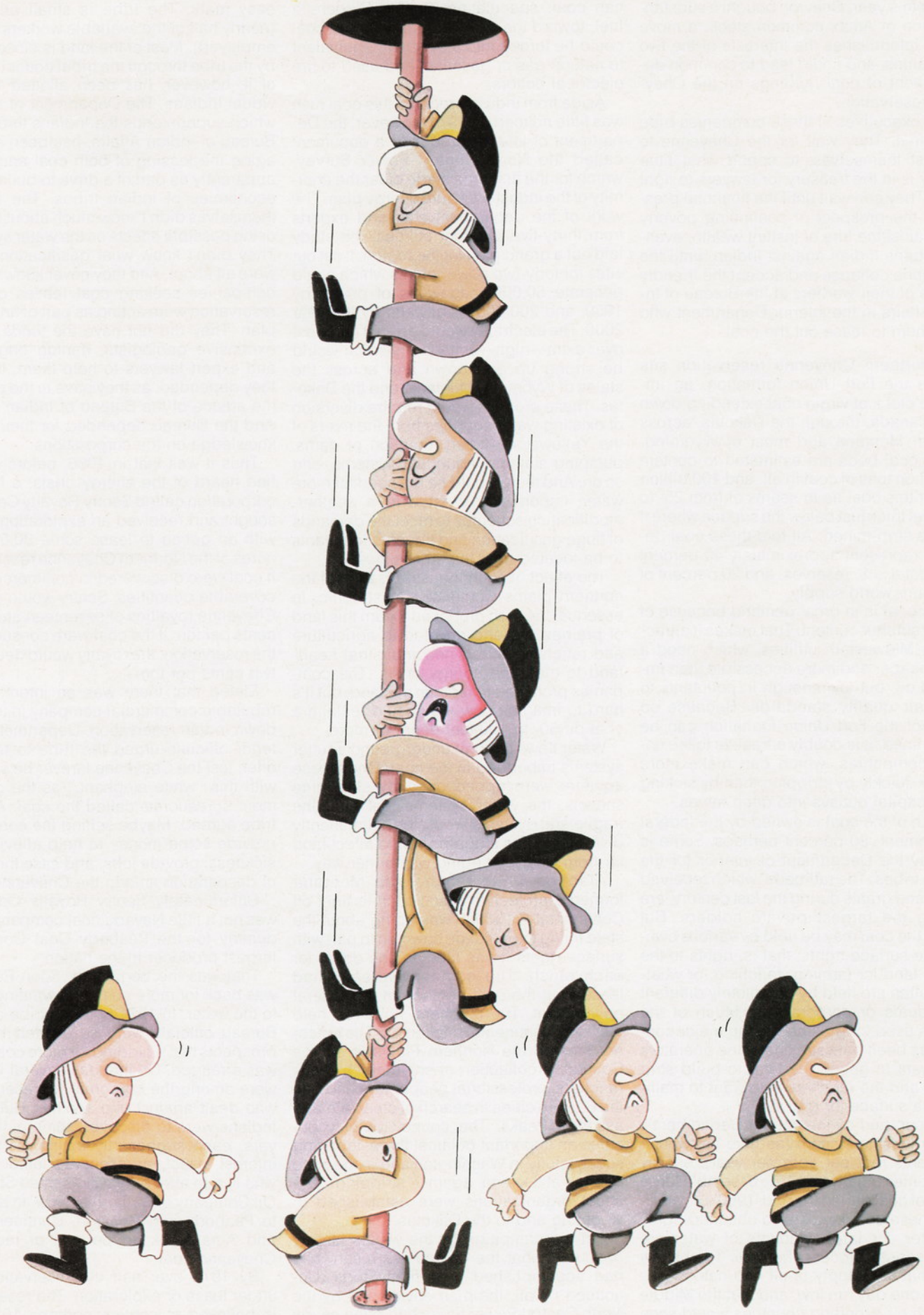
Across the street in the modern tribal meetinghouse, the walls are hung with colored maps showing coal leases, oil and gas deposits, water systems, the sorts of things you'd expect to find in a geologist's office. Cheyenne drift in and out of the room, convening meetings around the table, talking in the hallways. Coming or going to Washington, or Seattle, or St. Louis, they make notes and exchange information on the activities of their common enemies, the coal companies and the U.S. government.

Four major international corporations (Peabody Coal Company, Continental Oil, Amax, and Chevron) are hounding the Cheyenne to get on the reservation. Of these Peabody Coal Company is probably the most important. The nation's largest coal producer, Peabody has been trying to get Cheyenne coal since 1966. It wants to lease large amounts of land in order to open a mine and several units of a gasification operation.

For Continental Oil, the Houston-based multinational, Cheyenne coal is a hedge against the future depletion or nationalization of its holdings in the Middle East, or the North Sea, or southeast Asia. Continental owns Consolidation, the second largest coal producer, which is encountering increasingly high costs in its Eastern mines. Here in the West coal is cheap, free from labor unions; and this coal also offers Consolidation a shot at markets in the West and Midwest.

For Amax, American coal, especially Cheyenne coal, is the basis for future growth. Amax, now the fifth largest coal producer in the U.S., plans its future operations on large reserves acquired over the past few years. A sizeable percentage of these reserves are located on the Cheyenne reservation.

And for Chevron, Standard Oil Company of California, the Cheyenne coal can mean the beginnings of a future energy source for Western markets, especially when and if Saudi Arabia decides to nationalize Aramco



Falo

—in which Chevron is an important partner. Earlier this year, Chevron bought a substantial slice of Amax common stock, a move which intermeshes the interests of the two companies, and could lead to common development of coal holdings on the Cheyenne reservation.

The executives of these companies bide their time. They wait for the Cheyenne to exhaust themselves, to spend what little money is in the treasury for lawyers to fight them. They can wait until the financial pressures, the prospect of continuing poverty set against the lure of instant wealth, eventually turns Indian against Indian, until the Cheyenne collapse and accept the friendly advice of their warders at the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the Interior Department who want them to lease out the coal.

The Northern Cheyenne reservation sits astride the Fort Union formation, an immense block of virgin coal extending down from Canada, through the Dakotas, across eastern Montana and most of Wyoming. These coal beds are estimated to contain 1.5 trillion tons of coal in all, and 100 billion tons of this coal lie in seams of from 25- to 250-feet thick just below the surface where it can be strip-mined. All told these coal deposits represent approximately 40 percent of the total U.S. reserves, and 20 percent of the entire world supply.

This coal is in great demand because of its low sulphur content. That makes it attractive to Midwestern utilities, which need a fuel cheaper and more accessible than imported oil, but low enough in pollutants to meet air quality standards. Because so much of the Fort Union formation can be strip-mined, it is doubly attractive to the energy companies, which can make more money quickly by stripping than by sinking huge capital outlays into deep mines.

Much of the coal is owned by the federal government, 80 percent perhaps. Some is held by the Department of Interior for the Indian tribes. The railroads, which received huge land grants during the last century, are among the largest private holders. But where the coal may be held by various owners, the surface rights, that is, rights to the use of land for farming, ranching, or whatever, often are held by completely different individuals or corporations. Much of the land is used for grazing. So the major conflict has been between coal mine operators who want to gouge the land to build strip mines and the ranchers who want to maintain the surface for grazing.

Encouraged by the Interior Department's cheap leasing system (as little as twenty-five cents rent per acre per year), energy companies quietly began to assemble large tracts of coal during the mid-1960's. In addition, these companies also obtained rights to water, for large amounts of water are necessary to process the coal. They knew then that the supply of oil and natural gas would one day run low, and that the Middle Eastern oil exporting countries would soon make it unprofitable to handle their oil. Thus, these companies moved into American coal, speculating on this Cinderella fuel, toward the day when dirty lumpy coal could be turned into a synthetic equivalent to natural gas or gasoline, and used to fire electrical boilers.

Aside from industry reports, this coal rush was little noticed. In 1971, however, the Department of Interior produced a document called the North Central Power Survey, which for the first time made clear the enormity of the industry's future energy plan. The work of the department staff and experts from thirty-five different utilities, the study laid out a grand plan for the region. It set out sites for forty-two power plants which could generate 50,000 megawatts of power by 1980, and 200,000 megawatts by the year 2000. The electricity would go east and west over extra—high—voltage lines that would be strung up and down and across the states of Wyoming, Montana, and the Dakotas. These projects would require diversion of existing water supplies from the rivers of the Yellowstone basin, creation of dams, pumping stations, aqueduct systems, and so on. And there would be the need for more water, imported or created from weather-modification schemes to meet the demands of huge gasification and liquefaction plants to be located near the strip mines.

The effect of such industrialization of the northern plains would be catastrophic. In essence, the plan proposed to turn this land of prairies, hitherto devoted to agriculture and ranching, into a new industrial heartland to meet the energy crisis. The companies promised to reclaim the land, but it's hard to imagine how they could reclaim a coal pit 50- to 100-feet deep, or more.

Water flows through underground aquifer systems imbedded in the coal. Once these aquifers were ripped open by strip-mine shovels, the water systems that feed the fragile soil systems would be permanently disrupted. Thus stripping would affect land far from where stripping was under way.

Alarmed white ranchers in Montana formed a protective association to fight off Continental Oil which was going about the state trying to persuade cowmen to part with surface rights for as little as one dollar for each ranch. The company already had leased out the coal rights from the federal government. The ranchers, however, held fast, and Continental backed off. The ranchers created the Northern Plains Resource Council, a collection of environmentalists, ranchers, professional people who had quit the Eastern cities in search of clean air, and assorted freaks. The council quickly became an important political force, lobbying successfully in Washington and in the state capital at Helena against stripping. Offshoot organizations were established in Wyoming and in the Dakotas.

But the campaign by the whites largely obscured what the companies meanwhile had accomplished on Indian lands. Unnoticed by all, the plan envisioned by the North Central Power Study had been nearly implemented on the Cheyenne reservation.

The Cheyenne must have seemed an easy mark. The tribe is small and poor (nearly half of the available workers are unemployed). Most of the land is closely held by the tribe through the tribal council. Some of it, however, has been allotted to individual Indians. The Department of Interior, which superintends the Indians through its Bureau of Indian Affairs, has been encouraging the leasing of both coal and water, apparently as part of a drive to build up the economies of Indian tribes. The Indians themselves didn't know much about mining, or the possible effects on the water systems. They didn't know what gasification plants were all about. And they never knew that the companies seeking coal leases on their reservation were acting as part of an overall plan. They did not have the funds to hire expensive geologists, mining engineers, and expert lawyers to help them. Instead, they depended, as they have in the past, on the advice of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. And the Bureau depended for their expert knowledge on the corporations.

Thus it was that in 1966, before anyone had heard of the energy crisis, a Nevada corporation called Sentry Royalty Company sought and received an exploration permit with an option to lease some 90,000-odd acres of the Northern Cheyenne reservation. If coal were discovered in commercially recoverable quantities, Sentry would pay the Cheyenne royalties of seventeen and a half cents per ton. If the coal were consumed on the reservation, the royalty would decline by two cents per ton.

Elated that there was an interest by a reputable commercial company in this rundown Indian reservation, Department of Interior officials urged the tribe to take the offer, lest the Cheyenne forever be saddled with this "white elephant," as the government bureaucrats called the coal. And the tribe agreed. Maybe selling the coal could provide some money to help alleviate the sickness, provide jobs, and ease the sense of desperation among the Cheyenne.

Unfortunately Sentry Royalty Company was not a little Nevada coal company, but a dummy for the Peabody Coal Company, largest producer in the nation.

That was the beginning. Soon Peabody was back for more coal, and wanting rights to the water. In 1971 both the tribe and the Bureau officials were so excited by coal prospects that a bidding for more coal lands was arranged. On that day several lawyers were among the corporate representatives who dealt against one another. But as the Indians were to discover, some of the lawyers, each supposedly acting in his own interest, in fact, represented another lawyer, who in turn allegedly represented Standard Oil Company of California. Now, in addition to Peabody and Chevron, Continental Oil and Amax took up permits or leases to Cheyenne coal.

By 1973 over half the reservation was under lease or exploration. The reservation is believed to contain perhaps 10 billion tons of coal in all.

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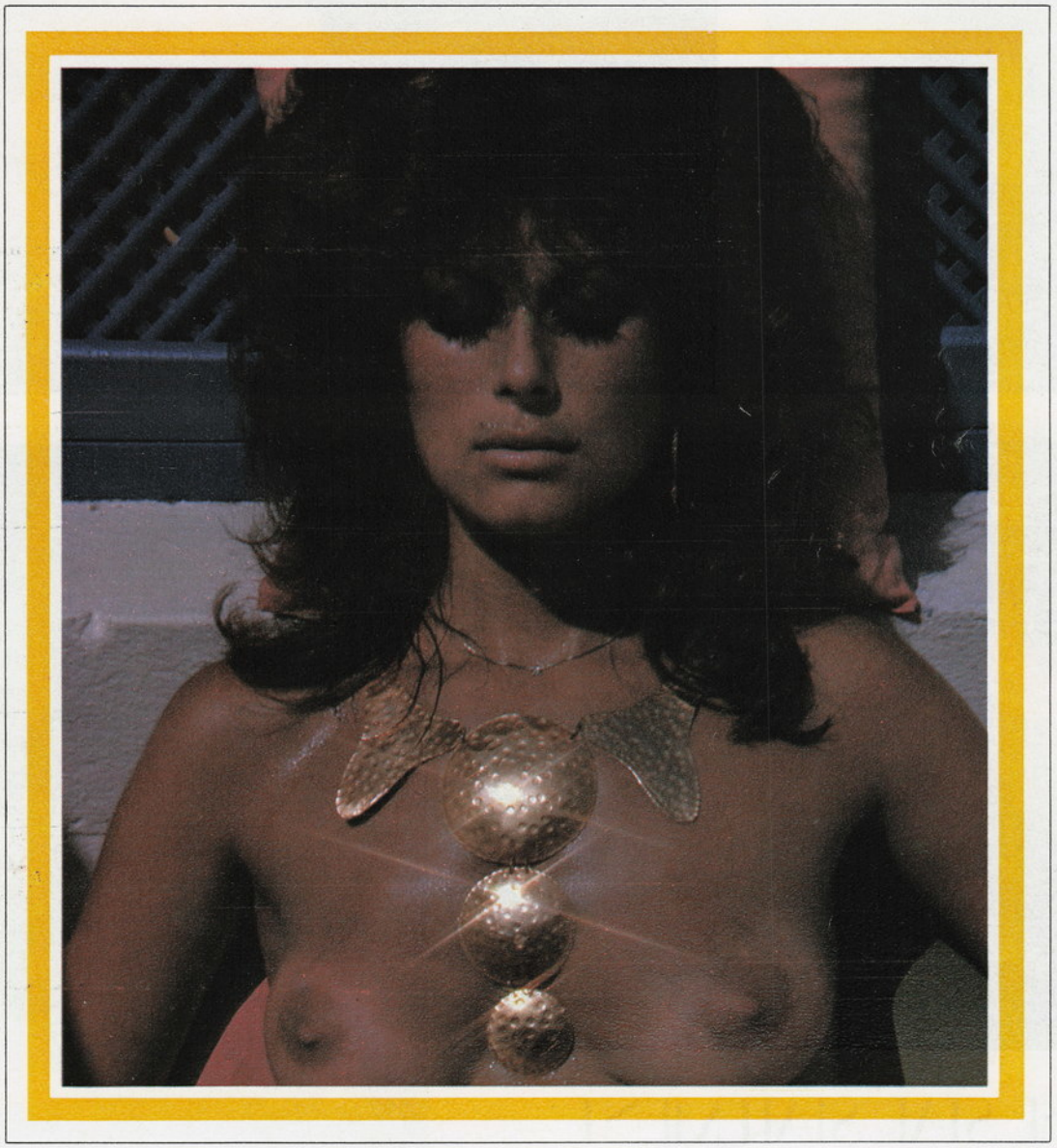


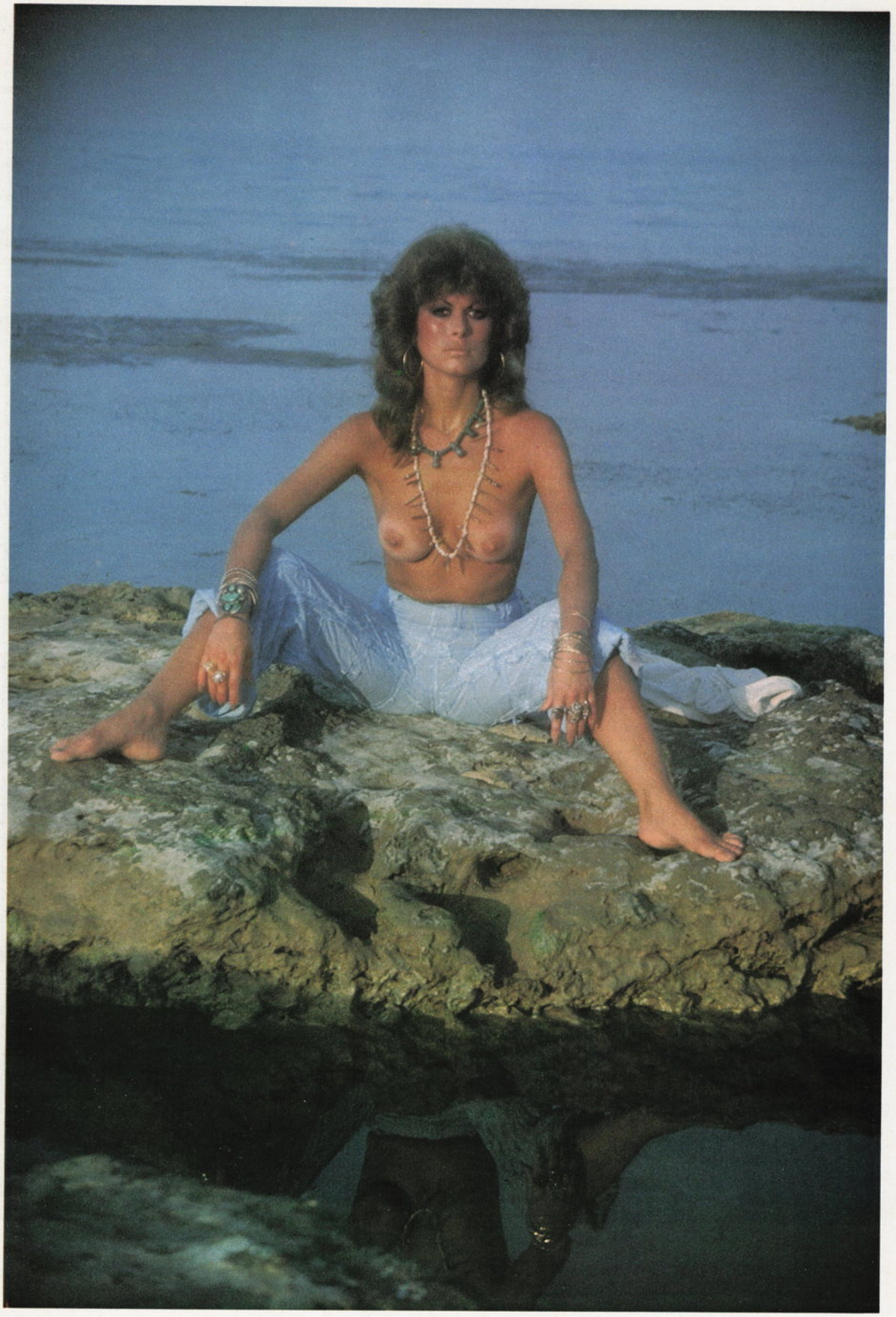
"I'm very strong sexually— almost voracious...."

BONNIE

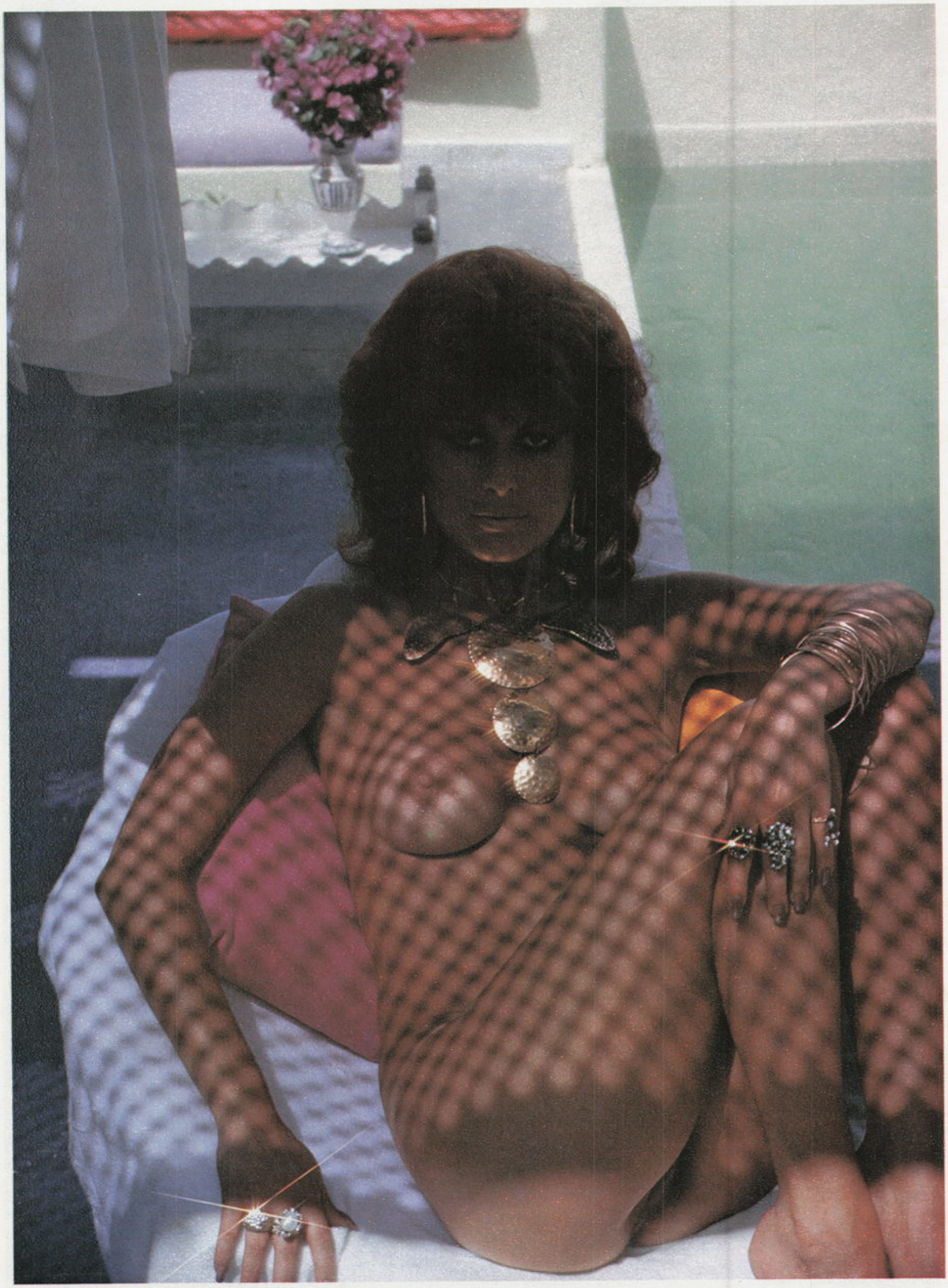
LONE STAR STATEMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Next to remaining true to herself, men—very special men—are Bonnie Dee's first priority in life. "I love turning men on. It's what I was born to do," says our twenty-eight-year-old Pet. "I can be anything my man wants me to be. I can be, at times, quite a little exhibitionist. I'm very strong sexually—almost voracious—but then it's my nature to give more love, more excitement, more attention than I get in return."



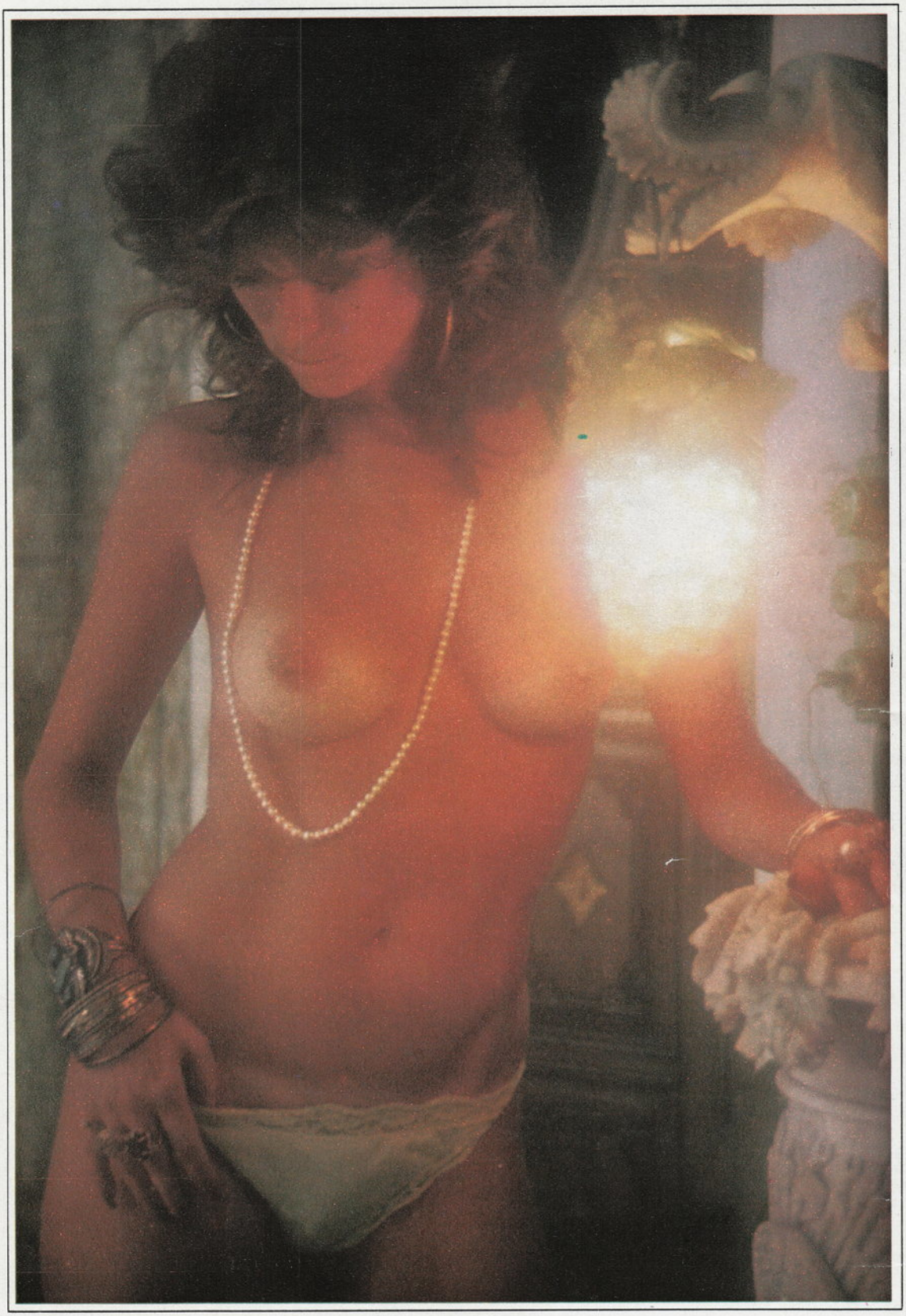
"As much as I love sex...and, believe me, no one loves it more ...you've still got to be very picky..."



Such open-hearted generosity comes easily to a girl born in San Antonio, Texas, yet Bonnie has the wisdom to blend the romantic with the realistic in her views on love and on life. "Woman's liberation is overdone as far as I'm concerned," she says. "Being liberated is a state of mind and not a political issue. I'm just a bit old-fashioned, I guess. I'd rather be wined and dined to music and candlelight than be liberated."

And as for the ideal man to do the wining and dining with her, Bonnie

has some fairly definite tastes: "I tend to like older men, because they understand me, but also because they're not as jealous as younger men. I prefer the darker types—Italians, Greeks, and especially Syrians. But above all I want my men to be sensitive and intelligent. That's much more important than looks to me."
Bonnie's belief in romance extends to her views on sex. "I think romance is *very* important, especially if it leads to sex."



"In bed,
everything goes
as far as I'm concerned—
as long as
we both want it..."

"You see, as much as I love sex... and, believe me, no one loves it more... you've still got to be very picky. Otherwise it becomes ordinary and not the supremely special thing that I want it to be. In bed, *everything* goes as far as I'm concerned—as long as we both want it and it can't hurt anybody else."

Even though Bonnie Dee has come a long way from the Lone Star State, she still remains a Texan at heart. "Why, I still cry whenever I hear 'The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You.' It's the best place in the world, you know!" Maybe so, Bonnie, but we don't need a Texan to tell us where to focus *our* eyes when you're around.

MISS BONNIE DEE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE RAT KING OF MEMPHIS

McSnooks was just a mouse of a man who got trapped in his own rat race.

Wayne McSnooks enjoyed sweet music, even though he was a success in business. Alone in his office of a quiet afternoon, he would turn on his radio and catch Sampson and Delightful singing "Good-bye, Fred":

Good-bye, Fred. Good-bye, Fred.
I want nothing to do with you.
Though your wife has fine blond hair,
and your children all are wizards,
Someday you'll take them out
somewhere,
and bring back just their gizzards. . . .

It had not always been so.

He had been taken from his home at the age of seven and articled to a chisel sharpener, Snuggs Highsaw of Snuggs Highsaw & Bro., and though he soon learned the techniques of the craft, he never developed the grace it required.

There were always fresh sutures somewhere on his person.

When McSnooks was nineteen, Mr. Highsaw, who did not smoke, arranged a scholarship for him at Zane Grey Bible College (Reformed) in San Diablo, Texas.

It paid McSnooks's tuition and bought his books and, in exchange, he kept an edge on the sacramental cutlery.

After five years, he left Zane Grey with a degree in snake handling and promptly got a job selling cash registers.

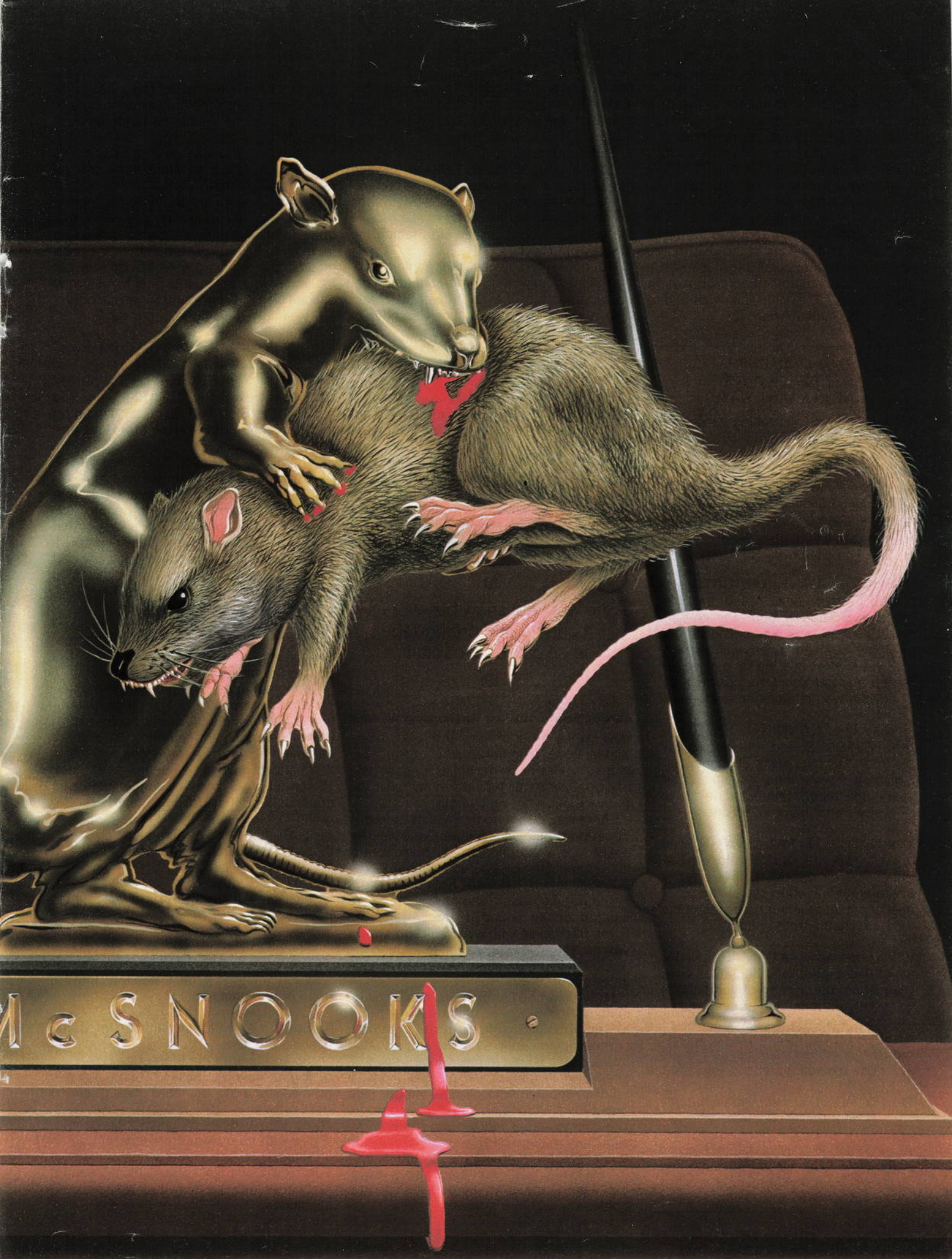
He always met his quota. He would break into a small store at night, steal the cash register, throw it in the river, and then come around the next morning and sell his victim a new one.

McSnooks was the only salesman in the territory who considered a pair of white cotton gloves and a jimmy to be as important as his pad of order blanks.

But the physical demands of running away carrying a heavy cash register in the darkness proved too much. He developed a

Illustration By Vincent Topazio

Fiction by John Fergus Ryan


McSNOOKS

bilateral hernia and had to give up the line. Instead, he got a job with the Nashville Rat Company, which sold cannibal rats through the mail to persons who wanted to exterminate household pests discreetly.

Long ago, a company of clever Chinamen had discovered that it is quite easy to train an ordinary rat to be a cannibal. And any trained cannibal, when released in a rat infested area, will take out after its fellows in a frenzy and either eat them, scare them to death, or cause them to move to the other side of town. With the aid of the U.S. mails, cannibal rats had become big business.

Cannibal rat advertisements appear in magazines like *The Christian Wizard* and *The Georgia Gentlewoman*:

CANNIBAL CHIC:
GET RID OF RATS
THE ELEGANT WAY!

Are smart-aleck rats taking over your brand-new $100,000 split-level dream house?

Run them off the modern, effective way. Release a NASHVILLE CANNIBAL RAT in your kitchen or cellar and watch the surly beggars scamper out of your life forever!

NASHVILLE CANNIBAL RATS are mailed to your home in a Gnaw-Safe Fiberboard Tube without any embarrassing labels or markings. The patented Gnaw-Safe Tube opens with an easy flick of the wrist and the rat can be released and set about his business by anyone who is quick on his feet.

NASHVILLE CANNIBAL RATS are PRE-POISONED and will painlessly expire shortly after completing their assignment. They will not remain around your home to pose a threat to pets or to aged and infirm loved ones.

THE NASHVILLE RAT COMPANY will *not* be responsible for the consequences when a CANNIBAL RAT is deliberately released in the sickroom of one's spouse or in the presence of the halt and the blind.

When ordering *white* CANNIBAL RATS, which are available to Socialites only, please include a letter of certification from your local Junior League.

NASHVILLE CANNIBAL RATS are the only pre-poisoned cannibal rats on the American market. Accept no substitute.

OUR GUARANTEE: We will absolutely *not* be responsible!

All NASHVILLE CANNIBAL RATS come complete with the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

At first, McSnooks had held a position in Procurement. He sat at the gates of a warehouse in Nashville and bought live rats from suppliers under contract at so much a hundred or thereabouts. But soon he was noticed by Gidley Nish, the executive vice-president, transferred to Memphis and put in charge of the Memphis Division, with the title of assistant vice-president, the company's authorization to sign marine mortgages in its name, and a suite of offices at the top of the tallest building, on the side facing the Mississippi River.

McSnooks had an assistant named Lambert Sleel, who was up on recent technical developments in the rat industry. He was also a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and very active in its Traffic Fatalities Report Campaign, its Sell Your Flag Campaign, and its Christmas Chicken-Dumpling Dinner for Derelict Men Campaign. In fact, Sleel was so sold on the Jaycees as a good way for a young man to get ahead that he had gotten his ten-year lapel pin in six years.

In addition to McSnooks and Sleel, the Memphis Division consisted of three credit men, who collected the wholesale accounts; two city salesmen; a knight-aberrant named Floral, who trimmed the show window on the ground floor; and a secretary, Tinkle Faye Tompkins, who carried her money in a wallet on her hip and whose idea of a good time was playing volleyball in the parking lot on her lunch hour.

> She was real show biz, wore a monocle and pretended to be a U-boat captain.

There was also a pool of typists, a fragile Spaniard named Juan Filigree, who went for coffee, and a receptionist fresh from domestic service, who answered the telephone, "Good morning! Nashville Rat Residence."

The warehouse and shipping station were located on an island in the Mississippi River. Pig Parker, who was well-read, was in charge. Pig had Imagination too. Once, he dated a real pig because he wanted to have an edible love affair.

McSnooks and Lambert Sleel spent every morning in McSnooks's office, talking. It was a well-appointed office: a late-breathing cirrhosis bloomed in a plastic pot, a stuffed rat (last year's Four-In-One Model) sat on a shelf next to the *Manual of Operations*, a paint-by-the-numbers oil of a clipper ship under full sail hung on one wall, and opposite it there was a shadow box holding two simulated dueling pistols, both of which had been pressed from one piece of plastic.

Two show rats, docile creatures especially bred for fooling the postal inspector, chittered away in a corner.

The windows, that would have provided a view of the river and parts of three states, were boarded over and the room was artificially lighted and chillingly air conditioned. Even in winter, McSnooks had a tendency to perspire.

"Why don't you take down those boards so you can look out the window and see the river?" asked Sleel.

"I got no time for artistry," said McSnooks. "I'm too busy thinking rats. You better call up Pig Parker and find out what he's using for mailing tubes. I got a call from the postmaster this morning. One of our rats got loose inside a postman's pouch yesterday and ate up a dirty book and some due bills."

"Is he sure it was one of our rats?"

"Who else's rat?"

"Could be the New York Rat Company's," said Sleel.

"The New York Rat Company," repeated McSnooks, reverently. "The Big Time! You know it? *The Big Time!* Someday, I'm going to be president of the New York Rat Company."

"I hope you succeed," said Sleel. "If you do move on, surely I will get your job."

"Out of the question! I couldn't recommend you. You're too sweet to people. You haven't got the low-down evil inside you that it takes to get ahead in the business world. You're a *gentleman*, that's what you are, and that's why you'll never do."

"Is that how you got ahead?" asked Sleel. "I mean, by not being a gentleman?"

"I'm not *all* dog-eat-dog. I got vision too. I see the day when we'll be selling cannibal songbirds. And if everyone hates birds like I do, they really ought to move."

"Cannibal pigeons might do," said Sleel.

"What do you think of that piece of furniture?" asked McSnooks, suddenly changing the subject and pointing to a small cabinet that was new to his office.

"I noticed it when I came in," said Sleel. "It's beautiful. Old walnut, square nails, peg construction. A handsome item. Are you going to keep it in here?"

"Yeah, but first I'm going to get one of those kits and antique it. Have you tried to buy a hammer lately?"

"No," said Sleel.

"I went to the hardware store last night to buy a hammer."

"Yes."

"They had two prices."

"Yes."

"Each price has a real watch built into the head of the hammer."

"Of course."

"But on the high-price hammer, the watch is shockproof."

"So you bought the high-price one?"

"Right," said McSnooks. "I'm not going to fight America. It's been too good to me."

Three weeks later, McSnooks got a telephone call from Brigadier General Lum T. Flinders, U.S. Army Retired, now of the New York Rat Company. The General wanted McSnooks to meet him that very evening for dinner.

"It's destiny calling!" McSnooks told Sleel. "They want me! *New York Rat*! They want me!"

"Take me with you!" begged Sleel. "I want to get to the top too!"

"Are you crazy? Take you and your Dale Carnegie techniques? Let you gum up the works with your good manners? No, sir! Who is General Flinders, anyway?"

"From what I read in the trade journals," said Sleel, "he just about runs New York Rat."

"Brief me," said McSnooks.

"Retired army officer—West Point, of course—specialist in guerrilla warfare. When he retired, New York Rat hired him to help get government contracts. He climbed right to the top at New York Rat—*overnight*! Top-notch man. I hear Coca-Cola has their eye on him."

McSnooks met General Flinders at his hotel and they went to the Isle of Dreams ("We Make Our Own Margarine") Barbecue Stand, which was run by Virgil Wolf Hat, a sub-chief of the Plains Indians.

"What do you want out of life, Wayne?" asked the General.

"I want to be important."

"What do you mean?"

"Like if I ever die, I want the news of it to come in over the radio."

"Magnificent! What else?"

"A house in the subdivision, and just once in a while to win 'Lawn of the Month.'"

"Splendid!" said the General. "Frankly, Wayne, we've had our eye on you for a long time. Are you aware that we are looking for a new top man?"

"No. I wasn't. What happened to the old top man?"

"He was run over by a midget automobile."

"That's a shame," said McSnooks.

"It was just as well. For months he had been under the care of a narcotic."

"Oh."

"As you may know, Wayne, I am a retired general officer in the United States Army, and I am not, strictly speaking, an old-time rat man like yourself—so I am in no position to examine you on the technical aspects of the profession. I believe, however, that I am safe in assuming you know the rat business inside and out."

"No question," said McSnooks.

"You're up-to-date on research?"

"No question."

"And sales?"

"No question."

"Are you any good with a bayonet?" asked the General.

"You talk about ideas," said McSnooks, "I got 'em. Diversify, I say. Listen to *this* idea and tell me what you think—*cannibal songbirds*!"

"Excellent! If everyone is like me, they ought to really move."

"Yeah," said McSnooks, "but that's not all. I've got the Big Vision."

"Which is. . .?"

"Cannibal people!"

"I am in awe," said the General, trying to slice his supper with a dull knife. "This blade wants an edge."

"Here, give it to me," said McSnooks. He took the knife and chilled the blade for an instant by dipping it in his glass of iced tea, then he warmed it in a bowl of gravy. He made several rapid slaps with the blade against the sole of his shoe, then wiped it clean and handed it back to the General.

"Now try it," he said.

General Flinders pressed the edge of the knife against his cutlet and moved it slightly. The blade sank through the meat and the china plate and imbedded itself deep in the table top.

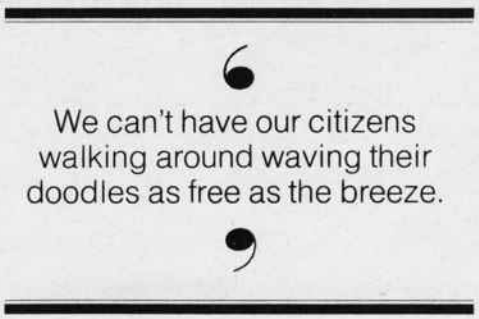
"That's amazing!" said the General. "Are you a conjurer?"

"I used to be. I can do it with chisels, knives . . . any tools. Look at these scars," said McSnooks, taking off his shirt.

"How interesting," said the General, briefly touching the corner of his mouth with his napkin.

"Let me have the check," said McSnooks, grabbing it.

At the cashier's desk, Chief Virgil Wolf Hat was struggling with the cash register. It would not open and he was threatening it with a stone tomahawk.



"I'll fix that!" said McSnooks.

He spun the machine around and turned a small knob, once to the right and twice to the left, then tapped a certain spot three times with a candy bar.

"Now try it, Chief," said McSnooks.

The cash register opened easily and then played four bars of the "Indian Love Call," much to the enjoyment of Virgil Wolf Hat.

"Never see that before. You big medicine! No pay. Buffalo meat on wigwam!"

"Your mechanical skill is amazing . . . being able to fix that machine like that," said the General.

"I used to be good with cash registers. Feel here. . . ," said McSnooks, indicating a double truss under his waistband.

"What do people in this town do for entertainment?" asked the General.

"I'll show you," McSnooks said, taking him by the arm, and together they went to the city park at Court Square in the heart of downtown Memphis. There they stood with the Yankee tourists and a party of foreign schoolchildren to watch the Changing of the Vice Squad.

"Wayne, I must be going, but I want you to meet me for breakfast in the morning and we'll talk about all of this some more," said the General. "Incidentally, did I hear that Indian fellow say 'buffalo meat'?"

As soon as the General was gone, Wayne hurried to a public house he knew for an interlude with a new friend called Frieda. It masqueraded as a respectable wholesale supplier of prefabricated carpenters' joints, and had been in business for years. The name DELECTABLE BUTT COMPANY was painted over its doors.

McSnooks had met Frieda a week ago, and she was real show biz. She wore a monocle and pretended to be a German U-boat captain. She entered the room through a prop conning tower; swaggering and clicking her heels, and she kept threatening to turn him over to the Gestapo.

In fact, Frieda was a virtuoso, and the first time—last week—he had been transported.

But tonight—the same girl, the same room, the same gimmicks—it was nothing.

"What's wrong, Mr. Noel Dismukes, Mayor of Gypsy Nit, Georgia?" Frieda asked McSnooks, for as such had he identified himself.

"Meaning, nothing personal lady, but a week ago it was the best. Tonight it was nothing."

"Since you was here a week ago, Pink Parts, the place has changed hands!"

The next morning, McSnooks met the General for breakfast and watched in admiration as breakfast was ordered with crisp military efficiency. "Two oatmeals and an order of dairy-fresh butter, my man," he told the waiter.

"Wayne, I believe you are definitely the man we want, but before you can come in with us you will have to create a new image for yourself."

"I already started," said McSnooks, smiling broadly and pointing to his front teeth. "First thing this morning, I scrubbed them with Old Dutch Cleanser from the kitchen."

"New York Rat has always tried to bring dignity to the cannibal rat profession. Some have called us overly fussy, but in the end it pays off," said the General.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm talking about dignity, Wayne, *dignity*. Your name, for instance, isn't your first name really 'Pinwork'? 'Wayne' is only your middle name, isn't it?"

"I hate that name, Pinwork—*I hate it*! It gave me an ulcer, going by it. How did you find out it was my real name?"

"We're very thorough. We find out all we can about a man before we even talk to him. Even though you may dislike the name, from the point of view of New York Rat it is preferable to 'Wayne,' so unless you are willing to be known as Pinwork W. McSnooks we may feel it best to look elsewhere. 'Wayne,' after all, suggests the glad-hander, someone gross, like a stockbroker."

"I want that job. I *want* that job!"

"Good. Then 'Pinwork' it is!"

"Yes, call me 'Pinwork,'" said McSnooks, and fire shot through his innards.

"The other matter is more personal. You are, I believe, still single?"

"Right! They'll never get me!"

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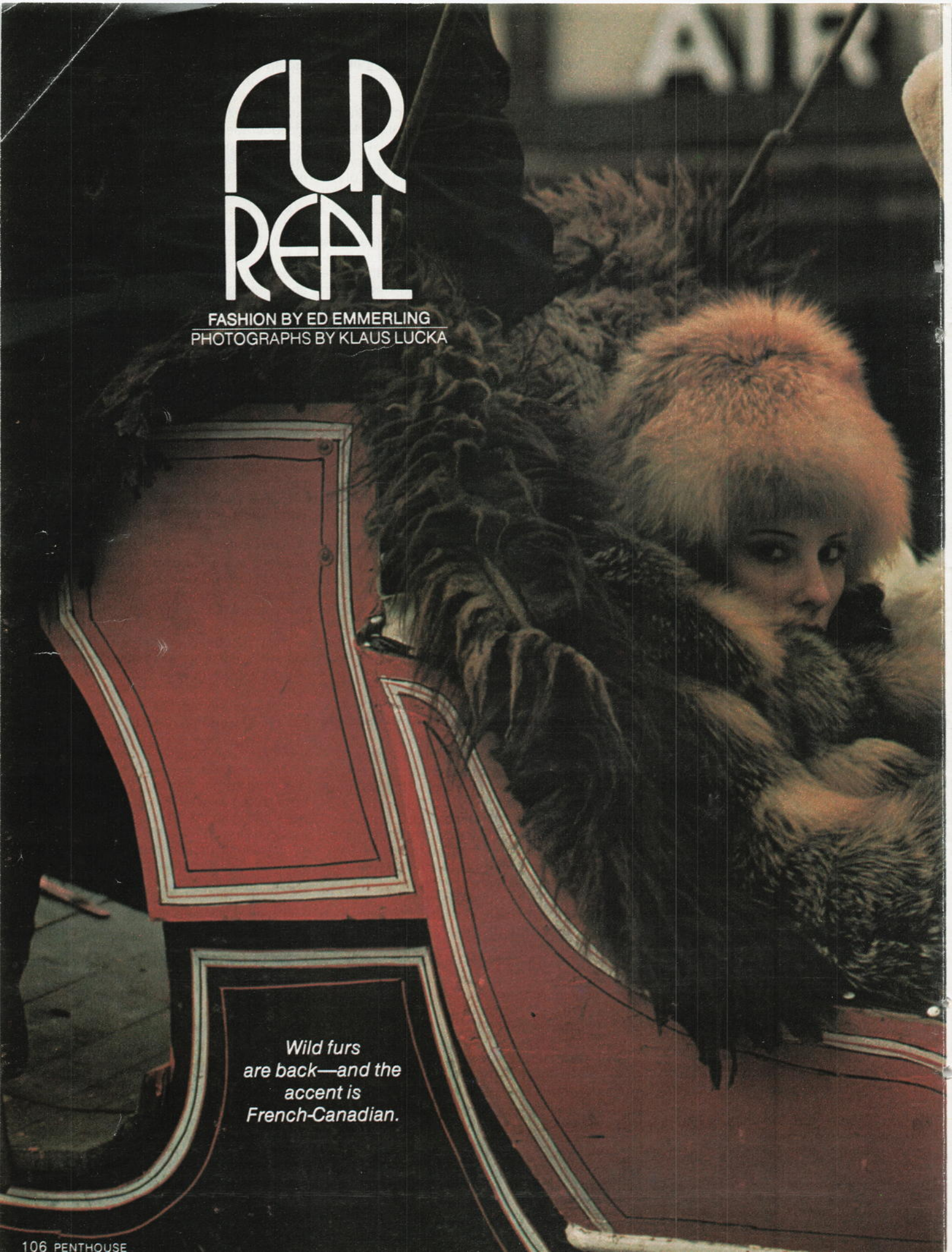
FUR REAL

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KLAUS LUCKA



Wild furs are back—and the accent is French-Canadian.

In front of the Air Canada office in Place d'Armes in the Old City. The long coat of natural curly lamb from the Republic of China ($1,250) is by Seymour Altman Furs. Sheared-lamb hat by Leonore Marshall. She wears a cross-fox coat and red fox hat.

All women's natural fur coats and hats by Natural Furs, Ltd. of Canada. All men's wool scarves and mufflers by Handcraft. Men's fur hats are by Leonore Marshall.

This winter's furs—dramatic long-haired coyote, yak, and curly lamb—are really swashbuckling. With their great, swirling shapes, these supercozy coats are the best cold-weather fighters around.

In ancient Quebec, capitol of French Canada's Quebec Province, where this fashion feature was photographed against magnificent winter landscapes, wearing fur is a way of life, a part of the Canadian tradition that is also reflected in the city's Old World charm. Its cuisine, its patois, and its architecture set it apart as a unique French colonial enclave on this continent. Snug and self-contained behind its massive walls, the Old City's narrow streets abound in original seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses. And down in the Place Royale, the hub of the ancient settlement, a careful restoration project is under way to refurbish long-neglected structures to their original beauty.

Cheek by jowl with the old is the new, and these days Quebec can boast superlative accommodations—the *most* luxurious being the new 575-room Quebec Hilton, the largest hotel to be built in the city in the last hundred years. Towering over the historic Plains of Abraham, with magnificent vistas of the Saint Lawrence River and the Laurentian Mountains, the Quebec Hilton is only steps from the Porte Saint-Louis entrance to the old walled city.

Les Québécois are famed for their palates, and quite naturally the Quebec Hilton has splendid dining and entertainment facilities. Famous French specialties and international cuisine are featured in both its main dining room, Le Villeray, and in the more informal Le Caucus—but the ultimate pleasure awaits you in Le Toit de Québec, the hotel's panoramic rooftop restaurant and bar. Here the magnificent buffet table is the *pièce de résistance* and one senses the presence of both the very old and the very new—combining to give Quebec its own special flavor.

Getting there is simple. Quebec can be reached by using Air Canada, via Toronto and Montreal, from any of the ten cities it serves in the U.S. Air Canada is also the only airline that operates nonstop jet service from New York to Quebec—just a seventy-five minute trip to another world.

Doorway in Place Royale in Quebec's Old City (above center). *The long-haired natural Icelandic yak hooded jacket ($950) and Indian brown-dyed broadtail pants (made to order, $450) are by Ben Kahn Furs. The hat is red fox with suede trim. The white peasant sweater with wrap-tie belt by Reggie. Her natural muskrat coat is worn with white jumpsuit by Concept VII.*

Crossing the icy St. Lawrence River between Quebec and the Plains of Abraham by ferry (right). *The natural American long coyote coat ($3,500) by Calvin Klein for Alixandre Furs. The hat is blue fox. Wool pants are Trousers by Barry. Her coat is natural wolf, worn with a raccoon hat.*

Dufferin Terrace (facing page), *the great-for-strolling boardwalk above Place Royale, which faces the ice-bound St. Lawrence River. The reversible coat of shearling dyed to look like raccoon ($450) by Cezar. Wool shawl-collared sweater by Pendleton. The Lakoda seal pants (made to order, $450) by Ben Kahn Furs. Her raccoon coat is worn over olive fatigue shirtsuit by Concept VII.*

Inside the walled fortress of Old Quebec. The Canadian cognac-dyed sheared coyote coat ($1,500) by Seymour Altman Furs. The hat is natural raccoon. Her coat is natural red fox and is worn with lynx hat.

Quebec by night as seen from the Quebec Hilton's rooftop restaurant, Le Toit de Quebec. The Canadian bleached coyote coat ($1,500) by Seymour Altman Furs. Her natural lynx coat is worn over pink angora dress by Concept VII.

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured on these pages, see Retail Fashion Finder page 196. See same page for information on travel to French Canada.

If you really want Special Delivery, get into the chain, gang.

THE SEX CHAIN LETTER

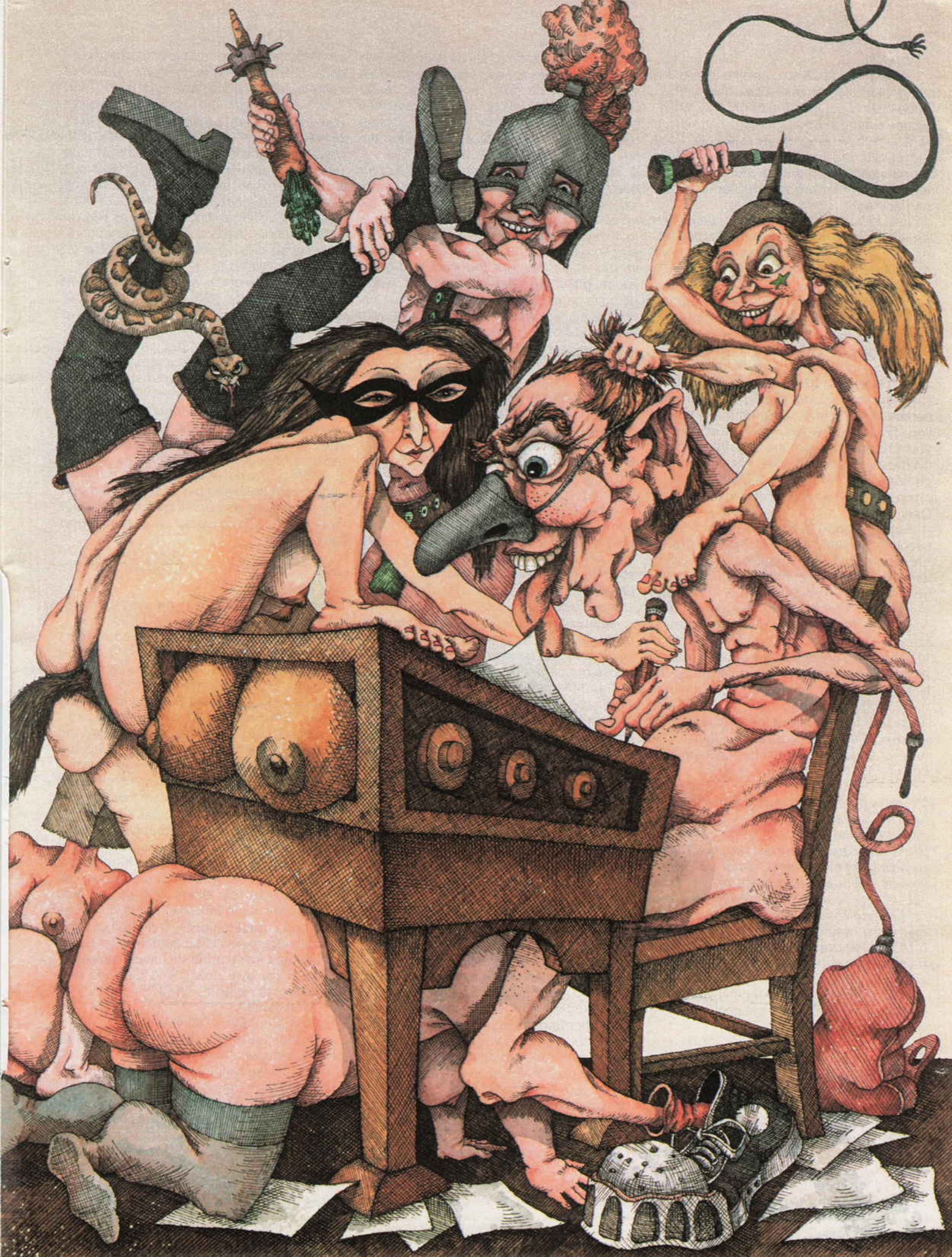
There comes a time in every man's life when he receives a thing called the chain letter. If you have not yet been so lucky, don't worry—someday, in the midst of record club announcements, car payment reminders, porno brochures, and letters returned because you forgot the stamp, it will arrive. And when it does it will ask you for money, a recipe, or possibly be just a nice pen pal kind of letter from Yokohama Suzi, who wants to make friends "in wonderful United States." Ho hum. The current rage—or so I thought until a few weeks ago—is a prayer. I received one last month, very George Harrison-krishna-sixties:

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and all your knowledge and He will light the way of consciousness.

I was instructed to send out twenty copies (Jesus, that's two bucks for postage alone!) within ninety-six hours, or my life would come to a sinister and crashing end on the Hollywood Freeway. I tossed the thing in the trash; my Javelin is still running fine and life is not all that bad. So much for breaking the chain.

By Thom Racina

Illustration By Lane Yerkes



However. . . .

I have a friend, Danny, and he also got a chain letter last month—a *sex* chain letter. Since I found out that another buddy, Mike, got one similar to it a few months before, I've begun to think prayers are out and horny encyclicals are in. After all, who wants a boring lecture on "lighting your consciousness"? I'll opt for a good hard-on to a sermon any day.

First, let's talk about Danny's letter. It's really the basic *material*-oriented chain letter, and for all you novices out there who've yet to receive one, let me quickly explain: you receive a letter telling you to send money, or a lasagna recipe, or a photograph of your cat, or some stupid material thing to four names listed at the top of the letter. When you've done that, you make a copy of the letter, omitting the name of the first person, moving them all up a notch, and putting yours in the last position. Then you mail copies to six friends. "Within a few weeks you should receive enough recipes to start your own cookbook," one told me. Bullshit. It's even worse with money. I've yet to find a person who ever received anything from a chain letter. That is, with the exception of Danny.

Danny, a good-looking fellow in his late twenties, finishing up his last year of graduate school, fairly intelligent, has been going with the same girl for five years. They get it on now and then and they swear they're still in love, but after a few drinks Danny'll confide to me that she's not pleasing him, and he's sick of schoolbooks, and he dreams of fucking every chick he sees but he's just not aggressive enough to make a move. So life goes on for Dan, jerking off three times a night while preparing a term paper, and screwing Susan with a certain feeling of ennui on the nights he's free. But then a little letter changed his whole life—or at least his sex life. It said:

Money is not involved, just good sex! Good fucking! You are to follow the instructions in this letter to the "T," for the instructions relate to the fantasies of a guy just like you. You *will be acting out* his *greatest sexual wish! And if you do not break the chain, he will know you've acted out his secret desires because he will receive many sexual fantasies in the mail within weeks, ordering him to do what he has never dreamed of doing, which is the most liberating thing a man can accomplish.*

Yes, it confused me too, but if you read it through three or four times, it becomes clear. And it goes on:

Send an exact copy of this letter, with this fantasy and instructions, to six friends. Then, as soon as you have completed your part of the instructions, send a copy of this letter to the above four names, but change the fantasy to your own, write your own sexual instructions, whatever sex scene you want acted out. Remove name number one, move each of the other three up one space, and put in your name and address at the bottom. Within a few weeks you should be receiving enough fantasies to keep your cock hard for months, and the girls satisfied for years! [Your basic material chain letter format, you see?] *If you do not wish to join in, please return this letter to me so as not to stop the fun. Now, here's what you must do:*

You must abstain from all kinds of sex for four days. No jerking off, no fast blow-jobs, nothing. Every time you get the urge, think of how much more sensational it is going to be in four days. Every time you wake up with an erection, think of the load of cream building in your balls, think of the kind of orgasm you're going to have—and the girl who's going to get it. But don't think too hard so that you have a wet dream. Anticipate. Rub your dick through your pants. Feel the shower spray on your balls. But don't come. If you do, you fuck the whole thing up. [You can't put it any clearer than that, can you?]

On the fifth day you are to find a girl of your choice, but she must be young and innocent looking, and she cannot be someone you already know. She must be a total stranger. Pick her up hitchhiking or at Woolworth's on Hollywood Boulevard. [Obviously, this was a regional letter; in copying it, just change the street name—we can safely assume there's a Woolworth's in most big cities.] *Walk up to her and tell her you want to fuck her. Just like that. "I wanna fuck you." If she tells you to eat it, start finding someone else. But the chances are she'll be so stunned she'll say yes.*

Getting her home is your problem—if it costs you a dinner or a wad of bubble gum, just remember it is worth it. Once inside your house or apartment, ask her to sit down, get her a drink, offer her a joint, whatever you (and she) are into, whatever you get off on. Make your move however you care to, romantically or animalistically. But get her down to her underpants, that's the important part. And you get down to your shorts. Pull her onto the floor with you and kiss her, moving your mouth down from her lips to her nipples while you press your bulge into the "V" of her crotch.

Then force her head down and ask her to suck you through your undershorts. Let her take your cock in her lips and breathe hard, heating it. Let her bite it a little. Then tell her to pull your shorts down with her teeth, and when your cock jumps out, let her go down on you . . . lie back and enjoy it. Then do the same to her, eat her snatch through her panties, licking them until they get all juicy, and finally rip them with your teeth—she'll be in such ecstasy now, she won't give a damn about her torn undies. Work her into a rage by using your tongue on her clit and then, when she's ready to come, slide a finger all the way up her ass in one sharp move and fasten your lips to her hairy pussy to taste the delicious liquids. [Danny told me he came in his pants at this point when he initially read the letter. Who can blame him? The writer has a grasp on his subject!]

After she's spent [now there's a word from the sixties], *let her lie there with her torn soaked panties on her mound, and kneel above her and let her nibble at the tip of your cock. Let her catch the premature pearls of come with her tongue. When you can't stand it any longer, get into position, as though you're going to do push-ups, and ram your dick into her right through her shredded underpants. Once your cock is all the way up her, don't move, don't slide it in and out. Concentrate on the feeling, the hugging warmth, all the time thinking how delicious her pussy tasted and how hot it was way up in her asshole. And you'll come like wildfire, never once shoving your cock in or out, even though she'll beg for it.*

When you're done, when you pull out, lift her pussy before your face and suck out every drop of your own jism. If you want to fuck again, go ahead, but one last instruction must be met: when the girl leaves, she can't go with ripped, wet underpants. Give her yours. Make her wear your shorts under her skirt or slacks. You'll jerk off many times in the future just remembering her getting out of your car, seeing her walk away knowing she's got your dirty undershorts pressing against her young pussy lips.

Then go home and put on her panties, letting your cock and balls hang out through the rip, and beat yourself off thinking about your tongue sliding up her sweet pussy, and go to sleep.

Happy sex trip,
"Horny"

"Horny? He thought *he* was horny?" Danny said to me.

"Christ, that thing turned me on. I didn't know what to do about it at first, I mean I didn't know what to do as far as carrying it through. I'd never done anything like that before. I thought about Susan and felt very guilty. But I wanted to, I really did, and I guess because someone was ordering me to do it, even if it was through a fucking letter, it made a difference. I felt as though it was some project which would help me get my master's degree. Man, it was weird!" His eyes rolled—weird must mean wonderful.

I asked him if he knew the guy who sent it to him. After all, his name was number four on the list. "Sure, hell, I went to high school with him and we've kept in touch over the years. Just a few letters, you know, filled with locker room talk like, 'What chick are you gonna ball tonight?' That kind of crap. Man, I never knew I had such wild fantasies until I read those orders! I have even wilder ones of my own now!" And then the next question, the biggie: "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Come on, Dan. Did you do it?"

He blushed and nodded. "Yup." And then he told me what had happened.

It had taken almost a week to find "the right girl"—meaning it took a week to drop the guilt and get up the guts to carry it out. You see, chicks have always fallen at Danny's feet. However, he manages to step over them, he's always looking off in the other direction. This time he had to find, to search, to seek, and it must have been rough for the poor guy. He ended up meeting a girl at a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

"Now, is that enough off the top?"

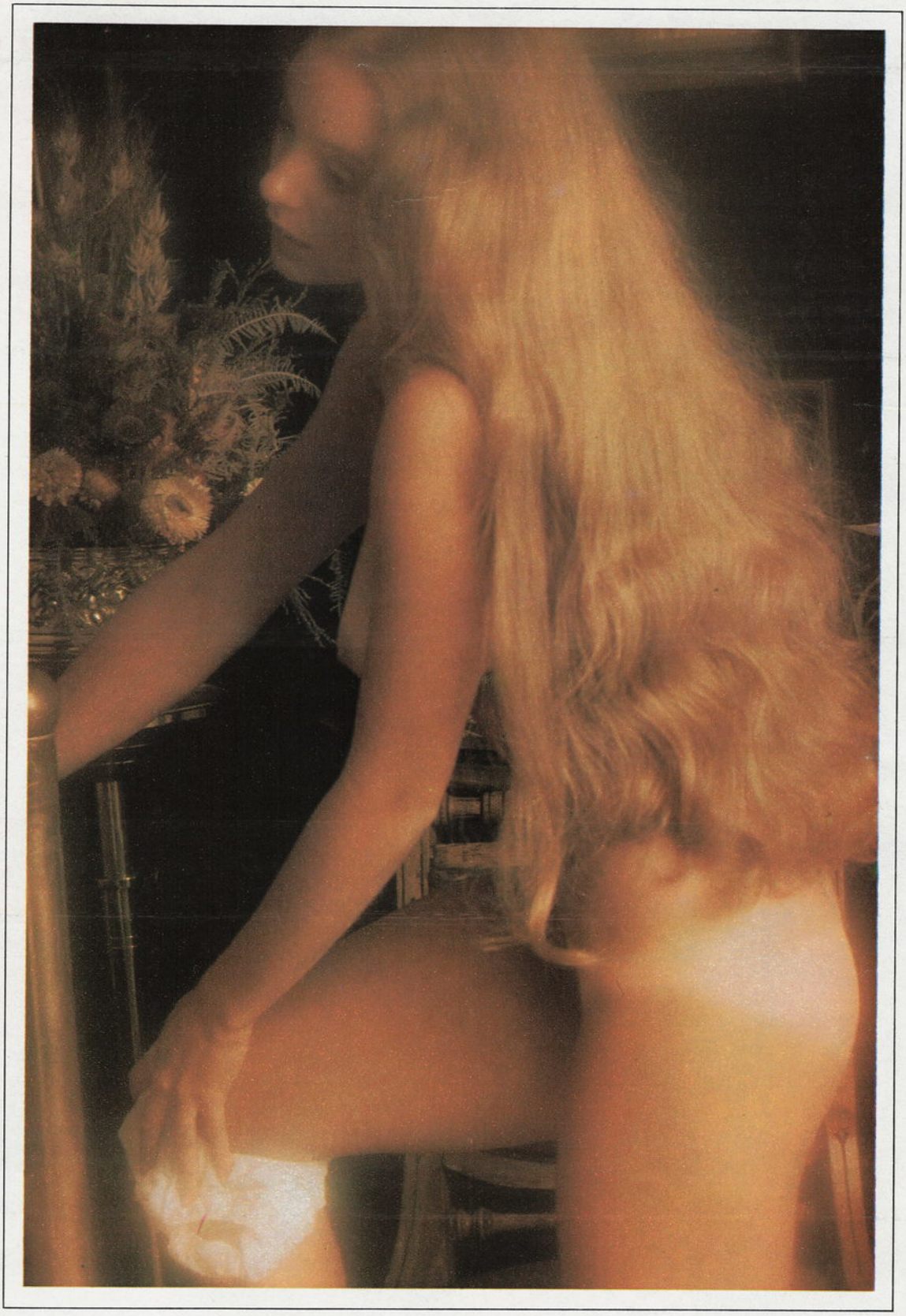
"Real passion is what I'm always searching for."

DEBBIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN NEUMANN

Luckily for us, not all the sumptuous Canadian scenery remains in Canada, as is evidenced by Debbie Young, whose 38-24-36 topography makes her one of the more eye-catching ambassadors from our northern neighbor in recent years. And even though our Scorpio from Winnipeg is only nineteen, she blends urban sophistication with cool Canadian candor when it comes to men and love. "Men are the most fascinating part of my life," says Debbie, "and I've found out that love, in or out of bed, is a state that two people come

to *together.* You can't get there alone. Canadian men and American men are different, sure, but it's superficial. When you get down to the person inside of them, they're just the same. And as far as telling whether you're really in love . . . well, you always find out in bed, you know. If you're not really into each other, the spark of passion just isn't there. And *real* passion is what I'm always searching for."



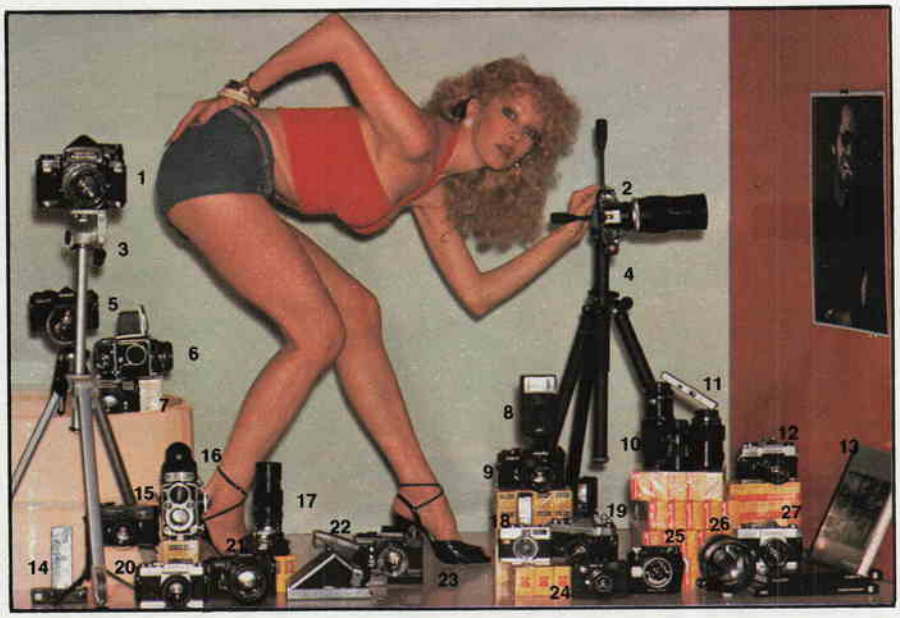
Passion is the key to Debbie's whole life. As a longtime chess fanatic, her moves are as good on the board as they are in other, more intimate, diversions for two. Though he-men and chessmen play the most important roles in her game plan, she's also devoted to swimming and skeet shooting. Goes without saying that she's just the kind of girl we'd like to get into the swim with—if only she'd set her sights on us. Check, mate?

CLICK!

A few snappy suggestions for the man that wants to shoot his own.

By Michael Edelson

minolta
FUJICA
YASHICA
The Camera
Color



1) The Honeywell Pentax 6X7 SLR comes equipped with a 105mm Super-Multi-Coated Takumar f/24 lens and takes scores more. Suggested price over $1,100. **2)** Fully automatic Nikkormat EL 35mm SLR comes in black or chrome and costs $478. **3)** Vivitar tripod model #220. Suggested price $49.95. **4)** Tiltall Pro tripod costs about $80. **5)** The Konica Autoreflex T-3 35mm SLR sells for about $380. It's shown with 28mm f/3.5 lens, $210. **6)** Workhorse of pros, Swedish Hasselblad 500C 2¼ Square SLR. With normal 80mm f/2.8 lens over $1,229.50. **7)** Honeywell Pentax ES II 35mm SLR. Price over $600. **8)** The Braun 40VCR electronic-flash unit. Price about $199.95. **9)** Minolta XE-7 fully automatic 35mm SLR. Price with 50mm f/1.4 Rokkor lens about $640. **10)** Loads of Vivitar lenses to fit loads of cameras. Some favorites are 70-210 mm macro-zoom f/3.5 at $469.50; 135mm f/2.3 at over $219.50; and 35–85mm variable focus f/2.8 costing $499.50. **11)** Minox C is no larger than a small lighter and works automatically. Price with case $299.50. **12)** Fujica ST901. Price around $600. **13)** For top photo reading it's hard to beat the richly done Time/Life photo book series. Lush color and illustrations galore. Set of seventeen costs $7.95 per book **14)** Kodak Trimlite Instamatic. Shown here with rechargeable electronic flash, total price $27.95 **15)** Leica M-5 35mm rangefinder camera. Costs around $1,100. Shown with Leitz table tripod, $22.50. **16)** The classic Rolleiflex 2¼ Square twin-lens reflex. The price, including the case and the accessory penta-prism finder shown here, is $1,182. **17)** Olympus OM-1MD 35mm SLR. The body costs $324.95 and you can secure the OM 75-150 zoom lens for $369.95. **18)** Minolta Hi-Matic 35mm rangefinder. Shown here with Minolta flash unit. Price $145. **19)** Mamiya/Sekor DSX 1000 35mm SLR. Its cost with the normal f/1.8 lens is about $320. **20)** Konica A3 35mm SLR. Its price with the 50mm f/1.7 lens is $359.95. **21)** Canon F-1 35mm SLR. It is priced with the 50mm f/1.4 lens at $699. **22)** The unique Polaroid SX-70 Model 3. Priced under $100. **23)** Topcon Super DM 35mm SLR. Priced under $800. **24)** Leica CL 35mm rangefinder camera with 40mm f/2.8 lens is priced around $500. **25)** Nikonos II All-Weather 35mm camera. With the 28mm f/3.5 lens the price is $287. **26)** Vivitar 600mm f/8 catadioptic lens is around $600. **27)** Yashica's TL Electro 35mm SLR costs $340.

There are two secrets that will help the beginning photographer take fine pictures. The first, since good photography is in the eye of the shutterbug, is to take as many pictures as possible. The beginner shouldn't be afraid to burn up as much film as his means will allow. It is only by examining and comparing the many results of a photo session that photographers improve. Cartier-Bresson, the world-famous French photographer, shoots three or more rolls before breakfast and has been doing so for decades. In cameras, as in love, expertise helps, but it's no substitute for practice.

The second secret is simply to find a camera that fits both your needs and your ability. Good cameras, fortunately, come in all shapes and sizes; and they range in price from around $20 to over $1,000. Naturally, the more expensive the camera the more adaptable it will be—but there is little reason to shell out a grand when all you want are occasional snaps of family gatherings. The cameras, lenses, and accessories shown here will give you some idea of the equipment currently on the market, but before you buy, you should take the time to learn a little about the various types of cameras available.

The 35mm single-lens reflex camera is today's top-seller. It is a highly adaptable camera that affords you a great deal of flexibility. The SLR has a mirror set behind the lens housing, so that the user sees exactly what the lens sees and what will be recorded on film. The trigger mechanism pops up the mirror automatically when the button is pressed. Most SLR's come with a built-in exposure meter. The more expensive types have a fully automatic exposure system that does all the figuring for you and leaves you free to concentrate on the subject. Just remember that regardless of the sophistication of such equipment, there's still room for error. There are certain lighting situations that *will* fool the meter, and after all there's no replacement for the man *behind* the camera.

All the 35mm SLR cameras displayed here have interchangeable lenses. This capability is an absolute necessity for anyone who is serious about taking photographs. Remember the time you took a snapshot of something in the distance? It looked good at the time, but the photos came back looking like a weather-satellite shot of Omaha. Or how about the time when you wanted to get a lot of people in the picture but couldn't because your back was up against a wall? The ability to switch to a telephoto lens in the first case will tell you whether the photo is really Omaha or an orgy in the next apartment building. In the same manner, a wide-angle lens will open up a whole new world in tight situations and allow you to get the whole orgy into the picture —if you're a close-in participant.

The 35mm rangefinder cameras are priced from under $100 to over $1,000. At the bottom of the range are simple cameras with built-in meters and a theme of simplicity of operation that provides competent, uninvolved service. At the other end, the real heavyweights of this type give you interchangeable lenses, motor drives, superb optics, and are built like tanks. Unlike the SLR, the rangefinder's viewing image is always sharp; and it indicates you are in focus when the turning of the lens brings two separate images together to form one. A rangefinder camera is also much easier to focus in dim light than a SLR and, for many photographers, it is also faster. Because there is less machinery in the guts of the rangefinder cameras, the cheaper ones can be one-third the price of the inexpensive SLR's.

Your degree of involvement in the hobby (along with the amount of cash readily available) determines the equipment you'll choose. Basic equipment is better than ever. Take the Kodak pocket camera, for instance. Introduced only a few years ago, it has become *the* camera for the casual photographer. As the name implies, these cameras are meant to fit into your pocket rather than drape around your neck or hang over your shoulder. Starting at about $20 they go all the way up to $200. The difference in price depends on the features; the more

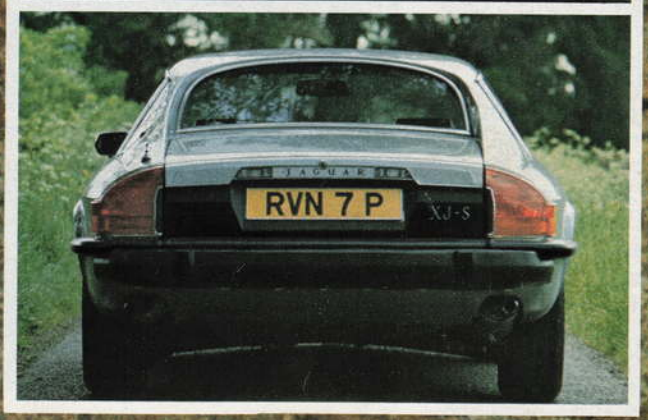
CONTINUED ON PAGE182

"Underneath, I'm wearing a black-rubber wet suit."

A New Breed of Super-cats:

THE JAGUAR XJ-S

BY JOE KELLEHER



Destined to become a classic while still in production, Jaguar's latest masterpiece will set new standards for high-performance luxury cars.

Back in 1949 a relatively unknown British auto maker—at least unknown on this side of the ocean—shook many U.S. auto executives out of complacency when, with little fanfare, Jaguar introduced its XK-120 to speed-hungry U.S. auto buffs. At that time, the XK-120 was the fastest mass-produced car in the world and immediately secured a twenty-year lead in the industry. This sleek two-seater not only moved out, but it also handled like nothing else on the road. In fact, if the 120's did nothing else, they taught a generation of Americans what precision-handling was all about.

The Jaguar's success bred a series of improved production models along with a series of racing models that won everything from the twenty-four-hour Le Mans race five times to the nine-day Tour de France five times. In 1961, Jaguar stunned the automotive world again with the introduction of the classic XK-E. And the E-type was even more advanced for its time than the original 120.

Independent suspension and disc brakes for all four wheels (rare in 1961) took care of the handling, while the top speed of 150 mph put Jaguar in a class by itself once again. But what really blew everyone's mind was the Jaguar's radical styling—succinctly described at the time as a sheet-metal phallic symbol on wheels.

The triumph of the XK's style and technology is a tough act to follow, but Jaguar—true to its revolutionary traditions—has done it again with the new XJ-S. In this new model, Jaguar has combined their gutsy V-12 engine with a lavishly trimmed two-plus-two aerodynamic body. The result is a high-performance grand touring car in step with the tone and style of the 1970's. Like previous models, both performance and styling are years ahead of the competition. Only the XJ-S can honestly claim to get you there in luxurious comfort a full 100 mph faster than the legal U.S. limit of 55.

While the S-type transports four adults in quiet elegance, it is, like all Jaguars, a driver's car. As soon as you slide into the seat you know that this car was designed for the wheelman. You encounter sensible touches that combine a feeling of luxury with the more practical elements of improved control. The soft center section of each seat gives under your weight, but the outer edge grips firmly without pinching you. Even when you're cornering the XJ-S at its outer limits, you stay locked to the seat. At your fingertips, the fifteen-and-one-half-inch leather-covered steering wheel gives you the sensuous illusion of caressing a smooth, tanned female flank.

This feeling of absolute control is heightened by an intelligently laid out instrument panel that is placed where it should be—directly in front of the driver. A 0-to-160 mph speedometer and a 0-to-7,500 rpm tachometer are on the outer ends of the instrument nacelle, while four gauges—fuel, water temperature, oil pressure, and battery condition—occupy the space between. Across the top of the instrument nacelle eighteen—count 'em—warning lights monitor major mechanical and safety functions.

A turn of the key fires up the silky V-12 and a touch of the toe produces a snarl that proves Jaguars are far from being pussy cats. After a few minutes on the road you're aware of the speedometer needle's tendency to point straight up—to the 80 mph mark. In fact, on straight stretches you'll find that holding the car under a ton (100 mph) requires constant concentration. And all this happens in almost dead silence, because the XJ-S is one of the quietest cars ever produced.

From full stop to 60 mph takes the Jaguar just under seven seconds. The XJ-S will reach over 100 mph and brake to a stop in just over twenty seconds. The secret of this superb performance lies in the S-type's well-matched combination of suspension, tires, and power plant. Extensive testing of the fully independent suspension resulted in an ideal coupling of high-roll stiffness without harshness. And power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering provides the accuracy and rapid response. In the adhesion department the demands of Jaguar's engineers were so stringent that Dunlop developed an entirely new steel-belted tire, the SP Super, expressly for the S-type. Providing the power is an all-aluminum single-overhead-cam V-12 which is probably the most vibration-free reciprocating engine available today; it gives a constant flow of power without a trace of bucking or shudder. While the basic engine layout is ideal, the electronic fuel-injection and ignition systems add the final touch to the engine's smooth power output. With 285 hp at 5,500 rpm, the car's power is more than adequate for any occasion.

A work of art is necessarily expensive and the great work of automotive art that is the Jaguar XJ-S is no exception. Delivered in the U.S., you can expect to start around $20,000, but the package comes complete. Every auto accessory available is standard—from power windows through air-conditioning to AM/FM radio. Also supplied in ample measure is the pride of ownership that has been built in to every Jaguar for over twenty-five years. What price do you put on prestige?

Photographs by Jeff Dunas

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MATTI GOLAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

everything they could to arrange a peace —were becoming increasingly involved in the war.

Penthouse: Did Kissinger fully understand what the Russians were up to—how they were using détente entirely to further their own ends?

Golan: Not at that time. It took Kissinger a long time to realize what the Russians were doing. Actually, it was Nixon who first understood that the Russians were playing games and ordered that Israel be given what it needed.

Penthouse: Surely Kissinger is an intelligent man. Why did it take him so long to realize what was happening?

Golan: Kissinger's entire foreign policy is based on détente. If he admitted that détente was not working, he'd be admitting that his foreign policy was not working. Of course, though, there were also many other factors—there was the oil embargo, for one. And Kissinger also hoped that the United States would regain its influence with the Arabs.

Penthouse: Do you think Kissinger would act differently today?

Golan: Yes. Since the October War, Kissinger is playing it differently. I don't think that Kissinger would believe today that the Russians were doing everything in their power to stop a Mideast war—if there was one. And if détente were the only important factor, then I do think Kissinger would act differently today.

Penthouse: Why do you think the censors delayed publication of your book for several months?

Golan: Well, the official reason was that the book would damage relations between Israel and the United States to the extent that we might not get American arms. And Premier Yitzhak Rabin, I understand, told a cabinet meeting—which had been especially convened because of the book—that Henry Kissinger would have to resign if it were published. Another reason they gave was that no country would want to negotiate with us secretly if these facts were published. I imagine that these reasons did play a part in the censorship decision, but I would also guess—and my guesses are usually based on facts—that there were other reasons. The book doesn't deal just with Kissinger or with the United States, it also deals with internal politics in Israel at that period. And, as you know, it was quite a stormy period with Golda Meir and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan under great pressure to resign—in fact, actually resigning finally —and Rabin's being elected as Golda's successor. I shouldn't be surprised if these events didn't also have something to do with the censors' decision. Still, I do know that Kissinger has been very worried about the book. When asked about it he said that it could embarrass him, but that he wasn't worried. I heard from an American friend, however, who has close ties with the State Department, that it *does* worry him. And when Kissinger is worried, then I am worried as well.

Penthouse: Why are you worried?

Golan: Well, I've learned many things from this affair. First of all, and for the first time in my life, I think I've really sensed what fear means. Right after the government meeting in which my book was banned, a very high official, a friend of mine, told me, "Matti, if I were you I'd look twice before I crossed the street." And from then on, just before I switched on my car, my hand would tremble and I'd begin to remember all the detective movies I'd seen on TV—with the bombs in cars and the shooting and so on. I knew the Israeli government wouldn't do anything like that. I know my government, I know my people—I know they're not capable of these things. And if they wanted to, well, they had many chances before the book was publicized. But then I remembered all the stories about the CIA, and that worried me. And the more I found out about the CIA's adventures around the world, the more worried I became. About two weeks after the banning of the book, I went to Holland—even after friends had told me, "I wouldn't go if I were you. In Israel perhaps it's difficult for them . . . in Europe it could be much easier. But if you are going, if you *must* go, please be careful. Please be *very* careful." Well, I really started to worry! But now I'm more relaxed. If something must happen to me, then it will happen anyway. Besides, I know that today—if something does happen to me, even a car accident, an innocent car accident—somebody is going to be blamed for it! So maybe I am the most closely guarded person in the world just now! I don't know.

Penthouse: Do you think that Kissinger has read your book?

Golan: I didn't think so at first, but I've heard since that Kissinger either read it or had somebody read it to him. I do know that he knows what the book is all about.

Penthouse: Do you believe that the book could damage relations between America and Israel?

Golan: No. For the simple reason that the United States—probably more than any other country—knows that Israel is a democracy. Furthermore, the United States has a better documented record of leaks than Israel does; the Pentagon Papers, of course, is the most famous proof of that. But, as I said before, if Kissinger didn't play such a large part in the book, it would probably have been treated differently. And I want to add something else. For one reason or another—probably because I've refused until now to say anything about the content of the book—people have gotten the idea that the book is based on gossip, cheap gossip about Kissinger and things that he said about world leaders. But if Kissinger says that Russian leader Leonid Brezhnev is stupid and that the Russians can't coordinate two moves together, or if he says that Syrian President Hafez al-Assad is brutal and other things of this sort, then it isn't gossip anymore, because these are opinions that must—to a great extent—influence Kissinger's policies. I mean, if Kissinger really thinks the Russians are stupid, he probably handles his policies with the Russians accordingly. He would, for instance, come to the conclusion that détente puts the Russians to sleep—although, in fact, it is the other way around: the Russians

"Look Ron, are you sure I'm just not in the way here?"

have used détente to put Kissinger to sleep, as was proved in Vietnam. Or if he thinks that the Europeans are weak, for instance, he would certainly adjust his policies accordingly. So these things are not gossip—they are factors in the foreign policy of the United States.

Penthouse: What was Kissinger's role in the negotiations after the 1973 war?

Golan: For one thing, I believe Kissinger played a major part in delaying the American airlift to Israel for seven days. Moreover, as I've said before, he didn't report to Israel before reaching an agreement with the Russians on October 22. Why didn't he consult with Israel as he promised before he left for Moscow? The first time Israel heard from him after he went to Moscow was through a cable from President Nixon that said, "This is the agreement and you must accept it." Israel didn't have much choice—though it was the worst time possible to accept the agreement. Then, when Kissinger arrived in Israel and Golda Meir said, "Henry, why didn't you consult us before?" he said that the Russians had messed up his radio equipment on the plane, and added, "This is the price you have to pay for negotiating in Moscow." Golda asked him, "In that case, why did the British know about it before us? How did you get in touch with them?" And he said, "Let's not get into details . . . let's discuss the main points. We have a lot of work ahead of us." But Golda never let him off the hook; she used to bring it up every time she had the opportunity.

Penthouse: Did he ever come up with a legitimate answer?

Golan: No. He said he didn't understand technicalities and so on.

Penthouse: At the time of the airlift delay, it was leaked to the press—probably by Kissinger himself—that American Defense Secretary James Schlesinger was to blame for the delay, that he actually disobeyed orders from President Nixon. Now, you say that you know that it was actually Kissinger who delayed the airlift?

Golan: Yes.

Penthouse: Why didn't Schlesinger challenge this at the time?

Golan: Because I think he is a different kind of person, and I don't think he would quarrel with Kissinger publicly. I can only tell you that, in private talks with Israelis, Schlesinger claimed—and was able to prove—that this vital airlift was delayed for political reasons, not technical or bureaucratic ones.

Penthouse: In other words, that he was taking orders from Kissinger in delaying the airlift?

Golan: That's right—at least, it was coordinated. And Kissinger was also very mad that Schlesinger told Moshe Dayan, "My friend, I'm sure you're being told there is no connection between America's supplying of arms to Israel and your political stands, but I can tell you that there is *every* connection between them." But let me give you another example of how Kissinger pressures his allies into positions that he knows must undermine their security. Let's take the prob-

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lem of the Quneitra hills. These hills overlook all of the Golan Heights and our settlements there. They are of the utmost strategic importance to Israel, but from the very beginning, from the first day he came to Israel, Kissinger pressured us very strongly to give them up. The press reported that Kissinger was pressuring Israel to give up the hills, but he always denied it. What I'm telling you now is a fact: contrary to what he has said, Kissinger put *very* heavy pressure on Israel to give up those hills. He even used to joke about it and say, "What are these hills? The Himalayas or something?" And he used to say, "Of course, you know that I love Quneitra—I'm going to build my home there one day." Golda and Dayan were trying to tell him, "Look, wait a minute. Maybe we can get away without giving up these hills. Try with the Syrians. Why are you pressuring us all the time? Try with the Syrians." But his answer was, "They will never accept an agreement without getting the hills of Quneitra." And he wouldn't listen to arguments. When somebody—let's say Golda or Dayan—would explain to him how important these hills are, Kissinger would cut them short and say, "That is very interesting. It's a very strong point, but not when you compare it to the global situation." This was an expression he used at least a hundred times. Every time there was a problem, he would describe the global situation in the darkest colors possible for Israel. He said that if there were no agreement with Syria, the oil embargo would be renewed, the entire world would be on our throats, and the result would be that Israel would have to withdraw to the 1967 borders. Maybe even a war would result. And in a war it was his opinion that Israel could *never* be right—no matter why the war started or how it ended. He also never neglected to mention that there were people in Washington who would be more than glad to change America's foreign-policy orientation from a pro-Israel to a pro-Arab line—and that he, Kissinger, was Israel's best defender in Washington. But in order to defend Israel, he said, he must have something to show to Washington, and this something must be the agreements, first with Egypt and with Syria. As Kissinger once said to Golda Meir, "We would be willing to go with you a long way, but we would not be willing to go with you into seclusion."

Penthouse: Meaning?

Golan: Meaning that the entire world is against you already. We will not permit a situation to develop where the entire world is against you and the United States. I think, at the time of the war, that Kissinger went too far in viewing the "global situation" in a totally pessimistic light—as far as Israel was concerned and, to an extent, as far as the United States was concerned too. I believe that even today his way of thinking is destructive to the West, because he always concludes that the Western world must make concessions in order to keep the Russians or the Arabs quiet—or even the North Vietnamese, for that matter. But experience shows that you can't keep people quiet by making concessions. If you make one concession, you must make another, then another, and so on.

Penthouse: Do you believe that Kissinger is an appeaser?

Golan: Yes, I would say so. If Kissinger is pushed into a corner, he acts very vigorously. But as long as he retains some freedom of movement, he will make a concession just to try and get out of the corner. But the problem is, of course, that you must act decisively *before* you get in the corner. Otherwise, you never really get out.

Penthouse: Do you think Kissinger, the historian—with his overall gloomy, fatalistic view of the world—negates any value that Kissinger, the negotiator, might have?

Golan: Being a historian has a tremendously negative effect on Kissinger, the statesman. Kissinger does not believe in solutions. He believes in putting out fires, but he doesn't make sure that the fire won't break out again. He doesn't take away the matches from the people who set fires. Kissinger always thinks, "We'll deal with it when it happens." But I think that someone who is the secretary of state of the United States should strive for more lasting solutions. One of Kissinger's problems is that he always tries to outsmart everyone else. Instead of doing things simply, he is always trying to do the unexpected. He almost wants to prove to the world that he can come up with solutions that ordinary people wouldn't be able to think of. He doesn't look for anything lasting.

Penthouse: Isn't that surprising for a person who is a historian?

Golan: Well, in addition to being a historian . . . in addition to being intelligent . . . Kissinger is a human being—with all a human being's weaknesses. I think that, to a certain extent, even after being at the center of world power for seven years, he still does not fully comprehend the fact that he, Henry Kissinger, the son of immigrants, is a powerful world leader involved in negotiations with other world leaders. He seems to have a need to prove to the world—and to himself—how really great he is. And that's another reason why he talks so much. He has a great need to tell people how smart he is—how he outsmarted this person and that one.

Penthouse: Do you think that Kissinger believes that the Arabs won the Yom Kippur War diplomatically?

Golan: Kissinger made a very important confession when he admitted that both Israel and the United States—meaning himself, of course—were blind before the war. He said that the joint policy of the United States and Israel before the October War seemed to be, "We never had it so good." Meaning, obviously, that *Israel* never had it so good and that therefore the United States didn't have to bother about negotiating with Egypt. And he admitted that he had personally made a mistake by not taking Anwar el-Sadat, the Egyptian president, seriously before the October War. He decided, so he said, never to make that mistake again; which means—to answer your question—that he thinks that Egypt won the war diplomatically.

Penthouse: Do you think Kissinger used the same pressuring techniques with Assad and Sadat that he used with Israel?

Golan: I have no doubt that he did. Kissinger told Sadat more than once that, although he could get arms and money from the Russians, he could get territories only from the United States—because of the American influence on Israel. I can assure you that I am positive that Kissinger is not prejudiced in this respect: if he talks in Israel about Arab leaders, he also talks in Arab capitals about Israeli leaders.

Penthouse: Can you elaborate on that?

Golan: Well, he likes to describe people, and he does it in a very colorful way. He has a very good sense of humor. But no matter who he describes and how he describes them, he—Dr. Kissinger—always comes out on top.

Penthouse: How does he describe President Assad of Syria?

Golan: He thinks Assad is a very difficult person to deal with. He said to Golda once, when there were difficulties during the negotiations, "Look, I understand your point of view, but remember that it's not *you* who has to go to Damascus and face Assad tomorrow. I'm the one who's going to negotiate with him—and believe me, it's not a pleasant experience." But he also felt that Assad is a colorful personality; he can be very difficult at times, but he can be charming at other times.

Penthouse: Did he believe Assad?

Golan: Well, as far as I know, Kissinger believed that Assad wanted a disengagement agreement with Israel. He did not believe his talk of wanting *peace* with Israel. And I would also say that Kissinger believed Sadat more than he believed Assad.

Penthouse: Did Kissinger realize that Assad couldn't really make a decision on his own—that for domestic political purposes he had to answer to extremists in his party?

Golan: Yes, definitely. Kissinger knew the situation in Syria very well, and he knew about the politicians in Damascus, who are much more fanatic than the military. So he knew that Assad had difficulties, although he tended to believe that Assad exaggerated those difficulties in order to create the impression that there was a limit to the concessions he could make. By the way, Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco was much more forceful about Assad than Kissinger was. Sisco believed Assad far less than Kissinger believed him.

Penthouse: Do you think that Kissinger believes Sadat?

Golan: According to what Kissinger said during the negotiations, he had faith in Sadat then, but I believe that in the back of his mind he did have—and does have—his doubts. His main concern, however, was America. He believed then, as he believes now, I think, that Sadat was the key to the United States's reentry into the Middle East.

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That's why he decided in the early days of the October War to invest in President Sadat. And he did invest in him, heavily.

Penthouse: What do you think is Kissinger's Achilles' heel?

Golan: Well, as I said before, the fact that the man is full of himself, admires himself so, and looks down on everybody else from on high and judges them accordingly. When I say "everybody" I don't mean just people, I mean whole nations as well. He was convinced, for instance, that he got a very good agreement with the North Vietnamese—an agreement that would hold. And he thought he handled those negotiations perfectly. He doesn't have much appreciation of the other side.

Penthouse: Are there any exceptions that you know of?

Golan: As far as Israel is concerned, there were two people whom he did appreciate and admire—Golda Meir and Moshe Dayan. Kissinger once said that Golda treated her cabinet ministers as though they were noisy children in a classroom and she were the teacher. But she handled him the same way—she really stood up to him. She used to lecture him, to remind him that the world is not just tactics and strategy and it was not created only for the maneuvers of politicians; that the world includes people, human beings, of flesh and blood. She used to remind him of that from time to time. I recall, for instance, one of those arguments about the Quneitra hills during the negotiations with Syria. When everybody thought that the question was finally solved, Kissinger came back from Damascus with yet more Syrian demands, which he said he supported. So Golda said, very angrily, "All right, I'm going to report to the government that whenever we tell you that certain hills are very important to the security of Israel, you reject it as nonsense—but that whenever the Syrians say they want a village that nobody has occupied for years you say it's crucial for them to have it." Kissinger stopped right there and said, "Well, if you report this to the government, then it's all over because I know how the government reacts to your reports." And he started to describe the global situation. But she interrupted him and said, "That's the impression I get, from what you say." He backed off all the way, and, of course, the Syrians did not get the village. Then there was another incident when Kissinger was leaving for Damascus and he said, "Maybe you can give me something to take with me to Damascus." And Golda said, "Why should I? I've given you something every time until now. But if you get the Syrians used to the idea that each time you come to Damascus you are going to bring them something, they'll never cease to ask for something," Kissinger never asked again.

Penthouse: What were Kissinger's opinions of Moshe Dayan, who was minister of defense at that time?

Golan: Well, Kissinger admired Golda both for her personality and for the moral force that her personality reflected. But he admired Dayan for his ideas. In fact, both agreements—with Egypt *and* Syria—are really Dayan's doing, not Kissinger's. It was Dayan who sold them to Kissinger. With Egypt, for instance, Dayan had already suggested in 1971 that Israel withdraw from the Suez Canal and make a partial agreement with Egypt. The idea fell apart because, as I've said, at that time Israel believed she never had it so good, so why should she withdraw? Dayan then said that Sadat would never accept the idea of Israelis occupying the east side of the canal. And that is what happened in October 1973. Sadat simply couldn't accept the idea of the Israelis on the east side of the canal, as Dayan had said. Dayan gave Kissinger the details even before Kissinger came to the area in December to start the negotiations between Egypt and Israel. He told Kissinger, "This is the agreement." Kissinger didn't think that Egypt would accept it, but Dayan convinced him that they would. And Kissinger listened, because he had so much respect for Dayan. When he went to Egypt on December 17, 1973, and started to discuss the idea with Sadat, he realized that Dayan had been entirely right and there was a real basis for an agreement. That's probably why, when I met Kissinger towards the end of the negotiations with Syria and had a chance to talk to him for about twenty minutes, I found myself answering many questions about Dayan—who at that point was no longer in the government. And it was quite obvious to me that Kissinger deeply regretted the fact that Dayan had had to leave the government.

Penthouse: What about Rabin, Mrs. Meir's successor?

Golan: Kissinger seems to be rather negative about Rabin and Yigal Allon, Rabin's deputy. For instance, he's said that Allon deceived him, that Allon doesn't know what he's talking about, and that he doesn't have influence. Rabin, in Kissinger's opinion, lets internal politics enter his foreign-policy considerations. But the Israeli leaders also have negative opinions of Kissinger. At one time they thought he was honest—but today there are very few people left who trust him.

Penthouse: Do you think that Kissinger might double-cross Israel if some vitally important gain in American policy was at stake?

Golan: We must remember, in order to be fair, that Kissinger is the secretary of state of the United States and that he has to look after the interests of the United States. I have no doubt in my mind that he could double-cross anybody, including Israel, in the context you describe. I'm not sure, however, how he would behave if the interests of the United States were in conflict with the very existence of Israel. I just couldn't say. . . .

Penthouse: In negotiating, what do you think makes the most favorable impact on Kissinger?

Golan: Agreement with him. Other than that, he hates taking a flat "no" for an answer. He wants to know "why not?" because it gives him an advantage. He's a very intelligent man—there's no doubt about that—and once you give him reasons he can argue with you. With flat answers, he can't. The only people who could give him a flat answer were Golda Meir and Moshe Dayan. Kissinger got really cross with Dayan, but Dayan wouldn't give up. And Golda Meir really didn't care about his reactions. I remember the business of our prisoners of war in Syria, when Kissinger wanted us to make concessions there. But Golda said flatly, "No, no, we'll not make any concession on that issue! I don't care what the global situation is; I don't care about the oil embargo; I don't care about the world; I don't care about *anything*. We just won't make any concessions." Kissinger had to take her flat "no" for an answer.

Penthouse: Is there any solution to the problem of Jerusalem?

Golan: There you have me. I don't think Jerusalem should be a divided city again. I don't think it's fair to its citizens; I don't think it's fair to Jerusalem itself. I don't even believe it's justified. If you remember, the resolution of the United Nations in 1947 said that Jerusalem should be an international city. But then the Jordanians conquered Jerusalem—and there's no law that says Jerusalem must be Jordanian. I would, though, give them the Moslem holy places.

Penthouse: What is Kissinger's plan for Jerusalem?

Golan: He's much too smart to mention a plan at this stage. It can't serve his purpose—so why should he? We are much too far away from Jerusalem for him to antagonize any one of the parties, and in that respect I think he would antagonize Israel more than any of the others. But I want to go back to your question about peace and tell you about something that happened to me—in Canada, of all places—in 1969. I happened to drop in on a press conference that Mahmoud Riyad, then the foreign minister of Egypt, was giving. After he explained why Egypt wants the territories that Israel had conquered in the 1967 war, I got up and said, "I'm from Israel." He consulted with his advisers, but then he said, "Yes, what is your question, please?" And I said to him, "Mr. Riyad, could you explain one thing: up to 1967, for twenty-three years, we didn't have your territories. Why wasn't there peace then? Why, all of a sudden, are these territories the key to peace? Will you please tell me why there wasn't peace before 1967?" And again, after consulting with his advisers, he gave me a very short answer. "Because then," he said, "there were *other* problems."

Well, my fear is that once the Arabs get the territories back they will once again have those other problems. And my greatest fear is that there are no other problems; there is only *one* problem really, and that is they cannot accept the existence of the State of Israel. There were no other problems before the 1967 war except their unwillingness to accept Israel's existence. This is my greatest fear. I hope I'm wrong, but I'm afraid that I'm right. ○+—■

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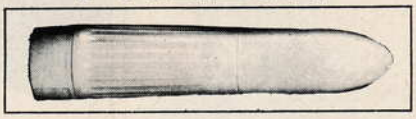

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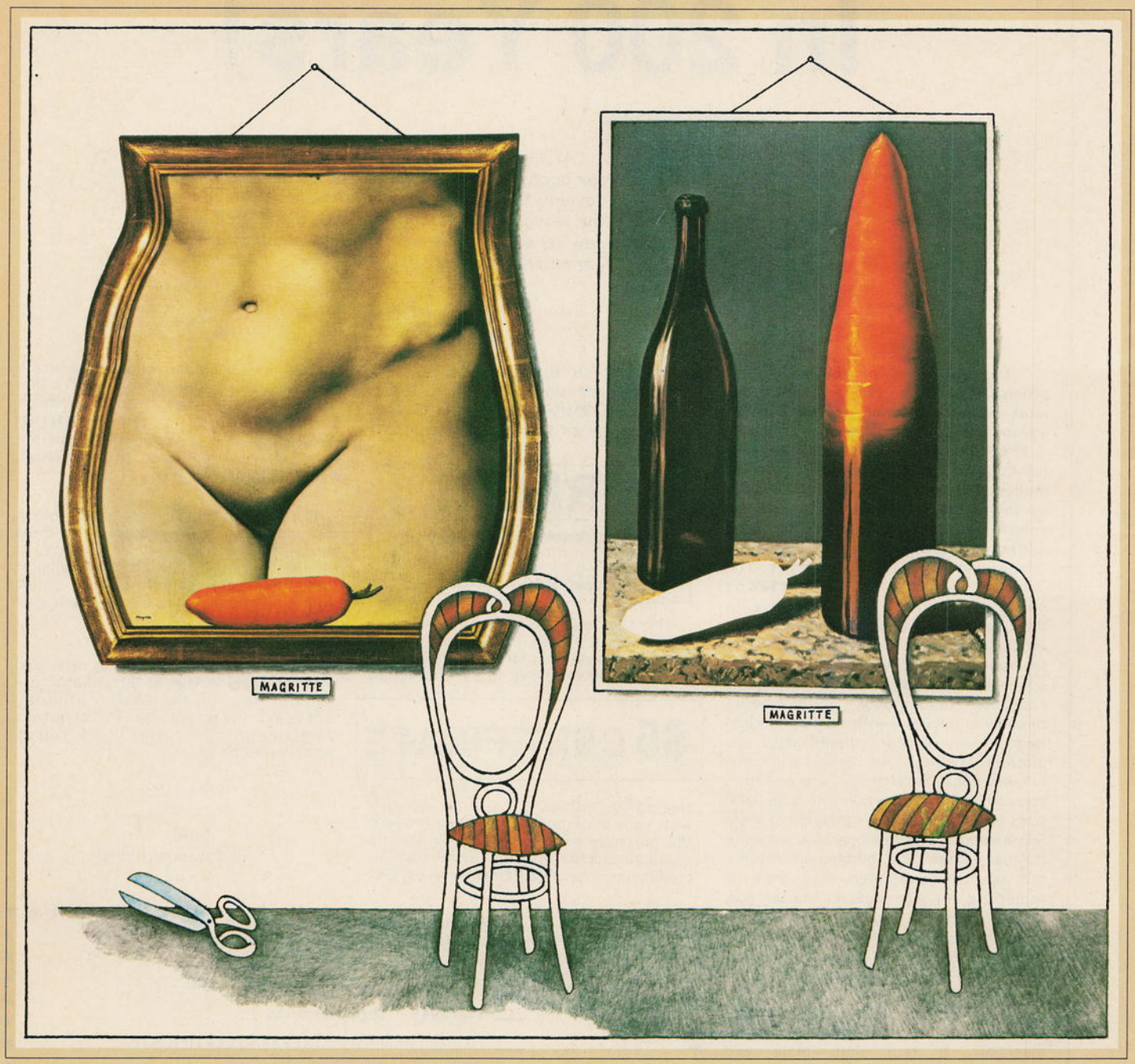
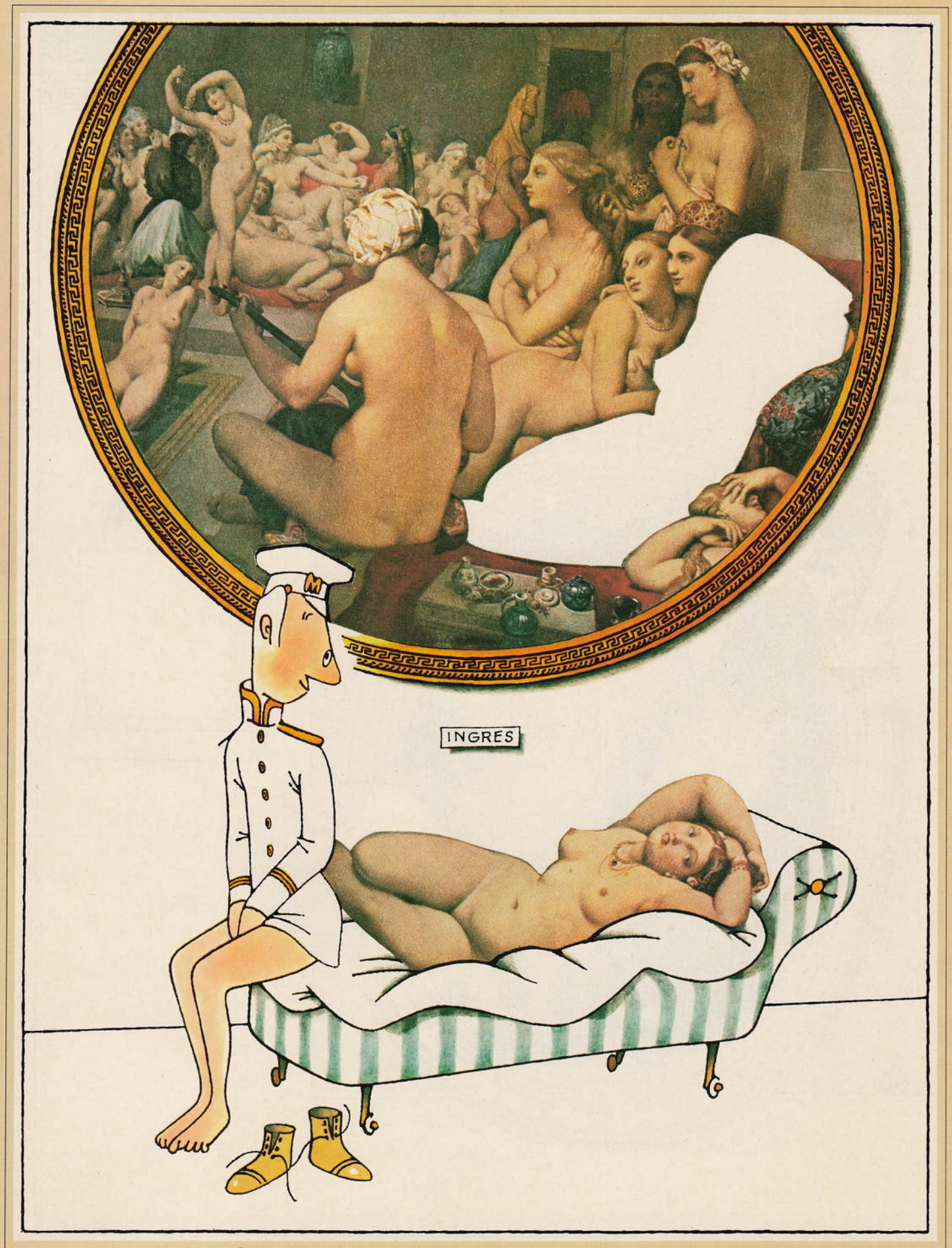


There's more to a museum than meets the eye, especially if that eye belongs to Czech-born Vladimer Fuka, an artist whose ability to cut up the old masters is second to none. We'd hate to cut him loose in the Louvre.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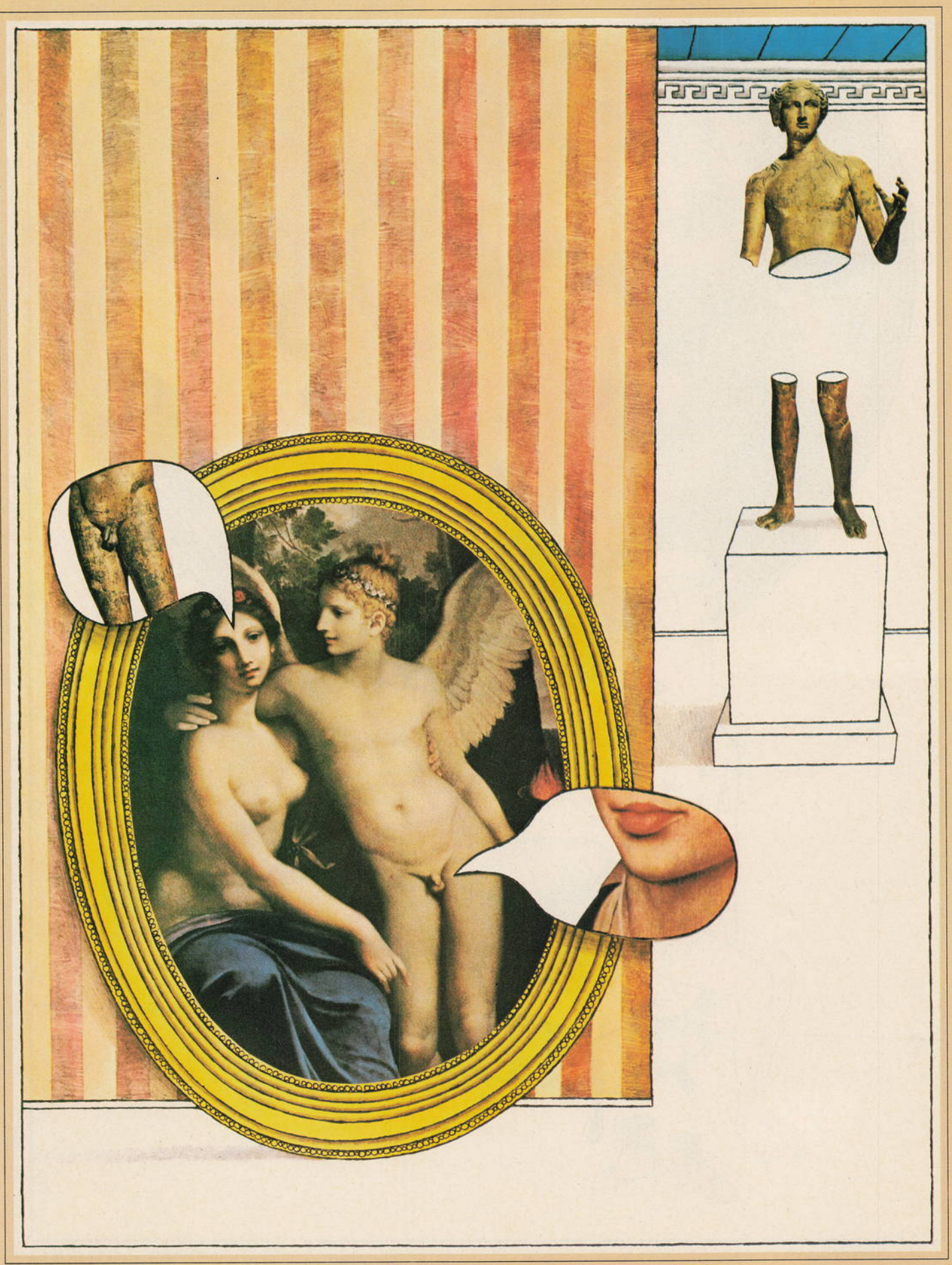

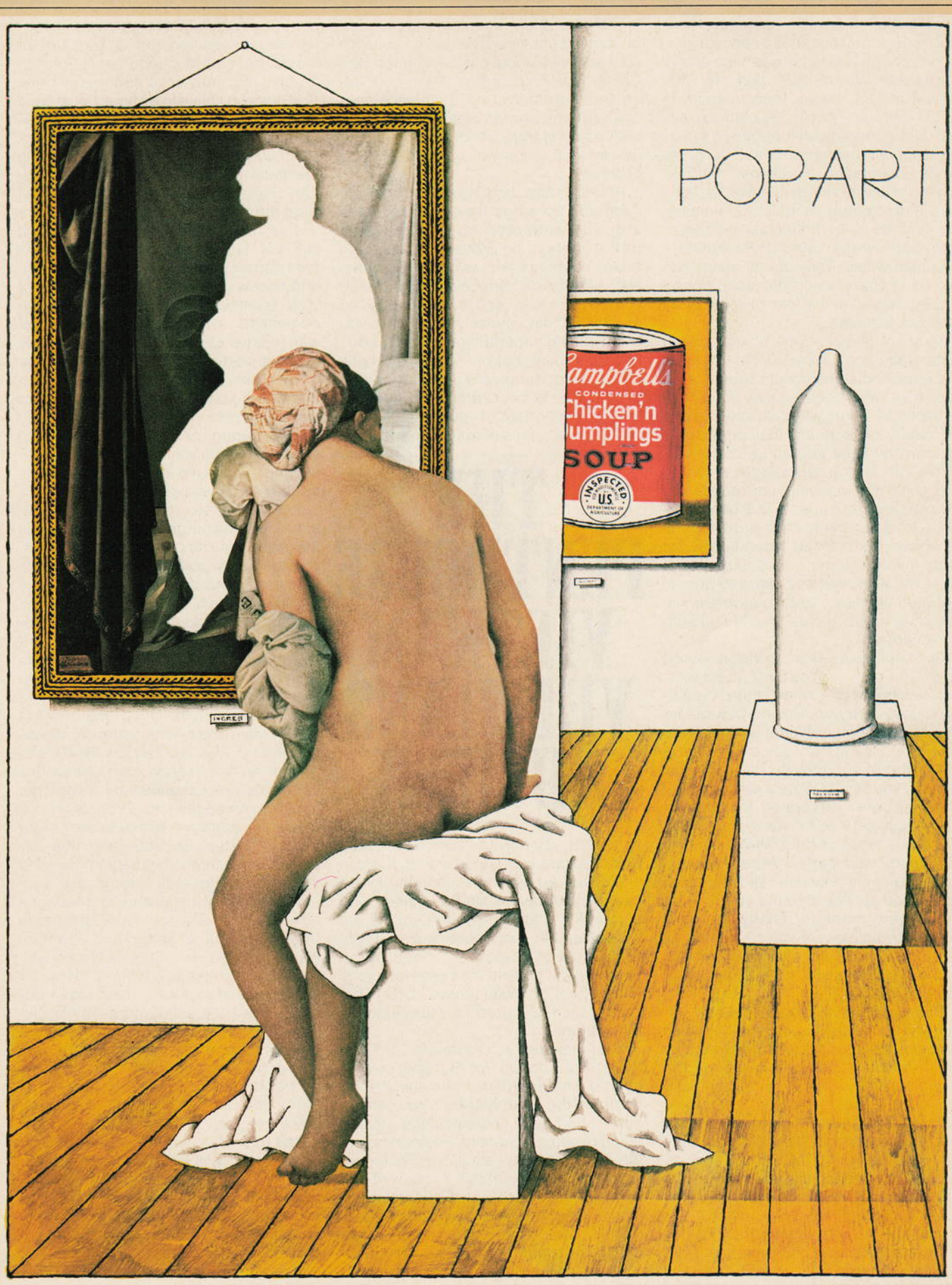
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No one knows why most holders of bad discharges don't appeal them, for there is a reasonable chance of success. Perhaps it's simply because they don't have all the facts. Some veterans may believe the totally false rumor that discharges are automatically upgraded after a certain length of time. Discharges are virtually *never* automatically upgraded. You must submit an appeal. The only automatic reviews now being conducted are for those discharged specifically for drug involvement prior to July 1971. However, if you were discharged prior to that date because of some problem that was drug induced, you should still submit an appeal.

Don't decide in advance that you won't be given a chance. You can't guess what a review board will do and there is nothing to lose by trying. Review boards are made up of senior officers who have reviewed thousands of cases. Here are a few of the things they'll consider. How long did you serve? Were you in combat? Were you ever decorated for valor or meritorious service? If you were AWOL, how many times and for how long? Did you return voluntarily? Were there extenuating circumstances? Did you put in more good service time than bad? What efforts were made to rehabilitate you? How many times were you counseled by superiors? Were you ever given a fresh start by being transferred to a new job or another unit?

Things that have happened since service may also be important. Were you discharged because of a civil court conviction that has since been overturned? If so, send in proof with your appeal. Did you have a mental or physical breakdown soon after discharge due to conditions that existed while you were in the service? If so, forward notarized doctors' statements regarding your diagnosis and treatment and copies of relevant hospital records with your appeal.

You can submit your appeal for the price of a stamp. Your only expenses will be those incurred if you decide to appear personally before the board. The following organizations employ experienced full-time counsels who will help you with your appeal without cost: American Red Cross, American Legion, American Veterans of World War II, Disabled American Veterans, Jewish War Veterans of the USA, and Veterans of Foreign Wars. The government, however, will not provide counsel.

Actual board hearings are relatively informal. Discharge-review proceedings are not conducted on an adversary basis. There is no prosecutor, although board members will ask pointed questions. The board is there to listen to what you have to say, and if you choose to appear without counsel, they'll help you bring out the important points. You don't have to appear, but statistics show that a personal appearance is probably helpful in most cases. Your personality and attitude are important. If you are extremely hostile to all forms of authority and can't conceal it, you may best serve your case by not appearing. Otherwise, if you can afford the trip, you should probably appear. If you have a strong witness who can testify about in-service events, he should appear. If not, notarized affidavits will do. (As of November 1, 1975, board hearings will be held in several locations in addition to Washington, D.C. This should facilitate personal appearances by veterans.)

Your first step is to obtain a DD Form 293, "Application for Review of Discharge or Separation from the Armed Forces of the United States." You can get copies from your nearest military installation or you can write to the Secretary of the Army [or Navy, etc.], The Pentagon, Washington, D.C. 20310. If you were discharged as a result of a *general court martial* ask for a DD Form 149. In either case, instructions are printed on the back of the form.

Along with the form you should submit a "brief." A brief is a concise but complete summary of the arguments in support of your position, that is, your side of the story. Letters, documents, photographs, etc., may accompany your brief. And it doesn't have to be typed. Just write neatly and legibly, preferably in ink. Don't worry too much about spelling, punctuation, and grammar. Simply state the facts as clearly and *briefly* as you can. Tell the truth. Don't exaggerate. Sign the brief and have it notarized.

If you can't write a brief, don't let that stop you. Go ahead and submit the basic form *without* a brief. The board will obtain and review your records upon receipt of your appeal. Several types of backup documents, which you can probably get with relative ease, could help your case: (a) notarized statements from current or former service personnel or civilian friends who back your story; (b) character references from people who knew you before, during, or after service; and (c) statements from your local police certifying that you have been in no serious trouble since your discharge.

You have fifteen years to file an appeal after your discharge, but the sooner you file the better your chances of remembering the facts and obtaining evidence (witnesses and documentation).

Whether you file an appeal or not, you can do two things to improve your position. First, after you have accumulated three years of post-service good conduct as a civilian, you should apply for an Exemplary Rehabilitation Certificate. To obtain one, write the U.S. Department of Labor, Manpower Administration, Washington, D.C. 20210, Attention: METR, and ask for an application form. While this certificate won't change your discharge, it might make a favorable impression on a potential employer who is aware of your bad discharge. Second—and this applies to all veterans no matter how good their discharge—you should ask your nearest military installation to give you a new DD Form 214 (i.e., your discharge paper) without a Separation Program Number (SPN). The SPN indicates *why* you were discharged. It might show, for example, that you were discharged because of a "character and behavior disorder," or because you had "frequent incidents of a discreditable nature with civil or military authorities." Civilian personnel departments often have a list of SPN's and this has undoubtedly caused many veterans to be rejected for jobs. Those recently discharged don't have to worry about SPN's as they no longer appear on the documents given to ex-service personnel.

In summary, if you have a bad discharge and you would like to have it upgraded, by all means file an appeal. You have nothing to lose and possibly a good deal to gain.—*Charles R. Darby*

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LAME DEER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Thus far, Peabody which had shown all the early interest, simply sat on the coal, waiting quite naturally for the market price to rise. Now on March 14, 1973, the tribal representatives were taken to St. Louis, given a tour of the Peabody plant, and shown some films of its modern strip mines. Edwin Phelps, the president of the company, then told the Indians how Peabody proposed to use the coal. Peabody was forming a joint venture for a gasification plant with the Northern Natural Gas Company and Cities Service Gas Company.

There would be many jobs for the Indians and big tax payments to help out the tribe. But before they could construct the mine, Peabody must have the surface rights above the coal, easements for power lines, pipelines and roadways, and the water. He promised to restore to "productive uses the land that has been disturbed in the mining operation." Because of the mine and the gasification operation—the first of two the companies wanted to build on the reservation—there would be an influx of whites onto the reservation. Phelps described it this way: "Always, in a new venture of this type, there is a certain influx of people from the outside. This is especially true under a period of construction and it will remain true to a lesser degree after construction is completed. All of these people have to have housing facilities. While we do not have the answers as to where these people will live, we want you to know that Peabody will cooperate with the tribe and the local authorities to see that such housing is developed in a clean and orderly fashion."

For the first time the Cheyenne understood what was going to happen. This reservation which their forefathers had fought to secure was to be turned into an industrial strip and whites were to be moved into expanded Indian towns. It meant the end of the reservation.

The landowners among the Cheyenne—many are ranchers—formed an association to protect the surface rights, and they began to argue within the tribal council against leasing the coal. Alan Rowland, chairman of the tribal council, originally had hoped coal leasing would provide needed revenue for the tribe. He too began to have doubts. While searching about for advice from some of his friends in Washington, Rowland met George Crosland, an attorney specializing in water rights who worked in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Crosland, an Osage Indian, was about to quit the Bureau, and Rowland persuaded him to visit Lame Deer and take a look at the leases.

Crosland remembered reading a scathing attack on western coal leasing of public domain lands by the General Accounting Office. The GAO claimed the Interior Department, in issuing leases, had not sufficiently taken into account environmental and other impacts, and that the coal had been auctioned off at low prices. Crosland called the GAO offices and discovered that, in preparing their report, investigators had looked into leasing procedures on both the Cheyenne and adjacent Crow reservations.

Crosland now theorized that the Department of Interior probably never had made any technical examination of the effects of coal mining before the permits and leases were given out. On his way to Lame Deer, he stopped at the Bureau of Indian Affairs area office at Billings. There officials—thinking him still an employee of the Bureau—welcomed him warmly and spread open the files in the case. Skimming the documents, Crosland looked in vain for a copy of the technical examination.

He told the Cheyenne tribal council what he had discovered, and advised them to petition Secretary of Interior Rogers Morton to break the leases on the grounds that the Bureau had violated its own rules and regulations as trustees by issuing the leases and permits. A resolution was drafted, passed by the council, and sent to Secretary Morton. In the future, Crosland urged the tribe, if they wanted to mine the reservation coal, they should do it under contract with the companies. In that way the tribe could have greater control over conditions and terms.

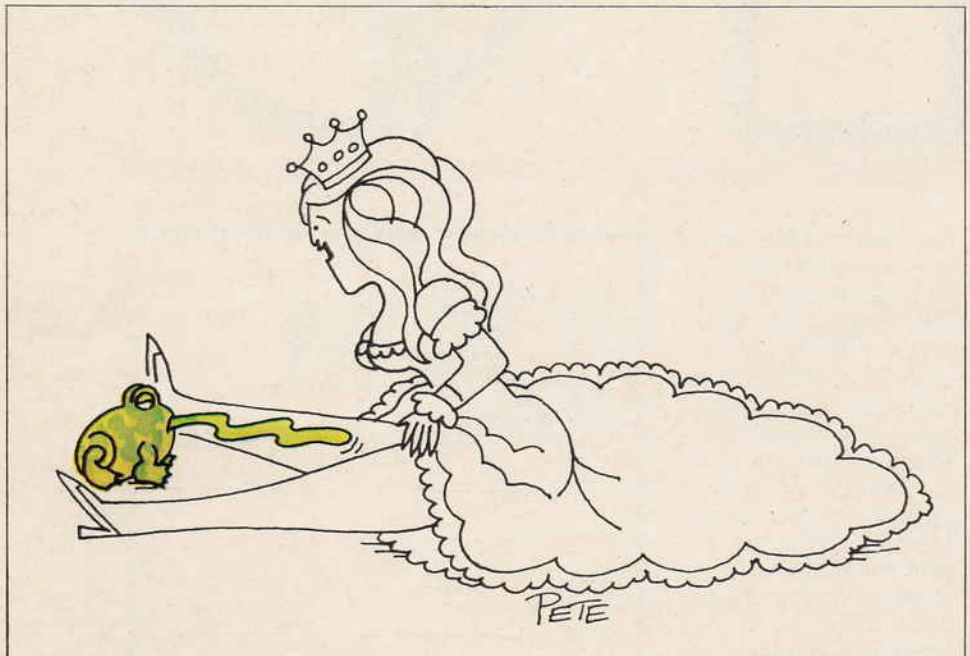
On its face, the Cheyenne case seemed compelling. But the department solicitors said Interior wouldn't back down so easily. They insisted on a full legal fight. Realizing there would be a costly battle, Crosland advised the Indians to invest at least $50,000 and hire lawyers to help them regain possession of the reservation. He gave them several names, among them Al Zionitz of Seattle.

Zionitz plunged into the case, setting loose a team of six lawyers to sift through all the Bureau records. The lawyers built up two volumes—hundreds of pages in length—of detailed documentation to support the Indian claim that the Bureau had acted in violation of its own rules and regulations in the leasing procedures.

Zionitz demonstrated on the basis of his file search that the technical examination—equivalent to an environmental impact statement—had never been filed. Long after the permits and leases, an examination was carried out by the superintendent of the Cheyenne reservation. It said the effects of strip-mining the coal would be devastating, threatening the continuance of the tribe and reservation. Zionitz went on to show how the permits were issued to speculators acting in behalf of other interests, mainly for Chevron and Northern States Power Company. In one instance, he alleged an attorney bid $175,000 for the coal, but received $1.3 million in cash from Chevron, plus a royalty of nine cents per ton for all coal mined. The Cheyenne were to receive only seventeen and a half cents per ton. The most damaging finding was that the permits and leases were for acreages larger than the amounts legally authorized. The law says leases must be limited to 2,560 acres.

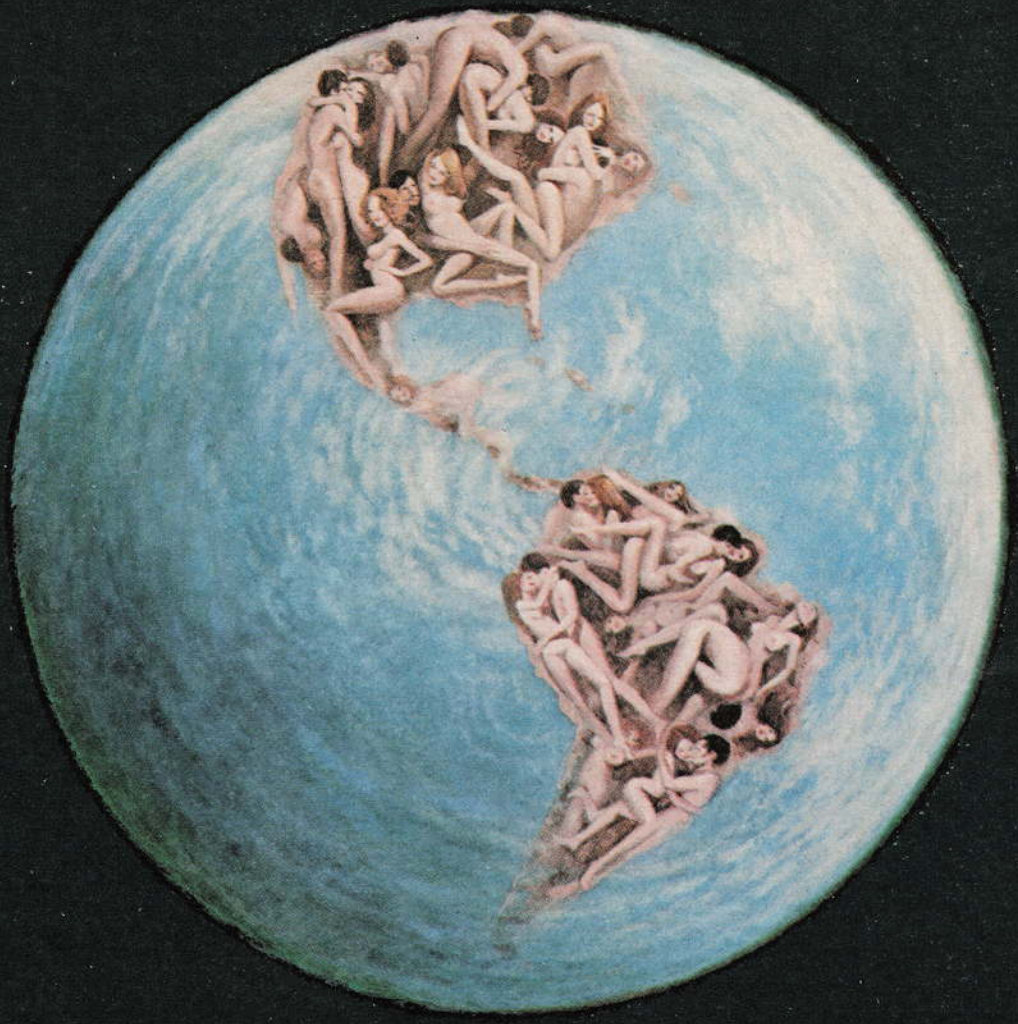
After studying Zionitz's detailed petition, the Department of Interior agreed that those leases in excess of 2,560 acres were invalid, but dismissed the issue of technical examinations, and remanded the question of speculation to an administrative hearing. The decision on acreage seems to tie the hands of the coal companies temporarily.

Morton's ruling removed the threat from the reservation for the time being. But not for long. In the fall of 1974 a U.S. appeals court in San Francisco handed down a decision awarding control over much of the Indian coal lands to individual Indians beginning



"I like you better as a frog than a prince."

A UNIVERSE OF EROTIC DELIGHT



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in 1976. After that time the tribe loses its right to participate in protesting coal rights. Control of the coal will have passed to individuals, which can make it easier for the companies to gain a foothold.

The overall effect is to keep the Cheyenne on tenderhooks. They now must appeal the federal decision on control of the coal, and go on with administrative hearings in the Interior Department on the coal leases. This entails spending more money. The battle for the coal has already cost the tribe more than $100,000 in legal fees.

I visited Lame Deer during a lull in the battle. After talking with Dave Robinson inside his office, we went outside and got into his pickup. Like every other car or truck in Lame Deer, a hunting rifle hangs in the rear window. In addition, Robinson carries a .38 pistol on the front seat to ward off Cheyenne youngsters who like to play at tailgating when they get drunk.

As we drove towards Muddy Creek, where council chairman Rowland has his home, Robinson explained how the members of the Landowners Association were casting about to find some means of livelihood other than coal mining. The previous summer, on a foundation grant, the Cheyenne had gone into self-sufficient agriculture, developing community vegetable gardens. He was looking for ways to push self-sufficient agriculture on a larger scale. Robinson's brother, James, is a rancher. He is talking about forming an all-Indian herd, perhaps four million head in all, that could make the Cheyenne a serious force in the market. The Robinsons were looking into large-scale potato farming and into contract farming for health-food outlets in California. Another possibility is introduction of the beefalo, a combination of the buffalo and steer.

Soon we were at Rowland's house. He is a big man with a wide baby face. Rowland was limping about his living room. An old shrapnel wound had not healed, and an operation had only made things worse. You could see the pain on his face. We sat down on the sofa, and his wife brought in coffee. Nobody said much at first; we sat on the couch drinking the coffee and listening to Indian songs on the phonograph. Finally, over the blare of the drums and yells, I asked Rowland about the efforts to vacate the leases. "Seventeen cents," he said scornfully. "I tell them that's crazy. Shit, we get eighteen cents for our gravel."

"There are only three thousand of us," he went on, "we're fighting one of the biggest battles in the world, against the U.S. government and big business, and we've got no money."

He recalled how they had gone to the White House to visit Leonard Garment, Nixon's ethnic assistant. Garment impressed them because at least he knew who the Indians were. But he didn't do anything to help. Then they went to see Morton. He asked the Cheyenne if the Supreme Court's decision was in favor of the coal companies and against the tribe, would the Indians abide by the ruling? "That shook us," Rowland said. "At the time it left us speechless." He paused a moment, and then said adamantly, "Goddamn right we wouldn't abide by it."

He shook his head. "These are the kinds of people Indians have had to contend with ever since they came over," he said in disgust. "It sure makes me bitter."

"They assumed that we are so poverty-stricken that we are going to jump at the chance of seventeen and a half cents a ton," Teddy Risingsun, a member of the tribal council, later explained to me. "But they *assumed* this. And these are our trustees; they are supposed to know us. And they might have succeeded thirty years ago, or even twenty years ago. But there is a different kind of Cheyenne around now. We resent very, very deeply the methods and the way this was arrived at. And we resent the implications that all we wanted was more money, that we have no regard for our way of life, that we have no regard for the people who live on this reservation, that we have no regard for the environment, that you just lay some dollar bills in front of us and we'll do anything you want."

The Cheyenne don't believe they will be safe until the leases are voided formally. They believe the secretary's recent ruling is in the nature of a temporary stay. Edwin Dahl, a former member of the tribal council, a rancher and a political negotiator for the tribe in Washington, explained the tribe's basic philosophy. "You see," he said, "the aboriginals of the nineteenth and twentieth century still practice a form of tribalism. In the aboriginal concept, it is the participation of the members of the tribe that counts. And this fourth-world concept in dealing with resources is now coming to the forefront. A lot of the raw resources of the world are either squatted on, dominated by, or adjacent to the primitive peoples of the world. And they are now very much aware that they are being ripped off.

"These tribal council members are in power to do two things: to protect the land of the people, and to raise the economy so we can better the standard of living. At first, when there was an interest in coal, the tribal council was eager to explore its possible development. But when it became apparent that the corporations and federal government were overstepping—using collusive bidding procedures and other forms of deception—and that the reservation and the tribe soon would be destroyed, then the consensus was that the tribe had no authority to put the reservation and its people in this position. So the first step was to destroy what was destroying us, to get rid of the contracts. And since the tribe is under a parent-guardian relation with the Secretary of Interior, the first thing we did was to tell him, 'You got us into this spot by not complying with your own rules and regulations. Now you get us out.'

"The general policy now is to find out what sort of economy this reservation can sustain," Dahl continued. "How many people could come onto the reservation but still maintain this land intact and this tribe intact. We need at least two years for the study. Then we will take the findings to the people and there will be a referendum of the tribal population: whether or not they want coal mining, whether it should be by outside companies or by the tribe, exactly how it should be done. This is the goal. It will be the people's choice as to what happens on this reservation."

So the battle for the reservation goes on. Robert Bailey, a young Cheyenne who has been involved in community action programs, is conducting a research investigation for the members of the tribe that will help them make a decision. The Robinsons and other members of the Landowners Association are conducting workshops in small businesses, alternative agriculture, and so forth. In Washington, the tribe maintains contact with LaDonna Harris, wife of the former senator from Oklahoma and herself a Commanche. "I think the fight over the Cheyenne coal is the most important issue affecting Indians," she says. LaDonna has thrown her support behind the fight, arranging meetings with President Ford's assistants in the White House. The Harris's are close friends of Senator James Abourezk, Democrat from South Dakota. Senator Abourezk, who grew up on a trading post at a Sioux reservation, is a close political ally of Indians. He is willing to hold hearings before an Interior committee subcommittee on Cheyenne problems if worse comes to worse. Other teams of lawyers from Washington, D.C., and Seattle now are entering the fray, investigating the effects of strip mines adjacent to the reservation, on the air pollution over Lame Deer, and looking to see whether the whites are draining Indian water away from outside the reservation. Dahl, who has become a sort of Cheyenne diplomat without portfolio in Washington, sets up headquarters in the lobby of the Roger Smith Hotel. He meets with politicians, Interior Department officials, and has had contacts with the Mexican and Iranian embassies. Rowland himself says he will enlist the Shah in this fight if he is pushed to the wall. There is much talk of bringing ambassadors from Arab countries onto the reservation, even a discussion, when things looked really bleak, of declaring war on the United States, and using that act as a way of renegotiating the treaties.

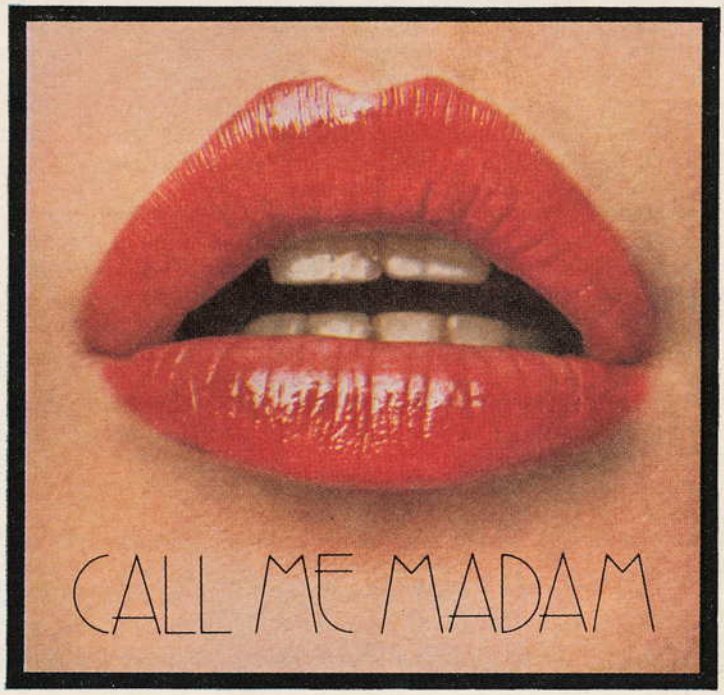
And so, out of the Cheyenne Autumn of 1974, slowly emerges a new sort of Indian self-determination, a kind of Indian nationalism. The undoubted heroes in the Indians' eyes are the Arabs, who stand against corporations and the U.S. government. And as the Arab example spreads, other peoples, colonized because of their resource wealth, rise up: in Scotland, in Appalachia, and now most strongly in the Indian country of North America. Eventually, this battle for Cheyenne coal may well be the beginnings of a profound new sense of consciousness among Indians. ○+□

"Only bald women turn me on completely. On the one hand they look docile and submissive, yet they also look haughty and sure of themselves."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH:

I have a very strong fetish which even you may find unusual. I am nearly thirty, male, and married. For years now I have desperately wanted to make it with a totally bald woman. My wife knows of my desire, but we both feel too conservative about her appearance to shave her head. This fetish for shaving hair is very real and razors play a large part in all my fantasies—and I have many. Being imaginative and bisexual, I love to make it with both sexes as long as the bodies are shaved. But only a bald woman really turns me on completely. It's funny but my reaction to bald ladies is ambivalent. On the one hand, they look submissive and docile, yet baldness also points to a haughty woman who is perfectly sure of her beauty, her desirability, and herself. Both types turn me on.



My fantasies usually center around lesbian activity with a beautiful dominant type and an equally beautiful, submissive partner. I allow myself to either enter the picture as a dominant male, or a submissive male, or even as the docile female. Any role is terrifically exciting to me. But rather than outlining all of my fantasies, I will give you an example of just one of them.

A beautiful show girl and I decide to punish her lesbian lover—call her Amanda. My dominant friend—call her Monique—is a tall redhead with a proclivity for leather and the usual accoutrements. Monique and I begin by stripping Amanda nude and shaving off all her body hair. We then bind her and force her to have oral sex with both of us. Then we decide to humiliate her further so we shave her head, including her eyebrows. There is a lengthy ritual of lathering, shaving, cologning, and powdering.

After being totally depilated, Amanda is made up carefully and she looks extremely beautiful in a bizarre way. With large dangling earrings to emphasize her baldness, she looks like a very desirable slave. The oral sex is beautiful and I caress her naked scalp throughout the entire sex act. The touch of my hands on her bald head excites both of us.

After exhaustion and sleep, I awake to find myself bound, and soon suffer Amanda's fate: my body is shaved completely, which leaves me feeling completely vulnerable and totally naked. The story ends with both Amanda and me as Monique's slaves. And as far as I'm concerned that is a very happy ending!

This is a very abbreviated version of my fantasy. It is a difficult problem to understand why I have this fetish for bald women. All I can say is that the idea of a woman shaving any part of her body is very exciting to me. I love bald pubic regions and have done my share of barbering in that area. I also get turned on by a naked brow line. My own pubic hair is usually shaved, and my wife really likes that. How do you feel about a cock standing on end without its customary forest of pubic hair surrounding it?—Roger

I must admit, your fetish is quite unusual. In general, men love women with long hair, which is also a form of fetishism; remember the Lorelei story? Well, after all, why shouldn't a man love bald women? Many women have flipped out over Yul Brynner and Telly Savalas, neither of whom are naturally bald. Those virile looking baldies have cashed in quite nicely by cultivating women's fetishes. I don't see why men shouldn't enjoy the same fetish.

If you would honestly be interested in bald ladies, how about contacting some hair institutions that supply hairpieces and wigs. Once, when I was a call girl, I had a male client who was completely bald—no eyebrows, eyelashes, hair on his chest, or pubic hair. Boy, I must confess it was weird in the beginning when we both got undressed. He just looked like a big baby and besides being bald, he also had the soft skin and round features of a big baby. His skin, however, felt very nice, and I was able to observe the shape of a human body free from hair, and that was very exciting.

Photographs by James Moore

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

Marilyn Chambers, the porno queen of *Behind the Green Door*, shaves her pubic area. When we were working on our latest book—to be published next year—she showed me the tiny dot of blond pubic hair she keeps around her clit while the rest of her pussy is completely shaved. That little blond area sure looked cute!

I have a very good-looking girl friend here in Montreal who shaved her body completely. Since she is black, beautiful, and very sexy, her completely "nude" body looks great. When she and her Canadian husband went on a three-month cruise on their boat, she decided to shave off all her kinky black hair so she could enjoy life at sea to the fullest. Ever since, she has kept her body completely bald, and she looks stunning. None of her gorgeous features are obscured by hair. She wears large earrings and necklaces and rings to accentuate her features. Sound interesting?

STOP IT AGAIN

I lived with my husband for quite some time before we were married. During that time I got to know him very well. After we were married, he suggested we try swapping partners. I really didn't care for the idea, but decided to go ahead in order to please him. When we arrived at our first couple's house, I felt very uncomfortable. I had drunk a couple of highballs and come down with a splitting headache. The lights in the living room were turned very low, and this woman pulled my husband's cock out of his pants. He was, of course, very erect. He then motioned for me to get together with the woman's husband. I couldn't stand the guy, but decided I should try to enjoy myself anyway. Strangely enough, he never touched me except to insert a number of different vibrators into me, shoving them up so far that it hurt. Meanwhile my husband and this woman were at it on the floor. She was screaming bloodcurdling screams which the whole neighborhood must have heard. It certainly didn't create the most conducive atmosphere for swinging.

I hated the experience, and told my husband so afterwards. He was convinced, however, that I enjoyed myself.

The second time my husband and I swapped partners was also dreadful. We had a friend of my husband's over for dinner. After dinner I thought it would be nice to play some cards. My husband then announced that we were going to play strip poker, and that the loser had to do anything the other two asked. Of course, he never even asked if this was what I wanted to do.

I didn't disagree, but went along with his game. Guess who lost? It was horrible! They never even tried to get me excited or help me along in this most difficult task. My husband screwed me up the ass while his friend took me up front. No, I did not achieve orgasm.

After my husband's friend left, I cried because my body hurt all over. My husband was completely unfeeling, and said that I'd either continue swinging or he'd have to get it on the side from other women. Now he's approached me with this older lady who he wants to bring home so the three of us can get together. I could just shit! He wants me to watch him screw her. This doesn't excite me; it hurts me. I don't like seeing him do it with someone else. I know he likes making it with other women, but do I have to watch? I guess I'm just not ready for what my husband wants me to do. I don't understand why I love a guy who treats me so badly. But he sure does have hot rocks.

He's explained many times that he loves me a great deal and would never leave me. Unfortunately, he wants some strange ass now and then. What should I do? Have him invite this woman, or let him do it to her on his own? No matter which solution I choose, I just know it's going to be very painful.—T.T.

Your husband's behavior is so incredibly ruthless that I doubt his claims of love. Well, at least he is honest! Not only does he involve you as a spectator, but he also expects you to participate in a three-way scene.

Some are swingers, others are not. If you are not, I advise you not to go to any future "parties" since they most certainly will be just as disastrous as those in your past. With regard to the poker game, you should have put a halt to it immediately.

Your husband takes care of your sexual needs, but for a really good relationship, that's just not enough. Maybe you should start thinking about your own personal needs a bit more. Unfortunately, I think that your sexual needs are dependent to some extent upon being humiliated by your husband. Perhaps if your husband treated you more considerately, you wouldn't think his rocks are so hot.

IT HURTS SO GOOD

I've been married to my husband for almost forty years. We love each other very much, but my husband will not let me forget my past with other men. My wrongdoings with other men took place over twenty-five years ago, and I feel that I've paid for these illicit affairs.

When my husband and I have sex, he always starts asking me if this is the way so-and-so did it. I always freeze up when he does this since I'm thinking about us and not about someone else. We could enjoy ourselves so much more if he would just forget about my past affairs. What can I do to make him stop this humiliating behavior?—M.T.

I think your husband is something of a masochist. He is still jealous and feels he must compete with your ex-lovers. I don't think he blames you for having those affairs, but that he wants to be reassured that he is indeed a good sex partner. You just might soothe your husband's ego by reminding him that obviously he is the one who satisfies you best since you decided to marry him and stay married to him for forty years.

BABY BLUE BALLS

I occasionally take a certain girl to the drive-in. We play around a little, but the girl never seems to let me go beyond kissing her nipples. If I ever try feeling her up, she immediately closes her legs and pushes me away. Of course, she never lets me dick her. Naturally, this drives me crazy as I'm sitting there in the car with a huge hard-on throbbing against my pants. When I get home, my balls are very sore. Would masturbation help relieve the pain?—J.S.B.

Judging from your letter, you must still be in your teens. At your age practically every young man suffers from "lover's nuts"—or as I call them, "blue balls." Before going out with a chick who you suspect is a cock teaser, you should masturbate to avoid the "blue balls" condition. Better yet, find a new girl friend.

HUMPING THE HOSES

In your column a while back, you said something about this guy being weird because he just loved to suck on women's toes. Well, I've seen men from all angles and all positions, and I know all their fetishes. My George has every one of them beat.

George loves to repeat the same sex scene every time we bed down. He's told me to act totally surprised as he enters the room. I'm supposed to act as if I'm an innocent virgin desperately trying to save myself for better times. George has instructed me to act as one who would do anything short of murder to save her virginity. After a little hassle in bed, however, George wants me to give up completely and really enjoy our sex.

George also very carefully dictates my dress for these little sex scenes. He prefers a common housecoat, either the belted type or one that snaps down the front. A colorful garter belt is absolutely necessary, as are nylons with knitted-in toes and heels—the heel is very important! George also gets off on cupless bras.

When he sees me in this outfit, I'm supposed to resist his kisses, after which he forces me to suck his dick while he tongues my pussy. When he's near coming, I'm to stop sucking him off. He immediately sticks his ready-to-ejaculate dick into the top of my nylons and creams into my hose. We then make out until he's ready to go again. When he's set, he lies down on his back and I sit on top of him with my ass near his chin. I then must massage his dick with my stockinged feet until he's ready to blow his load again. When he's just about to come, I lie down; he kneels over me and shoots his load across my nipples, tits, and neck. Our session ends after a third go-round; this time he fucks me anally and then, just before coming, sticks his cock into my vagina.—Nancy

Although you do not ask for any advice, I would like to offer just one word of caution: the penis should never be inserted into the vagina just after anal intercourse. If George doesn't wash his penis off before vaginal intercourse, your twat could get very sore. Maybe you could just alter his sex plan a little and suggest he go from the vagina to the anus.

FUGITIVE FROM SEX

Xaviera, you may be the only person who can really help me with my sex problems.

Here's my story. At the age of six a neighborhood girl and I used to play house together. She would often take my small prick into her mouth and suck me off. This went on for a few months until my father was transferred to another state.

I began to mature early, and at the age of eleven had a near six-inch penis when erect. A friend just loved for me to lay that flesh on his hips and pretend we were screwing, so we took turns being on both sides. My first seminal emission came while we were doing our thing. We never had sex orally, but pretended that we were having anal sex. Of course our penises were never inserted beyond the sphincter muscles. This guy later moved away, so I began to masturbate for satisfaction.

Presently I am good-looking, the type that grandmothers like their granddaughters to marry. Unfortunately, I am very unsuccessful with girls. I think my lack of success comes from going to dances and holding girls very close. My pants would begin to bulge, and the girl would never know what was coming off or going up. After one of these little episodes on the dance floor, the girl would always shy away from me.

When I was fifteen, I met my first homosexual. He liked me and wanted me to screw him. I consented but with one stipulation: that is, I would play the male role. I enjoyed this kind of sex but felt very guilty about it because of my religious background.

The following year at school brought a better outlook. I met a girl who enjoyed my bulge; we later fell in love. The farthest we ever went was mutual masturbation until I finally got her so hot that she went down on me. I soon came, filling her mouth with my semen. It made her so sick that she never wanted to do it again. We never did.

My parents saw that we were getting serious, and they were afraid that she would get pregnant. They managed to break us up.

In my senior year of high school I was still a virgin without a girl friend. I was sent for a college interview in an out-of-state city. That evening I lost my virginity to a prostitute. I was on her for thirty minutes, but still couldn't come. The same thing happened to me a month later. By this time the only real satisfaction I had was through my own masturbation. I learned to insert a bottle of cologne in my anus to help me come even better. This use of a bottle to stimulate my anus, however, raised the possibility that I am gay. I went to the university one night and met a gay there who was very understanding. I just couldn't go down on him, but yet I loved kissing him and holding him close. Well, because of this bottle of cologne I think I'm gay, but I don't want to be. That's problem number one.

I am sure to get a military scholarship and I'm afraid doctors will detect signs of homosexuality because of my sphincter muscle. That's problem number two.

The other night I made it with a girl I know

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fairly well. We went to a motel and balled six times. Although we were both very hot, neither of us ever came. Every time I was ready to come, the fire would die down. Since I was unable to give her an orgasm, I tried going down on her, but to no avail. All I got was a mouthful of vaginal juices that made me very sick. Those are problems number three and four.

What the hell is wrong with me that I can make myself come through masturbation, but nobody else can? Problem number five.

Xaviera, I can't stand the thought of being gay. I hope you can in some way solve my problems.—Bill

Due to a very religious upbringing and strict parents you have developed a tremendous guilt complex not only about homosexuality but also about heterosexuality. You do not dare have a full sex life with any man for fear of being branded "gay," though you obviously have the need for anal stimulation, prefering a cologne bottle to a good healthy tongue or penis. Concerning your fear of heterosexuality, it is unconscious since you like balling chicks but somehow cannot reach orgasm. Guilt feelings probably disturb your moment of "indulgence." There might be several reasons for this behavior: your parents might have punished you for sex escapades with young girls; the memory of this girl who got sick on your come; the many girls who have avoided you; etc.

A doctor cannot detect gayness from your use of a cologne bottle unless the bottle got stuck up there! If you had been screwed by homosexuals for many years, your muscles probably would have become a bit loose. Of course, there are also a great many heterosexual men who use dildos of one form or another—greased sticks, cucumbers, cologne bottles—to stimulate their anuses. After all, the anus is an erogenous zone. Their sphincter muscles would be just as loose as any gay guy's. Believe me, it won't be your sphincter muscle that will give away your gayness or straightness. Of course, is it all that bad to be homosexual? Today's society usually accepts homosexuality.

I am not sure whether I have been of any help to you. If you are not sure of your own sex drive, please do see a psychiatrist or sex counselor. You are young and maybe more experimentation with members of both sexes is the best route for you right now.

By the way: if you ever go down on a woman again, make sure that she is clean and has taken a bath before you sleep with her. Pussy juice can taste delicious, so don't let one bad experience turn you off for life. Give it another try.

HETEROPHOBIA

I am a gay guy who has always found homosexual relations very satisfying. Recently, however, I have been catching myself getting an erection from looking at photos of nude women. This is very distressing to me because I don't want to go straight.

I know it is your philosophy that one should do whatever sexually pleases him. Please tell me what I can do to keep from turning into a heterosexual. I don't despise women. I'm just afraid I won't love guys anymore.—Tim

If only the writer of the previous letter had your problem. Well, Tim, why not give it a try and see what women are all about? If you don't like it, you can still go on making it with guys. Better yet, why not love both men and women with equal passion?

SEX IN THE SAUNA

Last weekend my husband, our best friend, and I were outrageously stoned when we decided to try out our new sauna bath. Both my husband and I get really turned on by saunas. Anyway, we were all in the sauna when my husband and our friend decided to hyperventilate each other. This is done by bending over and breathing hard for about a minute, then standing up while the other person gives you a big bear hug. This gets you really stoned—particularly in a sauna.

Well, to make a long story short, the sight of my husband and our friend—nude, muscular, wet, shining, and holding each other—turned me on like I've never been in my whole life. I was so wet I couldn't see straight. Even now when I think about it, I get all wet. I should add that the three of us have had sex together before. The problem is that I would love to see my husband and our friend sixty-nine each other. I should add that neither is gay, but both are willing to do almost anything. Would there be a problem if I requested this little thing?—K.M.

We are all voyeurs of a kind. Some women would get awfully uptight about seeing their own husbands make it with another guy. Society has imposed certain rules that men should never hold hands, put their arms around each other, or even kiss one another. This type of affection is considered to be unmanly; people might think they are gay.

Strangely enough, nearly every man's sexual fantasies include two chicks making it together with the man observing and/or participating. So why can't we women enjoy watching two men get it on?

This has also been one of my greatest sexual fantasies, that is, seeing two men suck each other off. Last year I was involved in a sex scene where one man was lying on his back with me standing behind the bed and leaning forward to suck his cock. Meanwhile, he was eating this black guy's cock as another man stood behind me and fucked me. In turn, the guy fucking me had his young male lover give it to him up his ass. The whole wild scene was reflected in my ceiling mirrors and wall mirrors. Obviously, we did not stick to this group position. During the course of that evening, I observed some interesting scenes of fellatio amongst men. Boy, was it a turn-on!

Good luck with your liberated attitude. I am sure your wish will come true.

SUPERPIMP UNCLE SAM

We are writing on behalf of our Advanced Economics class at Camden Military Academy. We are presently studying how to fill out tax returns and would like to know if professional prostitutes pay taxes. If prostitutes do pay taxes, we would like to know how they go about it. If they don't, we would like to know how they elude the IRS.—The Boys From Camden

The IRS does indeed force certain prostitutes to pay taxes. In my case, I had barely left the United States—forceful yet "voluntary departure"—when a lien and levy were placed on all my royalty income with the publisher of my first book, *The Happy Hooker*. The sweet sum of $140,000 was confiscated for income tax purposes; the reason: prostitution fees. Although I was not able to fight this case from within the United States, I hired a top accountant and after three years of very costly struggles with the tax department, I managed to get back $85,000 from Uncle Sam.

Being a prostitute is illegal, and girls get busted time after time, and must spend money on lawyers, apartments, movers, furniture, booze, maids, etc. Yet, they cannot claim any of these expenses as tax deductions or as business expenses. It is uncommon for a hooker to voluntarily report her income. If things get too hot, many prostitutes can either change their names or addresses, or get so-called legit jobs with friends or customers who put them on payrolls for a certain fee per week.

In New York City the tax department got quite hip to some of the top hookers in town. IRS had their phones tapped, and somehow during police raids they managed to get copies of "john" books. They then sent agents over to the johns and forced those men to tell how much money they spent at so-and-so's establishment. If they refused to talk, those agents threatened to tell the wives about their husbands' escapades. You can imagine how quickly the "johns" coughed up the truth just to get out. This is how I got nailed.

Some girls get themselves in trouble by accepting too many checks. Yes, there are hookers who are very trustworthy and accept checks. Those checks are then deposited in their own bank accounts under their real names, and it is not difficult to trace the owners of fat bank accounts and have them busted on income charges. Not only have those girls got to pay the back taxes, but, as in my case, heavy penalties for withholding the required tax.

In Germany and Holland things are different. There the girls are officially registered and have to pay a certain amount of tax based on an estimated income. If they are officially registered prostitutes, and tax-paying citizens, the police of those nations give the girls protection.

Many hookers in Florida are presently being persecuted by the IRS. After they finish paying Uncle Sam, they have to pay 25 percent of what they earn to the corrupt police department for protection.

I hope this gives you some insight on the world of hit-and-run hooking.

Exposing the Cock Teaser

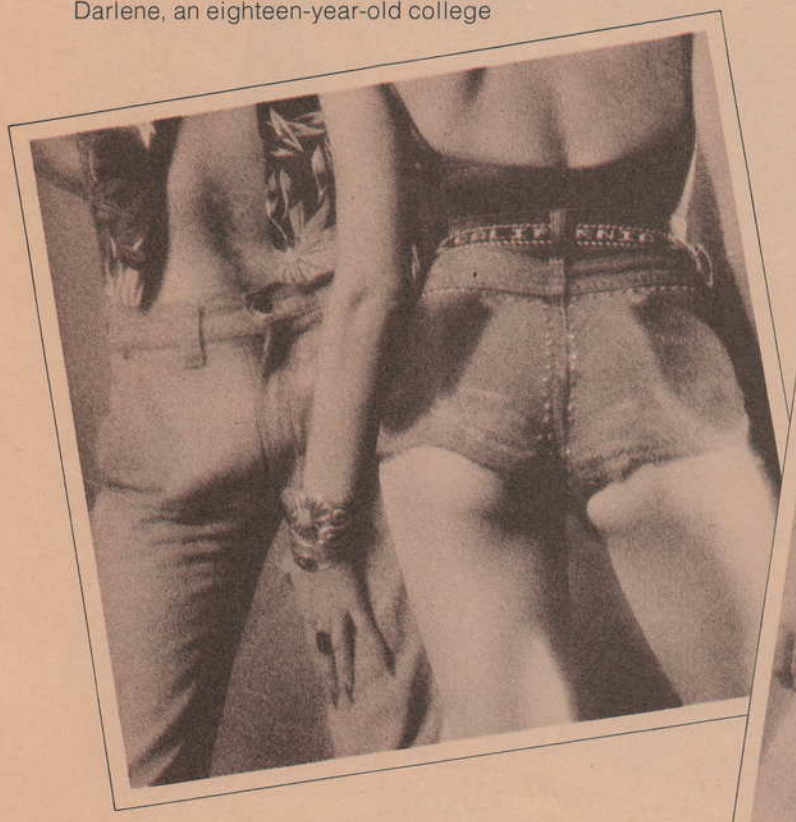
"Women have been crying 'RAPE!' since the beginning of time. Isn't it time you started screaming 'TEASE'?"

BY NICK TOSCHES

Cock teaser: a male term full of quick phonetic violences and graphic concision. It denotes a sexual antagonist, a creature of guile well versed in the art of erotic baiting. She offers sex, the cock teaser, but her offer culminates in deprivation rather than in orgasm. She victimizes instead of fucks, and her self-gratification is derived from winning the amorous desires of a man and then denying him his spurts. She is an eternal fixture. In the sixth century, poet Paulus Silentiarus wrote of a cock teaser named Aphrogeneia: "My fingers are on her breasts, our mouths are joined . . . this virgin lets me go so far, and denies me her bed." Fourteen hundred years later, in the midst of a sexual revolution that looks nice on paper, the cock teaser is still with us—she is still cooing, kissing, winking, caressing, and in the end, committing unspeakable transgressions against the collective penis.

DARLENE: HEAVY METAL TEASE

A few cock teasers are so deeply immersed in defensive rationalizations that they refuse to acknowledge that they are teases. Darlene, an eighteen-year-old college dropout who lives with her affluent parents in Yonkers, is one such creature.



Among the kids who regularly attend New York City's rock concerts, Darlene is well known as a cock teaser. The word is that she is a virgin. Whether or not it has been the scene of fuckage, the topography of Darlene's meat is a wondrous thing indeed. The curvature of her ass, the flesh forms of her legs, belly, and bosom—these things, it is said, inspire more whack-off dreams than Helen of Troy's face launched ships.

Darlene enjoys petting and flirting with men, but only in crowded public places (her favorite haunt is the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street in Manhattan). Her appearance and mannerisms give the impression that she eats, sleeps, and breathes sex. Those young men who pursue her beyond the public petting and flirting, however, invariably receive the same response: "I couldn't get it on with you," begins her line, "or with anyone else at this point in my life. I was hurt very deeply by my last relationship, and the wounds still haven't healed. Please try to understand."

When I spoke to her (we were standing at the top of the stairs that lead down to the men's room at the Academy of Music), she emphatically denied being a cock teaser. "How could anyone ever think such a thing?" she asked. "I'm not a flirt, either. I'm friendly with the boys I meet, nothing more. Sure, we may kiss, but it's friendly kissing, and I don't intend to arouse."

Of her sexy manner of dress, Darlene says: "I dress the way I do for an imaginary lover, a man I haven't met yet. When I meet him, I'll know it. If I look sexy, what's wrong with that? Why shouldn't I try to look nice if I can? It's no crime."

Since Darlene denied being a cock teaser, observing her in the field was apparently the only way to get an idea of her technique. Where I spoke to her, near the men's room at the Academy of Music, was obviously her favorite stalking spot. Some of the boys she spoke with seemed to be strangers, kids making passes at her; others were acquaintances who called her by name.

She did a lot of wet kissing, and her suitors repeatedly attempted to lure her down to the men's room with promises of Jamaican dope and Swiss-Up. Her response to such ploys was usually, "Too bad you don't have a car, honey." One kid bounced back that he did have a car, to which Darlene replied, "Well, you don't think you're gonna get me into it, do you?" At one point, a familiar victim only half-jokingly asked her for a pair of her panties. She inserted her hand, palm down, into the front of her leather slacks, causing finger-ripples beneath her leathered mons, and said, "You know I don't wear panties, silly. They make me itch." She withdrew her hand, and ran a cooz-scented finger under his nose. After this, she put an arm around his waist, buddy-style, and moved him close so that his cock pressed against her hip. She kissed his ear, and then inched off, looking down with a coy giggle at the lump in his pants. "Go out with me later," he said. Upon which cue she went into her I-couldn't-get-it-on-with-you monologue. Sincere eyes and a friendly pout: tumescence, fuck thyself.

TINA: WARM HANDS, HOT BATHS

Cock teasers fall into various categories. Tina, a nineteen-year-old waitress from Boston, belongs to a rather objective, almost clinical breed of coquette. She is not only quite aware of what she does to men and how she does it, but also why she does it. Her speech is peppered with articulate observations on a wide range of

sex-related matters. Unlike most other cock teasers I spoke with, Tina professed a basic dislike for men. Like the great majority of cock teasers, Tina also frequently engages in real sex. She attributes the rarity of her orgasms exclusively to the incompetence of her lovers, and does not consider the possibility of her own frigidity.

"I wasn't always a cock teaser—by the way, I think that's a fairly repulsive term. I was generous with my affections until about two years ago when I finally realized that my difficulty in achieving orgasms was not really my own fault but the fault of the creeps who were making love to me. In effect, cock teasing is to me nothing more than a way to get even, a method I use to channel my enmity.

"Most guys my age or a little older expect to be able to fuck a girl if they spend any amount of time with her. I lead them to the brink with sexual advances, and then I empty my little blowgun into their loins, so to speak.

"Just a few weeks ago, for instance, I was at a party in Cambridge. Mostly college kids from Boston University. There was a lot of wine, a lot of smoke, the usual aluminum foil packet of so-so coke. Most everybody just wanted to relax and get a little wasted.

"After a while, he asked me if I had an old man. That's my cue, baby. I looked right straight into his bloodshot eyes, let my lips form a slight smile, and slowly shook my head 'no.' That put him in overdrive, and he kissed me on the cheek; then, after a quickie allusion to Plato's *Lysis*, he kissed me on my neck and began rubbing my shoulder. After some more kisses, he asked me if I wanted to go somewhere else. I hesitated and watched him start fretting. 'Come on,' he said, 'let's go someplace else and talk some more.' 'I'm pretty tired, I told him. A few more kisses, a few more nudges, and finally I said that since I thought he was such a nice guy I'd go somewhere and talk—but only for a short while. That planted a little nervous anxiety in his head, which is always a nice touch.

"We left the party together. It was about two in the morning, freezing cold. We walked to his car with our arms around each other. While he was standing there going through his pockets for his car keys, I kissed him on the lips. All the while I had been keeping my right hand in the fur-lined pocket of my coat. So I reached under his jacket and unzipped his fly. He was caught off guard, and just stood there, arms hanging down, breathing heavily. I took his dick out. It was cold and soft, but it stiffened in my warm hand. He started breathing harder, and I began to jerk him off with slow, firm pulls. His cock was hard as a rock and throbbing. I squeezed it tight, real tight, and then released it. 'Come on, let's go to my apartment,' he said, shoving his dick back into his fly. We got into his car, and he looked at me real strange, like I was hot cargo, y'know? I told him with a sexy laugh that he made my pussy so hot and wet that steam was rising from my Levis. That's the end. I brought him to the brink, and all that remained to be done was to loose the darts of rejection into his balls.

"I told him that I wanted to go back to the party, that I was confused, that I'd rather have him be my friend than just another. fuck. I said, 'I'm not really horny, I was only pretending to be because I felt guilty about not being sexually attracted to you.' That really got him. It always gets them. I waxed very melodramatic, told him that sex would ruin everything. At this point he was crazy—he was within an inch of my cunt, now he watched it drop out of sight—and I could have told him just about anything—that his dick was too small or that he's too immature. I opened the car door and started to get out. We should forget everything, I told him. He was dead then. He followed me back to the party, but I ignored him. If it were earlier I might have done it all over again with a different guy, but I was tired. I had another glass of wine, then took a lift home from a couple I knew.

"Ironically, teasing always makes me horny as hell. When I got home I took a nice hot bath and masturbated. I came, the first time in months. It felt great, and I didn't have much trouble falling asleep.

"A few days later, I picked up some guy

Photographs by Richard L. Shaefer

Of course, there was the expected smattering of horny guys. Eventually one of them started moving in on me. He was a philosophy major. He kept trying to show off with all this Heraclitus and Leibniz bullshit. I made believe I was impressed, and before you know it he had his arm around me while he babbled away about the ramifications of the Heraclitean Fire. •

at the Museum. I took him home with me and let him ball me. It was okay, certainly better than usual.

"Even if I ever do come across a guy who satisfies me fully, I'll still be a teaser. It's fun, it makes me feel good, and that's all there is to it."

HEVA: AN ICE CUBE SUCK

Unlike Tina, some cock teasers say that they actually like men. Heva, a thirty-year-old floozy (for want of a better description of her appearance and her life-style), is one such woman. She doesn't work—alimony—and spends her days either going to the movies or hanging out in bars. She is extremely attractive, and is given to wearing sheer halters and chamois slacks that cling to her crotch and buttocks like a wet Kleenex. With her, cock teasing takes a backseat to fucking, in which area she has little trouble coping ("when I fuck, I come; if that sap scatters his cookies before I get mine, he'd better get his tongue in gear"). With Heva, cock teasing does not seem to be as vital to happiness as it is with Tina and others.

"I love making men go bananas over me. If that's being a cock teaser, fine. I don't think of myself as being sexually maladjusted, though. I probably get hosed more than most women. But I also like to come on strong to guys I have no intention of messing up the sheets with.

"I've dug teasing men ever since I was twelve, when I told my thirteen-year-old brother, Tommy, that I'd show him my snatch if he showed me his dick. He showed me his dick all right, but then I refused to show him my snatch. He had a tantrum, a goddam full-blown tantrum. I couldn't believe it.

"There are techniques you have to use. I've got some that are guaranteed to tease the hell out of any man with an operative joint. There's one in particular that might sound a little off the wall, but it never fails to switch them on.

"You can do it anywhere. Anywhere where drinks are available, but it's most effective in a bar. After I finish my drink, I make sure that the guy is watching me, and then I slowly slurp an ice cube through my lips. Very slowly. The ice cube has to pause between my lips before I let it disappear into my mouth with a quick suck. I make sure my eyes are looking his way, very warm and sensual. Using my tongue, I move the ice cube around in my mouth and the inside of my cheeks for a moment or two. He loves it. I let the cube slip back toward my lips and then poke it out into the glass, letting my tongue linger between my lips for a second or so.

"I can see his pupils quake. I've said it all to him with my mouth and my tongue and my eyes. I've said it all without uttering a word. I can lead him on now for as long as I like—for five minutes or right on up to my doorway—and then—zap—sorry, Jack, no fuckee. For every man I fuck, I tease ten. And I love it."

PEGGY: GUARDIAN OF COME

In her late twenties, Peggy is a self-proclaimed master of the tease. She is a pretty, seemingly well-adjusted girl who makes a decent living as the office manager of a large New York advertising agency. Of all the cock teasers I spoke with, Peggy is the only one who made a move on me. This happened when, to illustrate a point, she whipped out one of her breasts (the left one, I'll always remember) and asked me if she didn't have the prettiest, pinkest little ol' nipple I had ever seen. The second someone touched it, she said, it got hard as a jujube. I quickly extended a nicotine-tawnied forefinger, but the boob of the aeon was back in its tricot cup before it had a chance to make contact. I asked her if I could at least take a Polaroid of it. But that was entirely out of the question.

"I guess I've been what you call a cock teaser since I was fourteen or so, when I first started dating. All young girls, or at least most, are pretty hesitant about getting their membranes popped. I imagine with young boys it's a different story, that they jump on their first opportunity to get laid. I've never met a girl who didn't back out, if that's a good phrase, from at least several chances to get laid before she actually submitted.

"Anyway, like I said, I was about fourteen—normal, attractive, maybe just a bit neurotic concerning the growth of my breasts—and I was getting into the dating thing. Of course, every high school boy I went out with wanted to slip me the stick. Like any young girl—especially in, let's see, 1961? 1962?—I wasn't ready to go all the way.

"I began easing up when I was about seventeen. I'd let them squeeze my titties. I'd let them rub away at the reinforced crotch of my panty girdle. I'd let them grind their cocks against my hips while we lay on the grass in Bayside Park or kissed good-night in the hallway of my building. That was it, though, for the time being.

"It didn't take me long to realize that a lot of the boys were coming off in their pants when they dry-humped me. There'd be a noticeable twitch—cocks always twitch like crazy right before they shoot off if the orgasm has been delayed for an abnormally long period of time—then a gasp. Actually, it was more of a deflation sound than a gasp. Then, without fail, their interest in kissing and pressing against me came to a halt.

"So I started cutting them off at that first pre-orgasmic twitch. Just shove the big bastards off me. 'You're getting me too hot,' I'd tell them. They loved that. They'd whimper, paw at my tits, try to move in for an ear lick. But no, that would be it. I'd send them off with their dicks twitching in their gabardine pants.

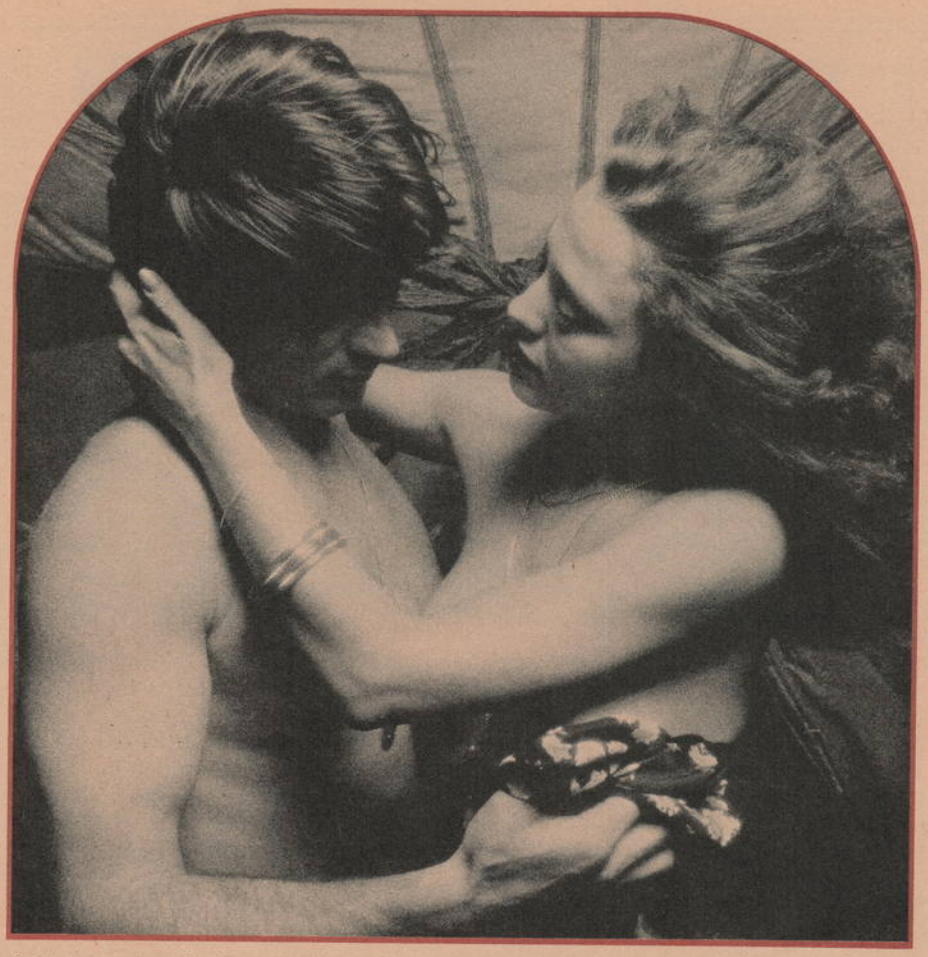
"That certain time finally came, the summer after my last year of high school. It was the first time I ever got drunk. Well, actually I was only high, but what did I know from drunk in those days, right? My parents were out of town. Some ridiculously ancient uncle on my mother's side was on the verge of croaking out on the Island. Under the influence of several amateurish slugs of Johnny Walker Red, I allowed a date—Bobby, whom I had been seeing for a few months—to come up to the apartment.

"I did my usual act. He was lying on top of me on our couch, kissing and grinding away. I clearly remember a drop of sweat—we didn't have an air conditioner back then—got me right in the eye and burned like a bastard. I felt his cock twitch and as usual, shoved him off me. He was breathing heavily. He said he had to go to the bathroom. He came out two minutes later stark naked with his beautiful big teenage cock sticking straight up into the air like a pink ICBM poised for attack. It scared the shit out of me. He just stood there, staring down at me. My palms started sweating bad, and all of a sudden a wave of heat hit my crotch. He moved closer, fell to his knees, and his stiff, warm cock flapped softly against my face. In a moment—it had to be less than a second—I had that rock-hard slab of flesh in my mouth and I was sucking on it for all I was worth. I was curled up on that couch with my clothes still on, one fist shoved between my legs, churning away at my cunt, and the other arm pressing at Bobby's ass, forcing his cock farther into my mouth. He was moaning and my brain was blank with speed. In a minute I heard him make a deep growling sound as he began to tug at my hair. I felt it gush down my throat, and to this day I'm convinced that his come was hot enough to fry a fish in. I swallowed it in one long endless gulp and came crazy against my fist. In a half hour, his dick was hard again. That time we fucked—hard, fast, sweaty—and that was it for virginity.

"I continued to have a pretty active sex life. I married when I was twenty. Stayed married for three years. But I never forgot the pleasure that cock teasing gave me.

"I'm twenty-nine years old now, and cock teasing does not involve the same maneuvers it did when I was sixteen. It's more subtle. Basically, it's leading a man to believe that you want to fuck him, and then cutting him off when he's in heat. I do it in bars, at parties, anywhere. The fun is deciding where to cut him off."

So much for exposing the women you never could make. How do you deal with this kind of vicious male exploitation in an age of sexual freedom? Until 1850, all women's underwear was crotchless. Crotchless, for easy access. And here we are, 1975, surrounded by cock teasing teen-twats, and people call it the "new morality." When will people realize that the cock teaser is the male equivalent of a rapist, and in her own sneaking way just as violent? Women have been crying "rape" since the beginning of time. Isn't it time you started screaming "tease."?



Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLE OF THE MONTH

Ralph F., 29, 5′11″, 175 lbs. Black hair and brown eyes. Ralph is a television cameraman. Laurie T., 25, 5′5″, 115 lbs. Brown hair and blue eyes. Laurie is a graphics artist.

RALPH'S STORY:

My problem is that I really don't get off on anything but oral sex anymore. It's not really *my* problem, because it's fine with me, but it's *our* problem. I'm not really sure who has a problem—all I know is that Laurie has been cool on sex recently, and a lot of it traces back to an argument we had one night after I stumbled home drunk. For the first time since we've been living together the past year, Laurie didn't want to have anything to do with me. She especially made a point of letting me know that she wouldn't give me a blow-job. She said rather curtly that she wouldn't do it, and then added the stinging comment that she had never liked to.

Believe me, if there ever was a woman who I wanted to be happy in bed, it is Laurie. I don't want her running around balling some other guy because I'm not enough for her. I slummed it long enough with women I didn't really care about—fucking and sucking when I would just as soon be eating a spaghetti dinner—and when Laurie came along, I knew that I just had to make it with her, emotionally and sexually.

The way we first started would make more liberated types scoff or squirm with impatience. At the time, I was working for this independent television company and Laurie, whose design firm was doing some corporate-image work for us, was dropping off some of her proofs for approval at the end of the day. I had been admiring her surreptitiously in the elevator on the way up to the office, and when she got off on my floor and walked into my firm's office, I was flabbergasted. I followed her into the office, and since it was the end of the day, waited around until she had finished her business. I sensed that even though this woman knew she was sensuous and sexy-looking, she was no easy lay. She just had that aura.

When she came out, I got up, introduced myself, told her I worked for the company, and asked her if she would like to have a drink. We went out and we really had a good time. We didn't really talk about anything which was monumentally important, but both serious and trivial things that we could laugh about. Normally, I attempt to project a cool, aloof image—plastic is what you might call it. But I just couldn't with Laurie. She was not the least bit pretentious, and that made my usual come-on act completely unnecessary.

She even told me that first night about a relationship she had recently ended. As she talked about it, I could tell that she still cared for him, but that she had known that the only realistic thing to do was to split. She said that she didn't demand monogamy, but it was his insensitivity to her, his lack of discretion that bothered her.

I began to develop this incredible affection and respect for Laurie. She was emotional without being maudlin, she was sexy without being a tease, she was aggressive and intelligent without being castrating. But I was afraid that if I came on too strong that night, she might be repulsed. So when we ended back at her apartment for coffee, we didn't jump into bed and fuck wildly and hold each other all night. I stayed for a while, talked some more, laughed some more, kissed her and left.

Meanwhile, I was horny when I left her place, so I did what I do a lot of times. I cruised around until I saw a hooker who appealed to me, bickered over price, let her into my car, then drove a couple of blocks and parked and got a blow-job.

I guess I never knew how much I wanted oral sex until about three years ago. Then, two things happened to me. First, I was in an automobile accident and had my face smashed in. Naturally, I landed in the hospital for a lengthy visit.

This nurse stood by the side of my bed and talked. I thought that it was nice of her to take the time to talk with me. She said that she had other work to do and had to go, but asked if there was anything I needed. Jokingly, I said that I could use a blow-job. I guess I was still a little high from the anesthesia, otherwise I wouldn't have been so brazen. She turned to walk out of the room, I thought, but when she got to the door, she stopped, closed it, and came back inside. She put her finger over her lips to warn me to keep quiet and not awaken the other patients. Then she lifted the sheets and slipped her hand under and between my hospital garment until she held my prick firmly. She stroked me a few times, and I was hard. I couldn't move with much ease, but she brought me over to the side of the bed, pulled up a chair to make it look as if she were just sitting and talking (in case anyone should enter), then leaned over and began sucking my hard penis, pulling it taut at the bottom with two fingers, and taking most of it in her mouth. She was doing a lot of work with her tongue instead of moving her head up and down, and soon I had the most pleasurable orgasm I'd ever had. I came in her mouth, and like a good nurse, she swallowed it all, cleaned up, straightened the sheets, then said good-bye.

When I got out of the hospital, I found out that she rarely practiced this kind of therapy on other patients. After my hospital experience, I really wanted to start dating her as much as possible. But I could never get in touch with her, she always had to phone me. It was impossible to see her after she got off work. I confronted her and asked her why I could never see her after work, and she made the admission that she hooked in bars to supplement her income. So I told her that I didn't want to see her again. She was in tears, because she said she really did like me, but there was no changing my mind.

About a half year later, I began to reconsider my position. After all, she wasn't my wife, and I wasn't even living with her. Why should I be so upset? Besides, she did give good head. So, I tried to get in touch with her, but she had left her job and moved out of her apartment. It was too late.

At the same time, my company was in a financial pinch and I was laid off. I started getting more and more despondent over not having a job. I was collecting unemployment, just enough to keep my head above water. And I was longing for, aching for the kind of blow-job that this nurse had given me. I started making the rounds of bars. Bouncing around the bars was all I was doing, when I wasn't looking for a job. One night, sitting in a bar watching a hooker negotiate with her trick, it occurred to me—why not pay for them? I had gone out with a hook, hadn't I? So I started to frequent some seedy places, picking up hookers and taking them to my apartment, or to my car. Then I began cruising around, picking up street hookers.

I was really getting into oral sex. I wasn't doing much at the time except going to job interviews occasionally, then hitting a few bars, and if I didn't pick up someone at the bar, I would cruise the streets for a hooker. I don't know, I don't feel that those few months were depraved or wasted, perhaps because my true sexual desires were being realized, and taken care of. I like getting sucked off because it involves another person, yet there is little emotional involvement. There aren't a lot of preliminaries to go through, whether you are getting head from a hooker or from the woman you live with. Maybe it's this detachment that I like about it, I don't know. I'm not ashamed that I paid a lot of hookers to give me head, and I still do it sometimes.

I still do a lot of bar-hopping, and that annoys Laurie. Usually, I end up by myself in the wee hours of the morning, at some kinky place. I don't hide what I do. In fact, I joke about it quite often, calling it my "Magical Mystery Tour." A lot of times I'll end up in some gay bar, or some S & M place. If I get hustled by some guy, I just turn it down.

But when I first met Laurie and she told me the story about her breaking up with this guy who was balling everyone in sight, I knew that I couldn't hurt her that way. I haven't gotten into any serious, long-term relationships with anyone. Just some occasional head. But I accept all this, and even wanted it this way. I said that when I met Laurie I had been slumming it long enough. I knew that I had to make it with her in every way, so we moved cautiously the first few times we saw each other.

It wasn't until about two weeks after I met her that we finally went to bed. That was probably after seeing each other maybe five times. We knew we liked each other, but we wanted to see if there was any potential there. I think, and we've discussed it since so Laurie would agree, that we both wanted something substantial, that we didn't just want to fuck each other and say good-bye a month later. But we wanted to make it special. I was surprised how little bullshit came out of my mouth and how open I was. The same for Laurie.

When it happened, we both knew it was good. Laurie had brought some clothes over to my place on Friday to spend the week-

Photographs by Frank Lafitte

end. We both live in the suburbs in these mostly single-apartment complexes, but are miles apart. Right after work, she came by and we changed to play some tennis. After an hour of tennis we were tired and came inside. I fixed us drinks and we sat down beside each other on one of the sofas. I made a second round of drinks, and as we sat there talking, I couldn't take my eyes off Laurie's legs. She was wearing a white tennis dress and her skirt was up to her ass. Her legs were long and tanned, and the sight of the sun-bleached blond hairs on her thighs was giving me an erection. I think we put our drinks down at the same time and reached for each other. I slid my hand up her thigh and onto her pussy, massaging her until she was wet all the way through. She unzipped my shorts and started working on my erection with her hand. In a while, I had her outfit off and she had my shorts off and we were lying on the carpet. Her long brown hair, which she had pinned up, fell around her shoulders and back, and I took it and rubbed it over her hard nipples. Her tits were swollen and her nipples were huge and dark brown. We just rubbed our bodies against each other until we were so turned on and so sweaty that we could almost slide against each other. Neither of us could wait any longer, and when I rammed my prick into her, she took it all. Her cunt almost sucked it in, and she began whimpering, muttering happy-sounding things. I couldn't understand what she was saying, if anything, but the noises were making me pump harder and harder, and she kept getting louder until she was groaning so loud that I thought she was going to scream. Suddenly, her body arched and trembled, and she drove against me, pulling my ass, slamming her thighs and stomach into me. And then she exploded, coming in gigantic waves, and I came right with her.

After a while, we showered, went out for some quick dinner, and returned to my apartment and balled three more times before we fell asleep. When I woke up Saturday morning, she was already showered and was just putting some body powder on. So I jumped in the shower, dried off, and came into the bedroom to find her waiting for me. I climbed in and we began playing with each other until we were aroused, then fucked two more times before we got up. It was lunchtime.

For the first few months, we lived in different apartments. Then, deciding it was silly to be carrying around all these changes of clothing, we moved into a separate place. Sex just kept getting better. I was teaching her things that I knew and I liked, and she was teaching me. She got into oral sex right away, and when I told her how much I liked her to suck me, she always took the initiative. Sometimes, we just sucked each other until we both came. Other times, we would suck each other as a prelude to balling.

That's why I can't understand why we had that argument the night I came home late and wanted to make love, or rather, wanted her to blow me. We had never argued about sex (though we had arguments about a lot of other things). I couldn't believe her when she said that she had, in effect, always been repulsed by eating me. I was shocked. Things haven't gotten much better; they have deteriorated. For the first time, we don't talk as much, we complain. She bitches about my nights out on the town, or the way I want to have sex. I bitch about her bitching.

LAURIE'S STORY:

When I first met Ralph, I was immensely attracted to him. I saw him in an elevator, and by happy coincidence, I was headed for the same company where he worked.

I was delighted when I saw him sitting in the reception room waiting to ask me out for drinks.

We had a great time talking that night, and I found myself opening up about things I had not talked to anyone about in a long time. But then, I consider myself an extrovert, a very open person with little facade. I don't have the time for artificialities, for games or deceit. When Ralph talked, he was open and warm too.

Making love with Ralph was one thing that was definitely not on my agenda that first night. Not that I'm priggish or anything like that. I wanted to learn more about him before we went trotting off to bed. You see, I grew up in Connecticut in an upper-middle-class family. My father is a very successful Wall Street type, and my mother is the kind of suburban wife who devotes her time to a few charities and only goes into New York City to raise funds for them or to shop at Bloomingdale's. I went to a fairly prestigious art school in New York. My family life can be summed up, I suppose, by the word "proper." I don't let it interfere with my lifestyle today, nor did I then either, to any great degree. I went to therapy for about a year and a half just to talk out some of the conflicts that grew out of my family background. That's why I'm a natural, spontaneous person. I like spontaneity in men, and I sensed it in Ralph.

You see, before I got this great job offer and moved here, I had stayed in New York after graduating from school and worked for about two years. And I also continued a relationship with this guy I had met while in school.

Well, the relationship turned sour. After about a year and a half of working, I decided to quit my job and try to make it free-lancing. One day, I bumped into this guy on the street whom we had known in school and learned that he lived just a block away. He was an artist, also, and he was struggling to be a free-lancer. We got to be really good friends quickly. What happened is that our friendship grew into a deep fondness for each other, an affection that culminated in our going to bed. We were sitting in his apartment one afternoon talking about the trials and tribulations of being a free-lance artist. I stopped talking, for some reason; I guess I noticed a change in his mood. Then he asked, "Laurie, do you want to go to bed?" I just nodded, and got up and walked into his bedroom. He followed, both of us silently took off our clothes, and I lay back on the bed. He started kissing me all over, licking me gently all over my body, rubbing his hand against my mound of pubic hair, sucking my breasts until they were hard and taut. I kissed him hard, drawing his tongue into my mouth. I pulled him on top of me and spread my legs wide, and he ground his cock against my clit until neither of us could wait. He began to slide his shaft into me. He almost didn't have to move, it was so thick, and I could feel it against the sides of my cunt. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him into me deeper. He started pumping and I could feel his balls hitting me while his huge cock was driving in and out. I was so happy, so secure, that I almost was crying. He was drawing his cock all the way out and then slamming it all the way in, and it was really doing a tune on my clit. Then he placed a pillow under my ass, and gave me a few more hard thrusts before he finally came. I didn't care if I would be sore for weeks, I wanted him to fuck me so much. After he came, we just lay there, holding

each other, not saying much, but not having to say much.

When I got home, and the guy I lived with came home, I just acted normally, and when we went to bed that night, I wanted to ball him as much as I always did. It was different, not just physically, but emotionally, from what had happened that afternoon. And before we went to sleep, I knew that I would be going to bed with my neighbor again, probably many times. I wasn't angry at the guy I was living with, I wasn't trying to cuckold him, or spite him. He fulfilled me, and my neighbor fulfilled me in another way, because he was my very best friend.

Anyhow, we continued seeing each other and sleeping together for several months. Then, I don't know how, but the guy I lived with came home and confronted me with it. Rather than lie, I tried to explain the relationship, telling him that it was simply a very loving friendship and that it didn't impinge on our relationship at all. I attempted to make him believe that I loved him as I always had. But he didn't buy it. So I stopped seeing my neighbor-lover-friend. However, it did no good—it didn't improve conditions between the guy I lived with and me. He was terribly hurt and refused to try to understand or even talk about it. He acted completely contrary to everything I loved him for and had known him to be. He began drinking a lot, staying away from home, then began sleeping with anything he could get his hands on.

And when he did come home, he would kind of brutalize me in bed, forcing me to suck him, fuck him, while he just lay back and gave orders. When he brought another man home one night late—they were both drunk—he told me that this was a special friend so he expected me to give him my best. When the guy lunged at me, with my boyfriend standing there leering, I screamed so loud that they both were scared and left. Shortly thereafter, I moved out. A little while later, I got this job offer which meant relocating, and I took it.

So when I first moved here, I started meeting people through work and dating a lot of different men. Having just exited from a long, serious affair, I didn't want a carbon copy right away. I was going out with a very successful graphics designer, very charming, but he was also just good company and a fine bedmate. I was also sleeping with this lawyer who was very refined and proper, and very ambitious, both in his career and in bed. He was also very fastidious, always cleaning up, especially after lovemaking, but that was kind of a trip. Then I was seeing a lot of a third guy, the guy I broke the date with the first night I met Ralph. This guy was an established architect, in his late thirties, and in great physical shape. He was really sophisticated, and pretty monied, and I liked a lot about him. I learned that he had a reputation as quite a swinger, and found out a couple of months before I moved in with Ralph that he was bisexual.

I realized that night Ralph and I had dinner that he was a sensitive and intelligent person. But I didn't want to sleep with him right away, or move in with him. I was in a dilemma those first two weeks. I wanted Ralph sexually, but wanted it to be special. And I didn't want to chance hurting him by getting involved with him, then having him find out I was sleeping with other men. I wanted to get those affairs in order before Ralph and I made any commitments. Over a period of time, I let them know that I was involved with someone else, but that I still wanted to see them, only not as frequently. The scene was set. Gradually, I had phased them out of my life by the time I moved in with Ralph.

I went to Ralph's one weekend, planning to stay the entire weekend. We played tennis after work on Friday, then had a couple of drinks. Our thoughts were synchronized. Sitting on his sofa having drinks, we put our drinks down almost simultaneously, and began reaching for each other, fondling each other. We got on the floor and soon had our clothes off. God, I didn't know until then how much I had wanted Ralph to screw me. I had been watching his body while we played tennis and it had excited me. I couldn't wait for him to put his cock in me, and for the first time in my life, I experienced so much pleasure that I became verbal. I was begging him to fuck me harder and harder. I was calling him my love, my honey, telling him that he was beautiful and that he was my only love. I think all my mumbling got Ralph even more turned on, because he began thrusting into me harder and faster until I couldn't hold back any longer. Pretty soon, we both came at the same time, a first for me. The rest of the weekend was spent in the same fashion, hardly leaving the bed except just to shower or grab a bite to eat.

I didn't want to move in right away, and the few months after that weekend, we kept separate places, in a manner of speaking. Most of the time, I was either there or he was at my place. But I wanted to be sure; I was being pretty cautious about moving in because I wanted it to work. Plus I wanted to see these other men and get them out of my system, which didn't take long. When Ralph and I did move in together, everything was fine. And it continued to be fine for the next year or so.

One thing I had never really enjoyed with anyone else very much was oral sex, but Ralph really got turned on when I ate him. So I did it, and did it willingly. But something happened. Ralph began to change; I saw things that reminded me of those last weeks with that guy in New York. At first, Ralph's nights out with the boys didn't bother me; it gave me a chance to work at home in peace. But he became more callous and more demanding. If I asked him where he had been, he would tell me, in detail. I really couldn't understand why he had to go to all these kinky places, these gay bars and other private clubs. What was he after? He also seemed to become more obsessive about my giving him head. It seemed his whole world was just sucking and fucking, mainly sucking as long as I was doing it. I objected to that, quietly, never saying much to him, just enduring, you might say. But he would come home around three in the morning, a few drinks under his belt, climb into bed, and expect me to be turned on to blowing him. One night he came home really late and demanded that I eat him. I exploded and he has felt rejected ever since.

But I had been holding back so much hurt for so long that I couldn't keep it in. It reminded me too much of what had happened with the other guy I had lived with. We have been distant since that night, rarely have sex, and if we do, it's pretty perfunctory. I think that Ralph blames it on me. He probably even suspects me of having an affair with someone, since he knows the whole story about the guy in New York. But that is not the way it is. I just could not understand Ralph's obsessive need to hop from bar to bar, then come home for a blow-job. It wasn't fair to me, and he wasn't being attentive to my sexual needs.

Some of his actions I attribute to his Catholic upbringing, which seems to engender a taste for the low life. But even so, he doesn't have to make me part of that scene. I also think that he's frustrated at work. He is bright and I think that he should be writing and making his own documentaries instead of just filming them. He has his theories about our cooling off, and I have mine. And that's where we stand right now.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM'S COMMENTS:

Though this relationship is now extremely painful for both parties, there is little doubt that much of their earlier harmony could be restored—temporarily. The problem is just how deep are the causes for their dissatisfaction.

If both parties can return to the honesty that was a mainstay of their relationship, much of the current conflict can be avoided. Ralph now knows he is most happy when he is himself, and Laurie should realize that honesty is one of the qualities that made her lovable to Ralph in the first place.

Laurie should waste no time in explaining she has never been turned off by fellating Ralph *per se*: it was his callousness in the manner of demanding fellatio that made it an issue, not the fellating itself. This should allay much of the anxiety now disturbing their relationship. Ralph will feel less guilty about his proclivity for blow-jobs (a guilt expressed by his defensiveness). Laurie will feel relieved by expressing her conscious feelings—how she feels Ralph has shown little consideration for her in and out of bed.

If there are no major underlying problems,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

The male sheath or prophylactic has always been the easy contraceptive method: easy to buy, easy to carry, easy to use, spontaneous, and free from side-effects. Now the easy method has become the exciting one, with Horizon male contraceptive sheaths. Each of our thin, sensitive sheaths is designed to yield an extra dividend of pleasure.

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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF PENTHOUSE FORUM

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A step-by-step guide to sensuous lovemaking, where the mere touch of a finger becomes a shattering orgiastic experience.

ORGASM CLINICS FOR WOMEN

The woman—not her man—owns her orgasm. A close look at the newest and most provocative trend in sex therapy.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANAL COMPULSIVE

The picaresque tale of a man who dashes for a cold shower when he could still be wrapped in the sheets with a hot blond. . . .

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It's not only narcotics that can snuff out your sex drive, claims Dr. Robert Chartham. Many prescription drugs can have the same effect.

PLUS

The most outspoken and spoken-about letters section anywhere, with pages and pages of the most candid correspondence you'll ever read.

RAT KING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

"Of course. But on the other hand, New York Rat simply could not consider a single man for the top job."

"Never?"

"Never!"

"I could look around. I *want* that job," said McSnooks.

"Splendid! Do you have a young lady in mind?"

"There's one. But she wears a monocle. Besides, she blows hot and cold."

"From the New York Rat point of view, it's best that you avoid a theatrical-type woman. Perhaps a young lady from the country might be nice, especially if her family were members of some fanatical religious sect. That sort of thing makes for stability, you know."

"No chance unless I'm married?"

"None whatever."

"Gimme a week."

"Good-bye, Pinwork. I shall call you on Monday. If you have good news for me, we will discuss the job further."

"Count on me!"

"Incidentally," said the General, "in order to bring you in at the top we are having to pass over several men in our own organization. It is still necessary that they be, ah, handled, but in the meantime, I must ask that you not try to contact me at the home office in New York. No calls. No visits. If anyone up there heard your name, right now, there could well be some really nasty complications."

"I understand—but if those guys give you any trouble, save them for me. I'll know just how to handle them."

"I'm sure you would. Tell me, is there a bookstore around here? I want to get some Dale Carnegie to read on the plane back to New York."

Five days later, McSnooks had made no progress in finding a girl to marry. He called in his secretary, Tinkle Faye Tompkins, for consultation.

"Are any of those girls out there in the pool ripe for marriage?"

"Try Maypole Yardley."

"Is she the best of the lot?"

"Believe me, pally, the best, and I've known them all."

"Is she young?"

"Young? She ain't even eighteen around the waist."

"I gotta have one that's religious."

"I can't say about that. All I know is she carries a snake in her pocketbook. Won't touch a bite at noon until she's handled it."

"Thanks."

"It's nothing at all. Why don't you come outside some noon and play volleyball with us?" asked Miss Tompkins.

McSnooks watched Miss Yardley as she typed an invoice. She was from the country and she talked a lot, but she did have a healthy chest. Her pocketbook was moving, but she would do.

"Miss Yardley? I'm Pinwork W. McSnooks. Perhaps you've heard of me? Would you join me for lunch?"

They went to Chink's Diner. He checked her pocketbook before she could stop him.

"Two oatmeals and a single order of dairy-fresh butter, my man," he told the waitress as they sat down.

He moved his chair closer to hers, took her hand in his, and began to woo her.

"Moonbeam," he said in a slow, hypnotic whisper.

"Huh?"

"Mandolin," he said, softly.

Miss Yardley was uneasy.

"Marijuana," he said, slightly squeezing her hand.

"Why are you saying those pretty words to me?"

McSnooks swallowed a water glass of muscatel. Flushed, he pressed his lips against her ear.

"Maharajah," he boozed.

"Oh, Mr. McSneak! I feel so funny."

"Mayonnaise," he said, squeezing both her hands.

It then seemed to Miss Yardley that all of Matoon Gazimba's Gypsy Ensemble—with Mendel Rimbauer on the vibes—was taking off inside her head.

"Madrigal," hummed McSnooks.

Miss Yardley squeezed his hands.

"Manure," she mooed.

They were married that very afternoon and went away to Bat Free Caverns for a long weekend.

"Splendid!" said General Flinders when he heard the news over long distance. "Now you must come up here for some testing and the final interviews."

So a week later, McSnooks was in New York, in a shabby office building, waiting to be interviewed by a doctor of social work. He waited half an hour past the time of his appointment and was preparing to leave when the office door opened and a short, bald-headed man came in, carrying a battered leather folder stuffed with printed matter. He wore rimless eyeglasses, a brown corduroy jacket, a silk necktie of emerald green, white socks, light-blue pants, and brushed-suede lounging shoes, and he twitched when he walked.

The man sat down at the table across from McSnooks and opened the leather folder.

"Looks like you need a new sample case," said McSnooks. "You ought to get one of ours—steel mesh!"

The little bald-headed man smiled broadly, showing clenched teeth. "I am Doctor Rayon Smears and, let me warn you, you cannot suborn me, for I take no man's biscuit!"

"Suborn? Biscuit?"

"I am here to examine you as to your potential for holding an executive position in the rat business. Do you understand? I want to make it perfectly clear," said Dr. Smears, his voice becoming strident, "that the fact

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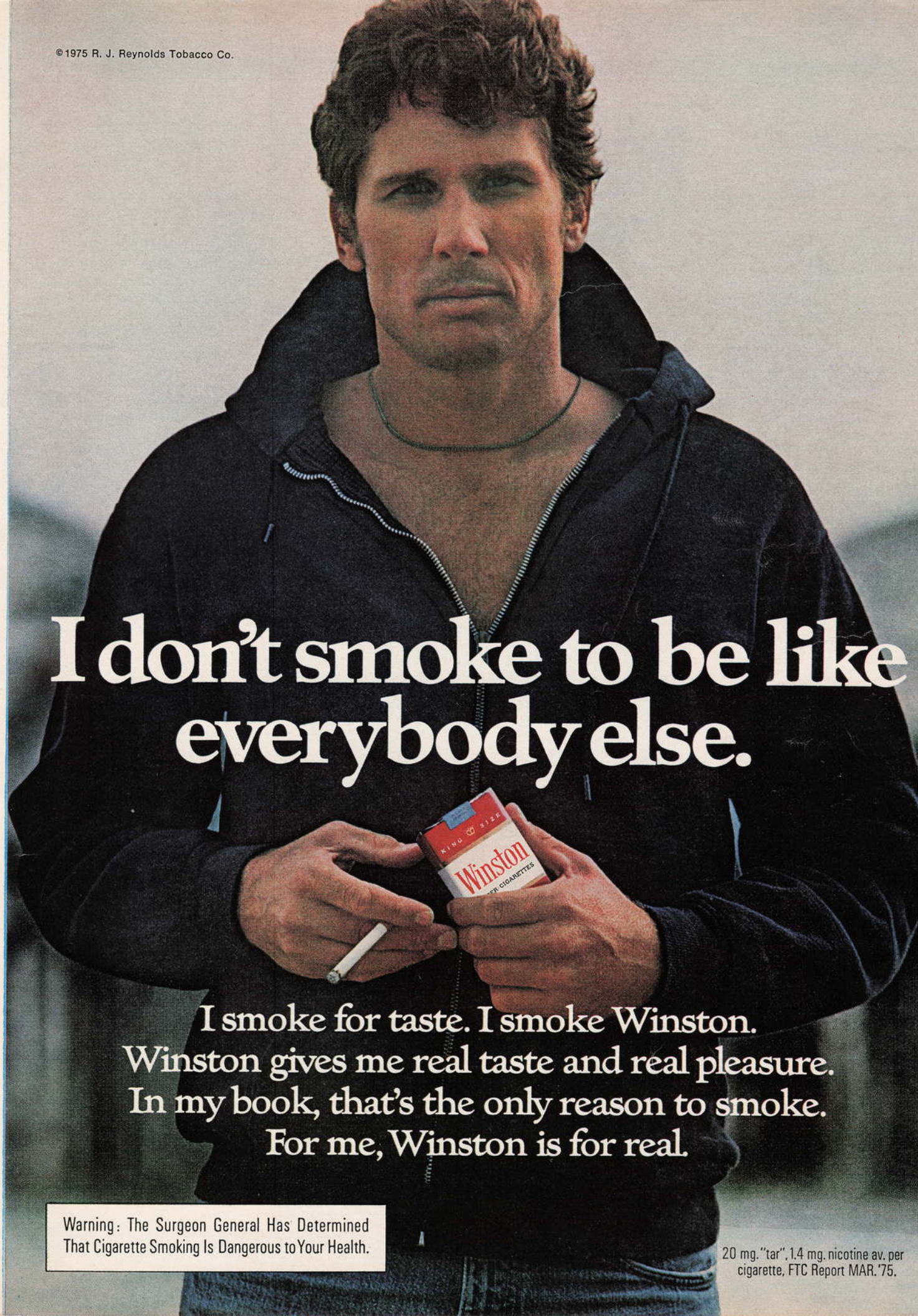

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CANADIAN CAPER

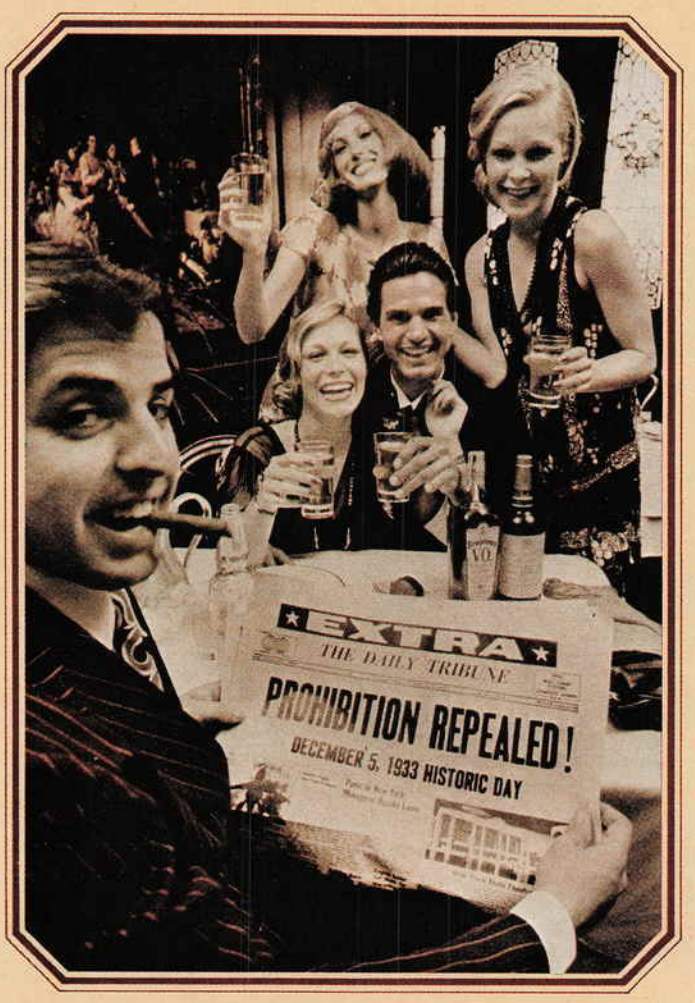
BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity. . . ." So wrote Charles Dickens in *A Tale of Two Cities* more than a hundred years ago. But he might well have been speaking not of France and England in the year of our Lord 1775, but of America in the heady days of Prohibition—and the even headier days of Repeal. God knows they were colorful and crazy times, those days of the Noble Experiment, distant days when politicians were naïve enough to try to legislate morality. Flashy, brilliant, tough and hard, desperate and diligent—all these adjectives aptly describe the Roaring Twenties and the Depression thirties. Yet they were times impressive enough to leave us nostalgic for them forty years later, and vital enough for us to revive them in movies and fashions which are de rigueur today. Gatsby, it seems, was even greater than we imagined.

They were times of literary genius—Hemingway and Fitzgerald were suckled on them—and they were times of excessive license. The world, they said, was going to hell in a handbasket, and so you lived it up as best you could. And if that meant wallowing in bathtub gin, then amen, brother. With the distilleries down, people didn't care what they drank, as long as it had the desired clout. Sensible people tried to do without. The well-to-do popped up to Canada, where the whisky was bona fide. A somewhat shadier element was well in evidence too. In fact, the border hadn't seen such traffic since the Tories left New England at the birth of the nation.

And when the Noble Experiment finally fizzled, where was a bone-dry populace to turn for the whisky it craved? To be sure there was Scotch, and, of course, there was Irish. There was even American whisky to be had, from pre-Prohibition warehouse stocks and whiskies that were permitted to be manufactured—but not sold—since 1929. National Distillers had 10 million gallons ready to go, Schenley about 5 million, and another 5 million was split up between the remaining U.S. liquor companies. It barely took care of 10 percent of consumer needs.

At this crucial time when U.S. whisky buffs were frantically searching for something to appease their prohibition-parched palates, along came Bronfman. And, along came Hatch. Bronfman, still revered in the trade as Old Mr. Sam, was at that time the mainspring of Seagram, Ltd., and a man who never believed that Prohibition would last. In 1928, he created a company in Canada and began maturing Canadian whiskies on the premise that Repeal must come. Two years before, Harry Hatch had bought out the Hiram Walker business in Ontario—located just across the water from Detroit—and became the new proprietor of the long-established Canadian Club label. When Utah became the thirty-sixth state to ratify the Repeal amendment on December 5th, 1933, Seagram and Hiram Walker controlled the largest stocks of fully aged Canadian whisky in the world—some 28 million gallons—ready to ship across the border. Other liquor men naturally had the same idea and the same game plan, but it was Mr. Sam and Mr. Hatch who really copped the Canadian caper.



The effect of this coup was to introduce millions of Americans to the taste of Canadian for the first time, for what had once been a very regional whisky suddenly boomed into national prominence by dint of its availability and quality. The two brands became household words, and to this day Seagram's V.O. and Hiram Walker's Canadian Club account for more than 50 percent of the U.S. market.

Canadian whisky was nectar for a nation that had been numbed by bootlegged firewater. To begin with, it didn't come packaged in a bathtub, and it didn't have the extreme high-voltage of that under-the-counter bottled lightning. It was light, smooth, aged, and, well, different. It had none of the rich charcoal-caramel flavor of the straight bourbons. It was lighter even than Scotch and Irish in an era when those whiskies were a good deal heftier than they are now. And in this land where one of the prime national characteristics is the pursuit of something different, it gained wide and rapid acceptance. In short, Bronfman and Hatch helped stamp the taste of Canadian indelibly on the American tongue.

Just what is the Canadian taste? As we've said, it's distinct—lighter in both body and color than bourbon, and not nearly as fruity. There are regular users who'll swear Cana-

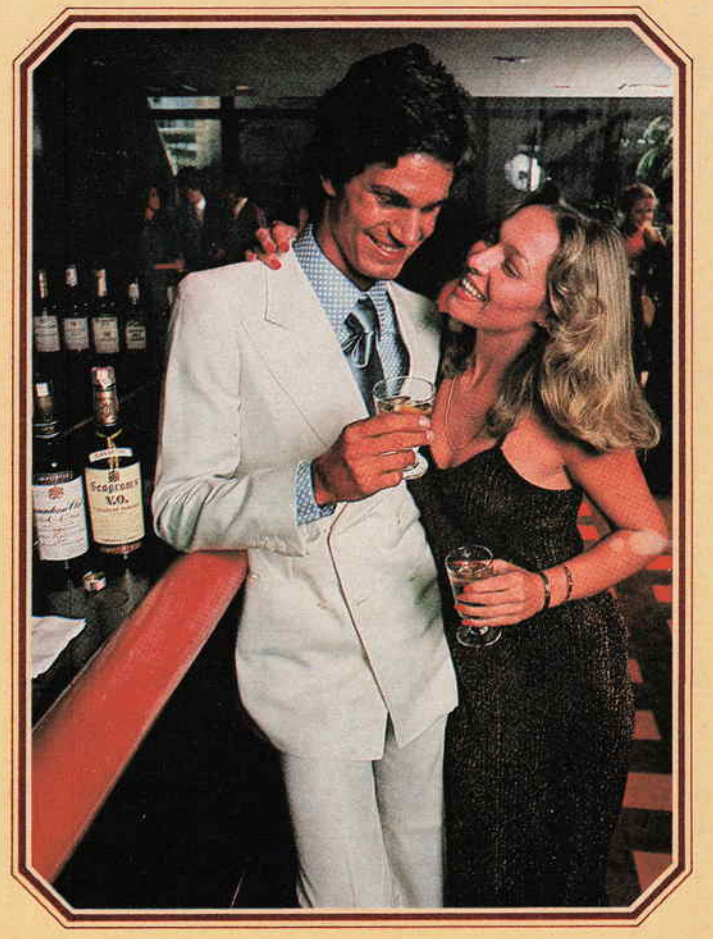
"The key to Canadian is the art of the master blender... and his know-how is the key to the taste—and the success—of the product."

dian is a rye, but in fact, it contains whiskies made from corn, rye, wheat, and barley malt. But the end result—the liquid you pour from the bottle—depends solely on the skill of the blender, who will amalgamate a huge variety of local whiskies to achieve the precise taste he wants. Just how respected that skill has become is reflected in the simple fact that sales of Canadian have tripled in the last decade, soaring to a projected 19 million cases in 1975. In drinking man's terms, that's better than 45 million gallons down our collective hatches—no pun intended. We should add, in all fairness, that the growth cycle has been aided and abetted by the contemporary American penchant for lighter spirits.

Even so, what makes Canadian so different from American blended whiskies? It differs in precisely the same sense that Scotch differs, or that the Burgundies of France differ from those made from the same grape genus in California. Canadian water, for instance, is exceptionally clear and pure. Canadian grains are famed for their quality, and are used by distillers the world over. Combine these ingredients in a mash, distill them, and you have a unique product—unless you demineralize the water. Even within the Dominion, the products of individual distilleries differ. This is due not only to the mash, the yeast, the water, the type of still, and the aging—these are only factors. It's also where and how the spirit is made, and no amount of aging is going to develop anything in a whisky that wasn't there in the first place.

The key to Canadian whisky is the art of the master blender, and his know-how is the key to the taste—and the success—of the product. He is the man who will screen and classify as many as sixty or seventy distillations from all over Canada—a man whose real job begins when those whiskies are from two to five years old. He'll earmark the ones he wants when they achieve a certain peak; then some six months ahead of making his blend, he will reach a final formulation in the laboratory, in which the exact quality of those selected whiskies is determined. The blender does it all by taste, and what it gets right down to is a purely human science. The computer can print out data on the content of a whisky, but it cannot smell or taste. Only the blender has the nose and the palate, and he knows *exactly* what he's looking for. "The blend should have a soothing, delicate flavor as opposed to a robust characteristic," says Art Dawe, Seagram's master blender in Montreal. "There should be zest and tang as opposed to bitterness and harshness. There must be compatibility—the whiskies must marry well to achieve the one flavor you're after."

But flavor is only part of the success story of Canadian. What it's got going for it in the eyes of the young consumer is all the mystique of an import plus lightness in terms of lower proof and paler color which do not compromise the flavor intensity. Distillers and importers have been marshalling their forces to meet this demand, to the point where "bulk" Canadian—so-called because the whisky is shipped here in tank cars or containers and bottled locally—is capturing an ever-increasing share of a market traditionally dominated by two bottled-in-Canada brands—V.O. and Canadian Club. And in these recession times, price is a factor, too. Bulks are cheaper to transport since you're not shipping glass, and the savings are passed on to the consumer. Bulk brands such as Windsor, Canadian Mist, Black Velvet, McNaughton's, and Canadian Lord Calvert, are now making their bid for this highly competitive and lucrative market. Many brand-new entries are making inroads—even the ancient and honorable Hudson's Bay Company, a legendary conglomerate with its roots deep into Canadian history, decided to invade the United States with its own bulk brand a few months ago, bearing the prestigious company name on the label. And taking note of Canada's Gallic tradition, Fleischmann is marketing a new Canadian with a decidedly French accent, as its name—Acadian Frenchly—implies. There's also a Canadian liqueur called Yukon Jack, which the Heublein people introduced a year ago, that retains the distinctive flavor of the Canadian from which it stems while adding a little something of its own—just enough to set it apart from the typical Canadian taste.



With all this concentration on taste, what's the best way to enjoy Canadian? Take it from the master blender. "You'll find people who drink Canadian with their favorite mixer because they like it that way. But *we* blend our whisky to mix with water. The essence of Canadian is to enjoy the taste that we strive to put into it, not to hide or disguise the taste." Wise words indeed, and we second the potion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK MOSCATI
Photographed at Luchow's Restaurant and the Atrium Club

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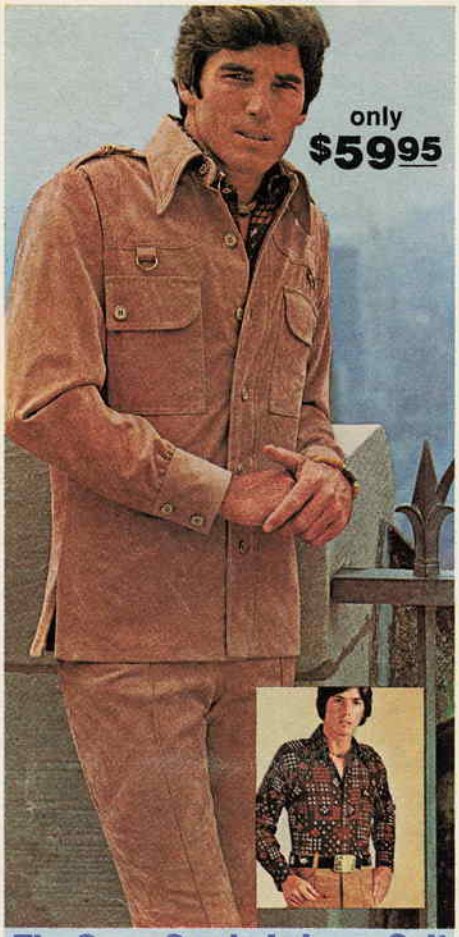

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that you are taller than I am will have no influence on my objectivity. Do you understand? I could wear elevator shoes! It's just not important to me! The same thing goes for all that black hair you have. It certainly doesn't trouble me that I am bald and you aren't! Do you understand?"

"Of course, Mr. Smears."

"It's *Doctor* Smears," the little man said, smiling the broader through teeth clenched the firmer. "First, you are entitled to my credentials so that you will fully appreciate the professional nature of my judgments. I have a doctor's degree in social work. I've had twelve different jobs in the last eight years. And if there's one thing I've got down pat, it's my psychosexual theory. Let us begin. . . . I understand that you have recently married. Are you happy with your wife?"

"She talks a lot—especially at night. When it's time to go to sleep, she won't shut up. And those snakes! I worry. . . ."

"I am not interested in your wife, Mr. Pinwork. I prefer that you not bring your family into the matter. You *are* Mr. Pinwork, are you not?"

"No, McSneak. I mean, McSnooks. Pinwork W. McSnooks. Say, Doc, you don't have a glass of milk on you, do you?"

"You've been in sales, Mr. McSnooks. What's most important in sales? Contempt for the rules! Right?"

"Well, I'd say, when you pick them rats up by the neck, you gotta be quick so they don't bite you—that's the most important."

"What are you talking about? Contempt for the rules is even more important when you get to the top. Before New York Rat hires you, they want me to find out if you really have that willingness to break the rules."

"Well, rules is. . . ."

"I have found, Mr. McSnooks, that the only valid test of a man's innate contempt for petty restraint is in relation to the score he makes on a test which I have developed. In scientific circles it is known as Smears's Grossness Scale."

"Grossness Scale? Well, rules is. . . ."

"The test is very simple. Both of us go downstairs to the main floor and stand just inside the entrance to this building. There, you will unzip your fly, expose yourself, and —as boldly as you know how—walk once around the block. I'll follow, close behind, taking notes."

"Expose myself? What kind of a Dale Carnegie trick is that?"

"Are you questioning *science*? What is more, are you impugning the validity of my techniques of psychological evaluation?"

"Well, I don't think so—not exactly."

"Finally, are you reflecting on my status as a professional person?"

"Huh?"

"Mr. McSnooks, I am assured by General Flinders that your score on this test will be the *only* thing they consider in deciding if you get the job. Your past successful experience in the field will be as naught to them."

"But, that's stupid!"

"Now, Mr. McSnooks, you're fighting America, and you don't want to do that. This country's been too good to you. It's obvious, however, that you have some very basic shortcomings in your personality. Believe me, I know, for I am very, *very* perceptive."

"I want that job! I *want* that job!" said McSnooks.

"Good, then let's go downstairs at once."

In the lobby, McSnooks hesitated. "Are you really sure that you know what you're doing?"

"Mr. McSnooks, I have all the confidence in myself that comes from being a really successful professional person. I assure you that, did I deem it necessary, I would not hesitate to operate on a living human brain. Any further reluctance on your part will cause me to send in a negative report without further evaluation. After all, one either cooperates with science or one doesn't."

"I want that job! *I want that job*!" repeated McSnooks, in a stupor.

He unzipped his fly and exposed himself . . . slightly.

"All the way out, Mr. McSnooks!" said Dr. Smears. "Way, *way* out, now. Incidentally, do I have your home telephone number in my files?"

McSnooks squared his shoulders, stepped out the door, and started walking around the block.

Dr. Smears followed, taking notes on a tablet.

At the first corner, Police Officer James "Waxey" Madonna grabbed McSnooks by the collar and held him tight.

"Okay, Velma. This is the majesty of the law talking. Zip it up and come along quiet."

"Wait. Wait a minute," said McSnooks. "This is just a test for a job. They want to see if I'll break the rules. The guy behind me is giving me a test before I get the job."

"What guy?" asked Police Officer Madonna.

Doctor Smears was gone.

McSnooks was taken to the police station, where he gave his occupation as minister of the gospel. He was booked, photographed, fingerprinted, and the notation "Sex Fiend" was sent off to be entered opposite his name in the National Archives.

He was then taken before Judge Neal Smooch for sentencing.

"In passing sentence on the accused, the court has considered his offence, while disgusting per se, to be a symptom of some deeper, unresolved conflict, perhaps connected with uncertainty as to role behavior, and that, as a minister of the gospel, he may lately have been under stress. For these reasons, the court will suspend the mandatory sentence of fifteen years at hard labor and instead only fine the defendant four hundred and fifty dollars, on condition he agree to report for therapy to Dr. Rayon Smears, an eminent doctor of social work in this city, who gives it out that he has had success in treating cases of this sort, using only the principles of social work."

"Dr. Smears?" asked McSnooks. "The same as takes no man's biscuit?"

"That is, I believe, his identification," said the judge.

"I plan to look him up, Your Honor," said McSnooks.

"Reverend McSneak, you are dismissed. Bailiff, when he pays his fine, return his pants and truss."

As he walked down the steps of the courthouse, McSnooks met Police Officer James "Waxey" Madonna.

"Reverend," said Madonna, "I'll need your home phone number for my files."

Back at his hotel, McSnooks packed to leave town in disgrace.

He knew the New York Rat job was out and he would be lucky if the Nashville Rat Company did not hear of his arrest and fire him.

The telephone rang.

"Pinwork? General Flinders, here. Rotten luck—that test and all—but Dr. Smears gave you a very favorable evaluation and I am now able to officially inform you that the job is yours. When can you start?"

McSnooks flew back to Memphis to turn in his resignation and pack for the move to New York.

Usually, Lambert Sleel wrote any letters that McSnooks required, but he chose to write his own letter of resignation because he wanted to lay it on those dummies in Nashville—but good:

Dear Mr. Nish:

Apropos of my plans for the future, I wish to resign as of the 25th to become top man at the New York Rat Company, an outfit of which I am sure you have knowledge.

Since you and all the other clowns in Nashville have no vision, you cannot understand what this means. Well, it means that in no time I will put you out of business because you do not know a real rat man even when he works for you. Get set to go bankrupt and curse the day you failed to appreciate me—but, ratwise, it will do you no good.

Nothing you could offer me would ever bring me back to your lousy employ.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) Pinwork W. McSnooks

Lambert Sleel sent a release to the *Wall Street Journal* and soon a story appeared there under the headline "Rat Man Promoted—McSnooks to New York Rat."

Two days after that, a promising young vice-president at New York Rat killed himself by drinking pecan oil.

The Memphis Division staff gave Mr. and Mrs. McSnooks a farewell party at the American Legion hut. Floral did an interpretive dance and Tinkle Faye Tompkins gave Maypole McSnooks a set of skillets and a volleyball as a going-away present.

After a ten-day rest, McSnooks flew back to New York to take over and move some rats. Maypole, however, remained in Memphis. The airline would not let her get aboard with a serpent in her pocketbook.

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The first morning on the new job, McSnooks awoke early, dressed quickly, and started walking from his hotel to the New York Rat Building. A block away from his new offices, he passed a man on the sidewalk who was obviously at that very moment in the process of taking Dr. Smears's well-remembered Grossness Scale test.

McSnooks—certain that the man would soon be arrested—grabbed him around the waist and pulled him into a doorway. "Stop! Forget the test!" begged McSnooks. "No job is worth that entry in the Archives. Believe me, I *know*. Zip it up and go into another line!"

"Leave me alone, Velma," said the man. "We cannot do business for it is the babes I am after!"

McSnooks could not let the man ruin himself in the interest of personality testing. He took him by the lapels of his coat, shook him, and pleaded, "Let science go to Hell!"

The two men struggled and an elderly lady, drawn by the commotion, got tangled between them.

Alarmed, the man broke loose and fled—leaving McSnooks holding the lady by the throat just as Police Officer James "Waxey" Madonna appeared.

Madonna had McSnooks's home phone number in his files and had been calling him long distance, asking that he send up some dirty pictures.

"Dirty pictures cleanse me," Officer Madonna often said.

"Officer," said the lady, pointing to McSnooks, "arrest this man! I have just witnessed him taking Dr. Smears's test—for pleasure!"

"What are you talking about, lady?" asked Madonna.

The lady pulled his head down and whispered in his ear.

"I still don't understand. . . ." he said.

"I mean—*this*!" she said, grabbing Madonna at a well-chosen spot and pulling.

She disappeared.

After he was booked, McSnooks was told that he could make a phone call. Shackled to Police Officer Madonna, he dropped a dime into the pay phone.

"Can I call just anyone?"

"It's your constitutional right, McSnooks."

"Can I call the office and tell them I won't be in?"

"Why, sure."

McSnooks telephoned the New York Rat Company and asked for General Flinders. But the girl who answered said there was no one by that name in their employ.

"Of course there is! This is your new president, Pinwork McSnooks, calling. Put General Flinders on!"

A man picked up the telephone at New York Rat.

"McSnooks? This is Redwood M. LaCroiz speaking. I am the president of New York Rat and I always will be. We read about you in the *Wall Street Journal* and tried to figure that cockeyed story out. I don't know what's going on, unless somebody's been pulling a trick on you. Have you got a friend who pulls tricks?"

McSnooks hung up, a broken man.

"Sleel! Lambert Sleel—it was Lambert V. Sleel, Jr. who did me in," said McSnooks to himself. "That goddamn, no-good, Jaycee son of a bitch!"

He remembered back: It was Sleel who had told him General Flinders ran New York Rat; it was Sleel who knew his real name was Pinwork; it was Sleel who sent the release to the *Wall Street Journal*. And it was Sleel, in a new chemical-fiber suit, his ten-year pin in his lapel, who was sitting today as the head of the Memphis Division of Nashville Rat.

All these thoughts and more coursed through McSnooks's devastated brain as Officer Madonna hauled him up before Judge Neal Smooch.

Judge Smooch was shocked.

"This time the court can show no mercy," he said. "After all, we can't have our citizens waving their doodles around as free as the breeze." With that he sentenced McSnooks to a tidy year in prison.

As McSnooks passed the bench on the way to jail, Judge Smooch waved him over. Leaning down, he whispered to McSnooks, "Actually, I'm really doing you a great favor. Where you're going ought to be plain heaven on earth for a guy like you."

"What do you mean?" asked McSnooks.

Judge Smooch smiled, "The warden's a watch queen, Reverend McSneak. Bon voyage!"

ACTION REPLAY

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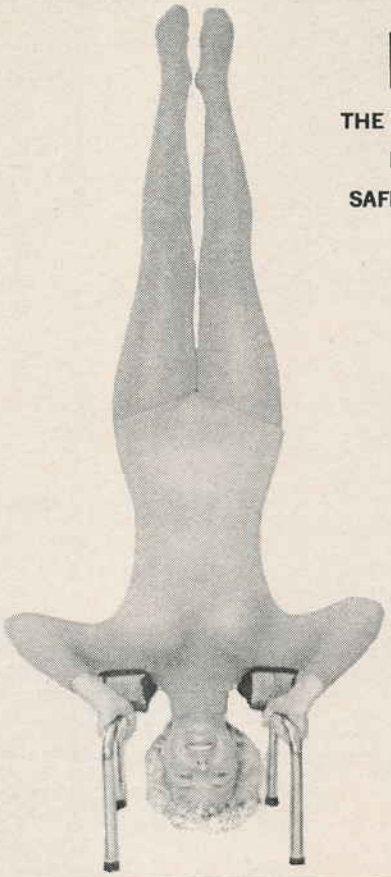

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SEX LETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

laundromat, not even planning on finding a partner for the sex chain letter scenario there. Truth is, he was washing his clothes so he'd have a pair of clean Jockey shorts and jeans to wear to Venice Beach that evening, where he was sure he'd find a willing young prospect. And he'd not only abstained from sex for the required four days, but an extra three had passed while mustering the courage to ask a chick home with him. Susan, thankfully, was out of town, and it was semester break. He could spend all his time working toward sexual conquest. "The night before I met her I woke up in a cold sweat. I'd been dreaming I was sleeping in a blond's ripped underpants, and my cock was ready to shoot. Man, I was scared it was all going to go to waste on the bed, that I'd never find me that blond. . . ."

Turned out his blond had dark chestnut hair, but no matter; she was perfect. As he delicately described her: "Tits like frozen whipped cream with big red cherries on top and a pussy you could drive a truck into." Good thing Danny has a big cock. The young brunette with the garage for a cunt and ice-cream-soda tits was named Mari, and Danny found it was rather easy to get her to come to his apartment. As they eyed each other while folding towels in the laundromat, he developed a hard-on, which she immediately noticed, and after she said, "You're cute," he responded with, "I want to fuck you." According to instructions. She said, "Sure. When?"

The only problem was romance. Danny lit a candle in the apartment, for atmosphere, as he had always done with Susan. But Mari wanted lots of light, she dug watching and seeing "everything." "She even told me she liked to see a guy spread his asshole," Danny said still looking amazed, "so she could look as far up it as she could." Sounded to me as though ice-cream tits knew more about lovemaking than my pal Danny.

In addition, she wanted organic carrot juice to drink. He had a six-pack of Coors in the fridge, ginger ale, orange juice, milk, scotch, bourbon, and rum, even goddamn Gatorade. She wanted organic carrot juice. And three vitamin E capsules, 400 i.u. each. She told him she couldn't have sex with anyone without the "lift" she got from pulverized carrots and E. Organic poppers.

So Danny went down to the corner grocery and spent five bucks on a bottle of vitamin E (they only had 200 i.u. capsules, so he had to feed her six of them instead) and the last bottle of carrot juice in the little store's "health food" section. All this wearing a long T-shirt to cover the erection that wouldn't go down. He knew she was sitting there in his apartment, in her own T-shirt, her cherry nipples standing out through the material, her feet folded under her, the dark thick hair of her crotch sneaking out from beneath the silk panties as she stared down at her jeans piled near the sofa. Danny was so turned on he nearly dropped the juice coming up the stairs.

"They say everyone does his own thing," he told me, "and she did hers, and it worked. It fucking worked. She drank that orangish shit and popped those pills and went crazy." [This is a defense of Mari's carrot and E fetish, which is understandable; after all, the chain letter never promised things would come easy.] Danny continued, "I took off her T-shirt right after I dropped mine and played with her tits while she ran her fingers over my cock in my pants. I ordered her to suck my dick through the material, as it said in the letter, but I didn't even realize I still had my pants on! She got my jeans all nice and wet as she gnawed on the outline of my dick, and finally I told her to pull my pants down with her teeth and she had a hard time, but she wanted my dick so bad she even opened my belt with her mouth. Finally, she sucked me through my Jockeys, but my cock slid out of the leg part and she pulled them down and off my feet. Then, man, she gave me a suck job like I never knew could be done. . . ."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"We balled. She freaked when I took a bite out of her panties, and she screamed because I had some of her pussy hair in my teeth too, but I guess even the pain turned her on because in a second she was rolling around on the floor, moaning and crying and begging me to make her come." So she climaxed and when she bucked her hips

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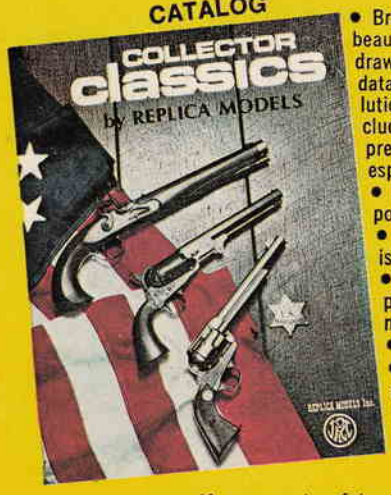

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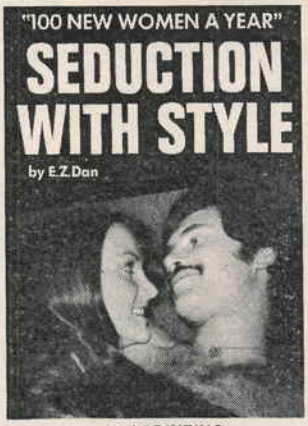

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into the air, Danny shoved his middle finger right up her asshole, the first time he'd ever done that to anyone other than himself (and that in the bathtub when he was fifteen, so he said). She gushed and he kept his lips glued to her until she was relaxed and in carrot-juice heaven.

"Then I did just what it said—I had it memorized by now—and knelt above her so my balls rubbed between her tits and the head of my cock ran over her lips. I worked up some jism and nearly creamed when I saw her licking it off the head of my dick. Then, man, I couldn't stand it anymore, I moved so fast I almost broke my arm, 'cause I couldn't stand it, 'cause I knew I was coming. I shoved my dick all the way up her without even positioning it with my hand. Just right into her, and I was already creaming as I started to slide in. I just let it pump into her like crazy, holding it all the way in."

"Did you eat her then?" I asked. I had the letter in front of me and was quizzing him.

Danny grinned and nodded. "First time I tasted my own stuff. Wasn't bad." I told him that the next time he beats off he should lie on his back and press his ass up against the wall and cream into his own mouth. He told me to go to hell. My humor eludes him, I guess. "Anyhow, it was a trip," he said, "fucking her through her panties." He swore he could feel the silk on his balls, but who really feels anything like that when you're shooting off and seeing stars?

But he did it, Danny boy, he gave her his undershorts, the pair he'd been wearing when he walked into the laundromat. In fact, he walked her back there so she could pick up the last load in the dryer, and before he left, he saw her bend over to get her clothes basket and the elastic band with the word JOCKEY showed above the top of her jeans.

He went home and whacked off thinking about it, as he sat on the floor writing copies of the chain letter. I asked him what *his* fantasy was, what was *he* now ordering other guys to do? He wouldn't tell me, but I'm sure some of my guesses wouldn't be too far off base. Danny's changed. He hasn't yet made the break with Susan, but it's coming. And *he's* coming, nearly every night, with some of the best looking girls in the world. He even swears he now likes carrot juice. Is there no end to what the chain letter can do?

Maybe not. The other example is Mike:

Mike's letter was more of the consciousness-lifting variety, but the only thing it lifted was his penis. It told him:

. . . this message is brought to you for good luck in the greatest of God's pleasures, sex. The original copy came from ancient times, but has lasted the centuries and been translated into nearly every language in the world.

It asked little of him:

You must strip naked and read this while holding your penis in your hand. You must not orgasm until the last line, at which time your body will shudder and your soul will be released for a few moments of ecstasy. . . .

And if that didn't convince him, some hype was added:

A Spanish missionary read the message while kneeling in a small chapel; his sperm shot fifteen feet into the air and landed on a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Norman Nygren and his wife Lulu drowned in their bathtub while having intercourse. Norman had received the message but had thrown it away four days earlier.

A teenage boy in Illinois recently received the message, read it aloud before going to sleep one night, and experienced the orgasm of his life. The next day his mother won $300,000 in a lottery.

A man in New York followed the instructions, but when typing the message to send to twenty people, tried to change the wording to suit his own imagination. He had a stroke and died at the typewriter.

Four days after the greatest orgasm of your life, you will receive a surprize (sic).

Well, Mike didn't receive any *surprize*, but he had one hell of a good jerk-off session. On the next page of the chain letter was this "ancient" message from the gods. I think it lost something in the translation down through the ages (probably three months), and I quote it verbatim:

THE ULTIMATE WOMAN

She is standing above you on the bed, this creature of God, this perfect woman. You can see the darkness up her tight skirt but cannot quite make out the line of her vagina, the crack of her ass. You are powerless under her beauty, holding your erect penis in your hand, cupping your testicles with the other, begging her with your eyes to come down to you, to sit on your hard tool [there's an ancient word for you], *to lift her skirt and press her hot steamy vagina to your lips, to your nose, to your eyes. You want to eat her and fuck her. You want to come in her long beautiful hair and watch her suck it into her mouth, licking herself clean like a pussycat.*

She hikes her skirt a bit and shakes open her blouse. Her ripe breasts fall out like fruit from a basket [the other was ice-cream gobs, this one is fresh fruit] *and you feel your throbbing organ throb ever harder in your hands as your heart throbs* [stop the *throbbing* already!] *and you stare up at the rounded globes of her womanhood. You feel your spirit rising, through your abdomen, through your balls, through your organ, moving from that point to her, the vibrations joining you as one in spirit.*

She is the goddess of womanhood, almost saintly in her sex, and you are her mirror image, the man in her camp of followers and worshipers. [Sounds like the concept for a musical concocted by Ken Russell and Katherine Kuhlman.] *She pulls her skirt even higher and her naked, wet vagina is exposed to your eyes, and she spreads her*

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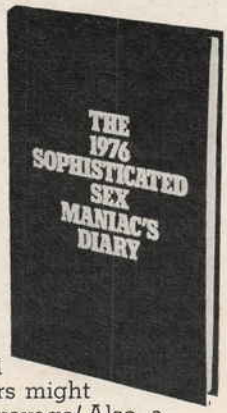

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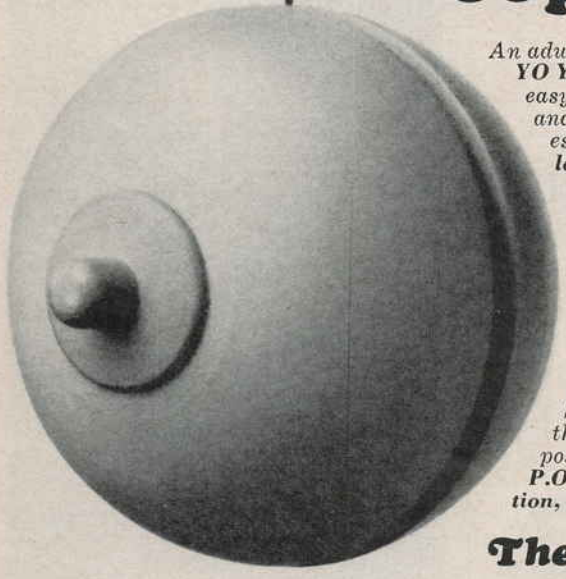

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legs as she begins to squat over you and you see her hard nub of a clitoris. Then she rips off the skirt and blouse and is naked.

Finally, she presses her womanly mound against your forehead and runs it down over your face until your tongue is all the way up her, feeling her dark narrow vaginal path, the hard clit pressing on your tongue. She allows you to lick her ass and you suck on it as she tells you how good it feels. You are in a physical and spiritual heaven. You are one big cock and she is one massive cunt. [Can you imagine this being written on some cave wall, B.C.?] *She is the power over you now, cunt power, juicy wet sticky cunt power, and you are hard and trembling and filled with blood, engorged, balls enlarged, bursting.* [I'd say the fellow in New York keeled over *after* changing the letter to suit his imagination.]

And now she moves down to your dick. You hold it up for pussy, begging, dreaming. She comes down on it just a little, letting the head enter. You feel the soft pussy hair on the glans, and then she is off again, her head dipping now, coming to take your monster in her mouth, and she does so and swirls her tongue around the tip. She fondles your balls as you stretch your arms back out on the bed, in total supplication. The world ceases to exist; pleasure is the only plane [Jesus!] *on which you now exist.*

And it happens. You have begged her for something, anything, to lift you into another state of consciousness. You need to be baptized in her womanhood, need to be reborn. She kneels above your hard cock and tells you to work it up and down, to tell her when you are ready to come . . . you moan and she knows it is time . . . suddenly your head throbs and everything goes black as you feel wet . . . the baptism has begun, hallelujah, the waterfall of golden liquid has begun, and she splashes your hot cock with her hot piss, and it runs down over your balls and you cum as she empties herself onto you, your semen mixing with her baptismal waters.

You get the general idea?

Mike is a good kind of guy, gruff and muscular, used to balling older women "because they know more," and hangs around beaches on weekends partly because of nostalgia (he was a lifeguard when he was in high school) and sexual desire (he knows that's the place to score easily). He works a steady job to support his ex-wife (after seven months of wedded bliss, they decided they hated each other's guts in the eighth) and had never received a chain letter in his life. Now I think he *starts* them, not only replies to them.

Up to now, I've considered myself pretty worldly, hip, aware, whatever the hell you want to call it. But Danny's letter and Mike's opus blew my mind—I never knew sex chain letters existed. They seemed an interesting phenomenon, new toys, and, at times, exciting—exciting at least in their potential. I tried something.

I typed up a letter, writing a fantasy jerk-off scene something like the kind Mike got (I

Strategy & Tactics

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- **The East is Red**
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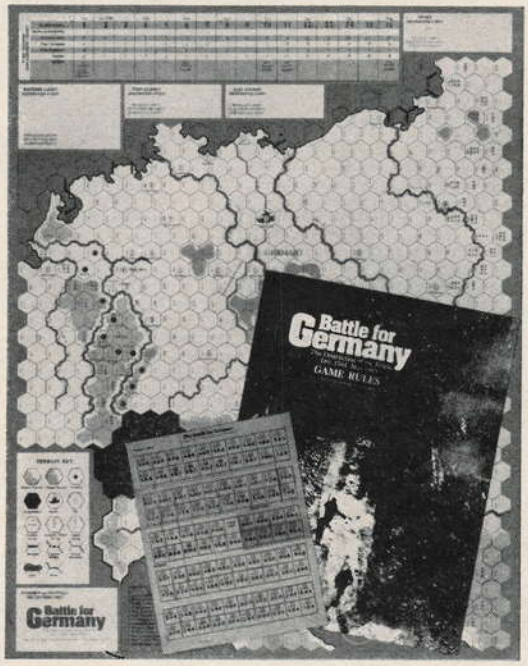
- **Tank!**
- **Operation Olympic**
- **American Civil War**
- **Combined Arms**

(Note that all these games are now available in their separate $8 boxed versions.)



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OH, WICKED WANDA!
HOWARD HUGE'S MINICHICKS HAVE MADE OFF WITH HOMER SAPIENS AND HIS MIRACLE FORMULA FOR AN OIL SUBSTITUTE. ONE MINICHICK DIDN'T GET AWAY. ON WANDA'S ORDERS SHE IS PRESENTED TO THE DREADED UTANG PRIAPOS.....
WHAT'S THAT HE'S HOLDING?
YOU MEAN THE IRON BAR?
I MEAN IN HIS OTHER HAND!
I PRESUME THAT UNDERNEATH THE STORY LINE THIS STRIP CONTAINS A HEAVY VEIN OF SYMBOLISM
YES—IT'S A QUESTION OF SELF IDENTIFICATION. THERE'S SOMETHING OF THE UTANG PRIAPUS IN ALL OF US!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT?
OF COURSE—THAT'S CALLED PSYCHOLOGICAL JARGON! THEY'RE JUST MAKING A LIVING—LIKE THE REST OF US!
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOURSELF IN THE PUBLIC EYE—OTHERWISE THEY'LL DISCOVER THEY CAN DO WITHOUT YOU!
TRUE!
VISIT DISNE
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

WHAT'RE YOU SO UPTIGHT ABOUT? HE LIKES YOU!
HERE WE GO, FELLER-PLAYTIME!
I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK! TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
NO, FUNNY MAN —HE ISN'T A RELATIVE OF MINE!
LOOK! FOR CLANCY MULLIA!
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT!

.....SO, TO MR HUGE, US DINT SIZED CHICKS ARE A TURN-ON, 'COS HE'S - WELL - KINDA UNDERSIZED HIMSELF, KNOW-WHAT-I-MEAN?.....
.....ANYWAY, IT WAS HIS FRIEND BOSSOTUTTI'S IDEA TO SEND US IN TO SABOTAGE YOU. BY NOW THE REST OF THE MINI-CHICKS ARE SAFELY BACK ON MR HUGE'S PRIVATE ISLAND. SO YOU CAN SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR FORMULA.....
WHY AREN'T THEY WEARING ANY CLOTHES IN THIS STRIP?
WOULD ANYONE READ IT IF THEY WERE?
...AND TO YOUR PRECIOUS HOMER SAPIENS!
ONE LAST QUESTION, SWEETIE.....
WHERE IS THIS ISLAND?

A WEEK LATER, SOMEWHERE (PSSST!) IN THE CARIBBEAN...
THE CARIBBEAN HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE ERNIE'S 'OLD MAN AND THE SEA'!
D'YOU KNOW THAT DOLPHINS CAN TALK?
THERE AIN'T NO MARKET FOR TALKIN' CAT FOOD!
Charlie's
Rentaboat service
A FISH EVERY TIME!
COLD DRINKS, HOT CHICKS, AND A FORMULA THAT'S GONNA HOLD THE WORLD TO RANSOM! WHAT MORE COULD A GOD-FEARIN' WASP ASK FOR, BOSSOTUTTI?
MORE PARMESAN!
SEXUAL EQUALITY! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! D'YOU KNOW AN EASIER WAY OF MAKIN' A LIVING?

SUDDENLY.....
MR HUGE, SAH — JES' LOOK WHAT'S CLOSIN' IN ON US!
WHAT THE HELL IS IT?
THEY COULD BE THE IRA...
....OR LEBANESE FASCISTS..
.....OR THE ULSTER DEFENCE FORCE...
.....OR ISRAELI COMMANDOS...
....OR THE PALESTINE LIBERATION ARMY....
...OR BLACK AFRICAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS...
WHOEVER THEY ARE THEY LOOK PRETTY REVOLTING!
.....OR ANY BUNCH OF HOODLUMS UNDER A SOCIAL CHANGE BANNER!
I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE CAP'N — 'ES GOT BIGGER BOOBS THAN WOT OLD 'ENRY MORGAN 'AD!
YOU'LL SWING FROM THE YARDARM FOR THIS, MR CHRISTIAN!
YIKE!
THE GOOD SHIP VENUS
POOF
AVAST, YE LUBBERS!
ALL RIGHT, YE SCUM! STAND BY FOR BOARDING!

I'VE ALWAYS ENVIED THOSE SABINE WOMEN!
WHY THE HELL SHOULD I BE THE SCAPEGOAT FOR 25,000 YEARS OF MALE DOMINATION?
I WANT 'EM ALIVE, MEN!
THIS SITUATION'S GOT POSSIBILITIES!
LEAVE SOME OF THE LOOT FOR ME!
THE PACKAGE TOUR HAS RUINED THE CARIBBEAN!
IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA CHASE AROUND WAVIN' A CUTLASS IN THE AIR, YOU ARE MISTAKEN!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION AND THEY'LL PROBABLY GO AWAY!

YOU REALIZE I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP?
THE VON KREESUS BRAT!
IN PERSON! LET'S GO, HUGIE —BOY!
I'VE GOT TICKETS FOR THE NEXT GOODBYE FOREVER SINATRA CONCERT — TAKE 'EM!
WELL DONE, MASTER GUNNER.....
.... NOW, STEER A STRAIGHT COURSE TO YOUR HOME PORT, HUGE!
HOORAY!
P.O.F
I WISH THEY'D MAKE UP THEIR MINDS JUST WHAT KIND OF A STORY THIS IS! IS IT A PIRATE YARN OR A DISASTER EPIC?
FOR YOU, MATE —IT'S GONNA BE A DISASTER!

HERE WE COME, HOMER—WITH FIRE AND SWORD!
♫ FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZOO-OO-MA, TO THE SHORES OF TRI-PO-LEEEEE ♫
FROM INSIDE HIS BUNKER THE REAL HOWARD HUGE WATCHES WANDA'S CRAFT ENTER THE HARBOUR. THEN.....
NOW!
AT LAST! MY MOST OBSCENE DREAMS OF VENGEANCE COME TRUE!
GULP! I THINK WE'VE BOOBED, BOO'FUL!
P.U.F
TWANGGGG!
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- The overall length of the vagina increases up to 10 centimeters and the outer labia swells and shows a size increase of up to two-to-three times its normal size!
- The female clitoris retracts just prior to orgasm — causing men to sometimes lose digital contact with the clitoris!
- During orgasm, the female experiences two to four second muscle contractions followed by a series of 3 to 15 rhythmic contractions in each orgasmic experience!

"The Full Color Guide To Sexual Pleasures from A to Z"

by Günther Hunold

DO YOU KNOW

- At what age a women has the greatest orgasmic potential?
- The percentage of today's women under 25 who engage in premarital sex?
- What percentage of today's single men and women between 25 and 34 practice cunnilingus and fellatio? What percentage of married persons in this age group engage in these practices?
- How frequently do today's married couples under 25 engage in sexual intercourse? . . . Couples between 35 and 44? . . . Couples over 50 years of age?
- What percentage of single women achieve orgasm? What percentage of married women?

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- Have you ever asked yourself: Am I a good lover? . . . Am I oversexed or undersexed? What is the norm?
- Is sex a physical necessity? Do people suffer harmful physical effects if they are deprived of an outlet for their sexual desires and performances?
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sure as hell hope it was better; and I didn't pretend it came from the "ancients!"), typed a cover letter, saying some people had broken the chain and their cocks had fallen off, others who had followed instructions had been known to increase their prowess by 87 percent.

Then I made a list of phony names and put mine at the end, and sent it out to twenty people I knew (but not well). It was a test—I wanted to see how the instructions would hold up. I specifically stated that the letter "must be copied WORD FOR WORD." I planned on checking with some friends whom I was sure would end up getting a copy after it had gone through a number of different hands (small world, as they say), but the joke was on me—I myself got a chain letter, two weeks later, the same one that I'd started, but it had gone around fast enough that my name no longer appeared on it. What was fascinating was the body of the piece. Where I had written, "Think of her wrapping her body around you, your prick up her warm pussy, carrying her around the room as you fuck her . . . and you end up watching her masturbate in front of you on the floor," something a bit different appeared.

You wrap your body around hers and put your prick up her pussy. The other guy [what other guy?] *slides his cock up her ass and you feel it inside her someplace. Then the two of you carry her around the room . . . finally, she watches you suck each other off in front of her on the floor.*

What started out as a nice, simple heterosexual fuck scene finally turned up as a bisexual orgy. God knows, it probably is still going around, as a transsexual S & M pedophiliac Black Mass. Funny how stories always change in retelling.

And so, my friends, the sex chain letter is here to join in the ranks of all the other chain letters ever known to man, in all its forms, and God knows there are variations still to be invented.

Start one yourself, be creative. Send a copy to every one in your apartment building, or everyone on your block, or everyone who works in your office, and watch how fast friends can be made. Forget all of those stupid recipes and all of those dumb requests for "a measly fifty cents" and the warnings that the Awesome Power From Above will knock you on your ass if you don't get down to the nearest Xerox machine and copy up those prayers. Don't waste your time. Wait for the hot ones to arrive.

And when you get one, will you do me a favor? Send *me* a copy. Bills I get, advertisements for radial tires, books I never ordered nor care to ever read, even airmail notes from China asking me (in Chinese, yet) if I care to have a hand-made suit. Do I get letters like Dan and Mike? No, not me. Some people have all the luck.

I often wonder if it's because I once broke a chain when I was twelve, by not sending ten baseball bubble gum trading cards to five friends.

CLICK!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

you pay, the more sophistication you get.

The simple, less expensive 110's are precisely that. The lens is a very slow one, and requires good overall light. The focus is fixed, and flashcubes are required for shooting indoors or at night. The expensive models have sharp, fast lenses, which enable you to take pictures in such low-light situations as cocktail parties and bedrooms.

And loading these pocket jobs is a cinch since the film comes in a cartridge that drops into the camera. There are even electronic flash units that attach to these cameras. If you use flash consistently, you'll find that you save money if you invest in the unit rather than buy an endless supply of flash cubes.

Larger format cameras, those cameras that use larger film (120mm and above), are really for the serious hobbyist or the professional photographer. The larger negative means better quality in the enlarged print. There are single-lens cameras in the 120/220 size as well as the better known twin-lens reflex.

There are, by contrast, subminiature cameras that are even smaller than the 110 pocket jobs. Best known as "spy" cameras, these little machines also use cartridge film and enable the owner to have a camera with him at all times.

Polaroid cameras are in a special category. You can purchase a very inexpensive Polaroid Swinger, or get the revolutionary SX-70. Instant photography is always fascinating and, in the hands of creative people, the results are often astonishing. As with the subminiatures, many people buy a Polaroid as a second camera for casual shooting. Another obvious boon is the privacy instant photography allows—only you and your subject see the photographs—since no outside processing is necessary.

Over two million people have bought Polaroid's SX-70 since it was introduced two years ago, and now there are two cheaper versions on the market. The Model 3 sells for under $100.

No matter which camera you finally buy, get it at a reputable store. Make sure that the dealer has a money-back or exchange policy so that if anything is not functioning properly, the problem can be detected and remedied at no cost to you. Try the camera out immediately to determine that it is operating correctly. Read the instruction manual carefully, with the camera in front of you. And while some new cameras don't work properly, the problem is usually the photographer, not the equipment. Buying a camera is only the first step into this realm of art and fun, and your only limitations are your own skill and imagination—you may not be taking pictures like Ansel Adams or Cartier-Bresson in the first year or so, but keep on shooting. They had to start somewhere, too.

Vitamins for your Hair.

Internationally acclaimed health and beauty expert, Gaylord Hauser, believes that the best hair conditioner in the world is nutrition.

Dr. Agnes Savill and Dr. Clara Warren state in a definitive text, that vitamins and minerals in their proper proportions are essential for normal hair.

7 VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR. PLUS 5 MINERALS. ALL IN ONE CAPSULE.

The little capsule with 12 ingredients.

Head Start is a unique vitamin and mineral capsule, developed especially for your hair by Cosvetic Laboratories.

It's got those specific nutrients which major nutritionists believe to be responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike.

Head Start is the only vitamin-mineral capsule available which is specifically balanced for your hair's needs.

HAIR GROWS SEVEN TIMES FASTER THAN BODY CELLS.

According to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition–even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin–just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

To insure the health of your hair and scalp, you need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

LABORATORY TESTS INDICATE HAIR NEEDS CERTAIN VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Doctors report that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate–which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin. In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help balding men. According to Ms. Davis, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.* And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of the "12" ingredients–each specifically included with healthy hair in mind–that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

HEAD START WILL WORK FOR YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding cases other than hereditary situations. It occurs for the same reason some other disorders occur. Dry, unmanageable hair is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp. And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care. But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start works. Head Start is not one of those magical baldness preventatives. It is just the vitamins and minerals designed for healthy hair and scalp.

*Adelle Davis, Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit.

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It's the ideal gift. The Special Stimulator adds to her pleasure... helps her attain and intensify orgasms. Your reward for being so generous? Your excitement grows with hers! Your bodies have never been so in tune. What's more, Prelude 2 might even teach you a thing or two about your own sensuality.

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THE NSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

House and the CIA to the Pentagon and the individual military services; the other is that NSA, given its inevitable bureaucratic appetites, engages in what an agency veteran has called "self-fulfilling work." These are activities designed to justify its existence on the present scale—and perhaps on even a larger one as technological breakthroughs keep occurring and SIGINT grows geometrically more complex.

Such critics as Herbert Scoville have already noted that, in effect, the NSA retains an exaggerated and risky ELINT capability despite the advent of safer intelligence methods provided by the satellites. But it is up to the Pentagon and the National Security Council in the White House (and its "Forty Committee" that directs all covert intelligence) to discipline themselves in requesting more and more SIGINT operations. It is also the responsibility of the Director of Central Intelligence who, at least nominally, runs the U.S. intelligence community to establish greater control.

But this is where political pressures enter the picture. The Director of Central Intelligence, who also serves as CIA director, can be overruled by the president and the National Security Council. He also faces the problem that the CIA, which he heads, is in a permanent state of rivalry with the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, another member of the intelligence community. "The CIA and the DIA often act as if they were adversaries in court," an intelligence officer commented recently. Under the circumstances, the Director of Central Intelligence occasionally finds it awkward to veto projects the DIA proposes for the NSA's execution, having to defer in the end to the military. Thus the NSA finds itself caught in Washington politics.

(There is also a major and costly technological overlap between the NSA and the CIA. The latter duplicates some of the NSA's operations.)

When it comes to its own fundamental mission, there are NSA critics who wonder whether this mammoth agency is not increasingly engaging in useless wheel-spinning, especially in cryptology, the NSA's most important and costly work. Their point is that while the agency must keep developing and improving U.S. secret codes and ciphers, it may well be wasting its time if it is continuing to try to break Soviet codes.

David Kahn, the author of *The Codebreakers* and one of the world's leading nongovernmental cryptology experts, says flatly that the state of the art has reached the stage where neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union can any longer break each other's codes. Both countries now use so-called "one-time-pad" systems under which a computer-devised code is used only once in top-secret communications. Preprogrammed computers at the sending end, linked to receiving computer decoding machines, change the ciphers each time in an infinity of mathematical combinations. Random numbers are used and, to put it simply, they cannot be guessed by the other side intercepting the message. Kahn said in a recent interview that it is impossible in a "finite time" to obtain a cleartext because the one-time-pad system rules out code patterns that normally might have been expected to provide a key to the ciphers.

Although nowadays the NSA probably can break the codes of thirty-two nations, this, too, will soon be narrowed as other countries join the superpowers in the new technology of cryptology.

With the cryptological deadlock, the NSA concentrates on what is known as Traffic Analysis. To put it simply again, this is the monumental effort to establish *traffic* patterns even if the NSA (and this must be true of the Russians) cannot read the actual messages. The so-called "externals"—the forms of messages and transmission methods—can provide valuable clues that often can be fitted together like in a mosaic. If, for example, Soviet station "A" starts transmitting not only to station "B," which is its normal pattern, but to five or more other stations on the same circuit, the NSA's experts may conclude that something unusual, such as military maneuvers or even war preparations, is under way. Detailed weather reports for areas where Soviet nuclear launchers are located—or for areas covering potential targets in the U.S. or elsewhere—

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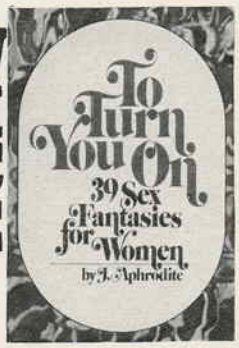

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are noted with interest. Sometimes they are transmitted in the clear and sometimes in identifiable groups of numbers. When it comes to the monitoring of low-level Morse transmissions, NSA listeners at faraway outposts (and, presumably, their Soviet counterparts) have become so adept at listening that they can identify individual operators from the way in which they handle the transmitter keys. While most air traffic is in the clear, American and Soviet pilots are increasingly turning to video transmissions—writing messages with special pens on video transmitting screens—to insure secrecy. These are very hard to intercept because of the limited transmitting range, but they, too, form patterns.

Flare-9 strategic monitoring stations (these are Circularly Displayed Antenna Array systems whose outer circles are the size of about three football fields) deployed by the air force at eight European and Pacific locations provide the NSA daily with an enormous volume of what it considers to be absolutely vital information. This is supplemented by a mass of additional SIGINT, ELINT, and RADINT data from flying and seaborne intercept platforms and from the 2,000 fixed intercept posts around the world. This avalanche of information flows steadily into the Fort Meade headquarters from NSA units everywhere for processing and collation. The question is whether the NSA can really absorb all of it.

Another question is the extent to which the NSA may become an occasional victim of Soviet deception. The Russians continuously send out deliberately misleading messages ("phantom traffic") and separating the wheat from the chaff is a major problem—particularly when the NSA is uncertain how the administration in Washington interprets Soviet policies in general. This, then, creates a situation of possible political judgments affecting cryptological analysis.

(One of the NSA's ill-fated projects was IGLOO WHITE, a massive program of placing sensors in Indochina to detect movements by North Vietnamese troops and call in B-52 strikes against them. The Vietnamese easily "fooled" the sensors.)

The highest priority messages—CRITICS—receive immediate attention. Moving over top-secret CRITTICOM circuits, a CRITIC message may report a strategic emergency (like the indications that a nuclear strike may be in the offing) or a political or diplomatic one. CRITICS are automatically sent first to the White House Situation Room, then to the NSA, the top commands, the State Department, the CIA, and so on. They may be dispatched by NSA units as well as by American ambassadors and CIA station chiefs. But, not infrequently, CRITICS are false alarms or exaggerations. In one case, a CRITIC was flashed to Washington reporting the movement of camel troops from Algeria into Morocco. Another time, a CRITIC reported the development of a new-generation Soviet strategic bomber that could land on water. This, of course, was CRITIC material, but

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As a rule, FLARE-9 stations report every six hours all the flights by the Soviet Strategic Air Force, but the NSA also receives special SPOT REPORTS (one notch below CRITICS) when unusual air, land, or sea activity occurs in the Soviet Bloc. The NSA is informed through PENREPS (Penetration Reports) when a Soviet strategic aircraft appears over non-Soviet territory.

All this is fine, the NSA's critics say, inasmuch as a lot of this data does concern actual national security. But, they add, there is a tremendous waste of time and resources. In addition to actual SIGINT reporting, for example, NSA field stations usually send out analytical reports on a given problem—not necessarily requested from above. As an NSA veteran explained it, "These reports are very boring and, because of general alienation among the workers, are replete with mistakes. . . . But they represent the record of the NSA's record of monitoring." Higher SIGINT headquarters also issue reports—but these go down to the field. They amount, a NSA official has said, to veritable encyclopedias issued daily, weekly, or monthly on every subject concerned with SIGINT. And every week, Technical Support Documents are issued by NSA, amounting to a "good-sized library."

In Vietnam, NSA field units received daily complete lists of radio call sign changes for every North Vietnamese and Vietcong tactical unit. They were prepared by NSA Bravo Group headquarters, covering Asia, and added up to thick volumes. The idea was that field units could thus better identify the enemy. But, according to some of the men at the receiving end, they served very little purpose because they were out of date by the time they were received. The lists, an official says, "were a general nuisance to most of the analysts who had to read and use them daily, then prepare them for burning every night." In Europe and at strategic sites in the Far East, the volume descending on the men was even greater.

NSA critics further claim that even the use of SIGINT material by combat commanders is questionable. "There is a tendency at all levels on the part of operational commanders to view intelligence that supports their plans as productive—and intelligence that does not as nonproductive," an observer said. "Thus the NSA is predominantly offering intelligence to please the operational side of the military. In return, operations support the intelligence view of strategy." This allegation is naturally hard to prove, but the fact is that all concerned must interpret SIGINT output once it reaches them—and this includes the White House, where Kissinger has his own ideas about what things mean.

At the Fort Meade headquarters, it is said, the backlog of low-priority messages and computer tapes is so great that it fills entire boxcars. This raises the crucial question of

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whether the NSA should be more selective in its SIGINT collection. Two years ago, to dispose of classified materials that could no longer be stored, the NSA built a $1.2 million "classified waste destructor" designed to handle twenty tons of secret papers daily. The "destructor" at Fort Meade was supposed to convert classified trash into gases and liquid at a temperature of 3400° F. But the equipment failed to work—and NSA security officials discovered with horror that classified papers were blowing out of the stack.

The NSA also has serious personnel problems. These are social, cultural, and racial. Technological intelligence tends to be produced on the assembly-line principle, enhancing alienation and depersonalization. According to some reports, the suicide and mental breakdown rate in the NSA is the highest in the government. Psychological tensions involving senior officials, who cannot even tell their families where they work, have led to countless broken marriages. In the field, there are slowdowns and even sabotage by military operators, especially Morse monitors who spend long hours in remote areas, sometimes in snowbound Aleutian huts, listening to faint and garbled "ditty-boops"—or hearing nothing at all. When they go on "strike," they simply claim "Nil Heard" or "My man is down," and on occasions their supervisors go along with it. There have been at least three major defections by NSA analysts to Russia; they must have caused considerable damage.

NSA enlisted men often hate their officers, in part because most of the latter are technically ignorant. There are clashes between Morse operators, who usually come from blue-collar and right-wing backgrounds, and analysts and voice operators, who tend to be better educated and politically more liberal. There has been racial strife in NSA units in West Germany and the Philippines. And NSA personnel have also engaged in antiwar protests during the Vietnam period.

According to one account, the most dramatic of these protests occurred in May 1972, when some fifty analysts and operators at the ASA Seventh Radio Research Field Station at Ramsum, Thailand, went on strike to protest the bombing of Hanoi. Ramsum is near the Udorn Air Force Base, where many of the raids against North Vietnam originated. Five or six of the men specifically responsible for strategic security refused to monitor the signals of the North Vietnamese surface-to-air missile emplacements. This monitoring alerts B-52 crews to take countermeasures to escape the missiles. Without this protection, B-52's are defenseless. It is thought that a high fatality rate among the B-52's at the time was due in part to the Ramsum strike. Unconfirmed reports say that several of the strikers were court-martialed and discharged.

There are also sensitive problems on the highest levels of the NSA. The relationship between the agency and the corporate world is disturbingly warm. For example, it is alleged that much international economic

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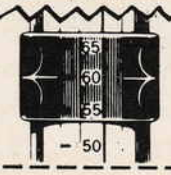

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data gathered by the NSA goes to banks and corporations, in addition to the U.S. government. Because SIGINT monitors worldwide communications, it collects information from data banks and computer and telex transmissions concerning financial transactions, statistics, and commercial exchanges involving corporations and governments. It is no problem for the NSA to break the relatively primitive codes used by most corporations and the argument has been heard that it is in the national interest to provide American corporations and U.S.-based multinationals with vital data they could not otherwise obtain.

According to some observers, the NSA lies "at the very heart of the military-electronics industry complex," which is a more sophisticated version of President Eisenhower's military-industrial complex that he found so threatening to the nation. Charges have been privately made that corporations with "the right connections" in the NSA receive secret contracts for developing new equipment that already has a built-in obsolescence so that the need would immediately arise for new models. In Vietnam, for example, NSA units were reportedly receiving new minicomputers every five months. Corporate "technical representatives" always seemed to be present around NSA installations to "check on the equipment" and recommend "improvements."

A special link between the SIGINT establishment and industry is the Association of Old Crows, a group formed in 1963 by former military SIGINT officers. The association primarily represents manufacturers of Electronic Warfare equipment, which the armed forces buy at the rate of several hundred-million dollars annually. The association publishes *Electronic Warfare*, a bimonthly magazine full of its members' advertising of the most sophisticated computer and EW systems. The current president of the association is an air force colonel, and the board of directors includes an admiral. The senior advisory board includes General Andrew J. Goodpaster, formerly Supreme NATO Commander, and four colonels. The association obviously has clout: speakers at its 1973 convention in Washington included former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Senators John Tower and Barry Goldwater. Much of *EW* magazine is devoted to listings of all the key officers in the air force's Electronic Warfare divisions at principal U.S. commands—complete with their direct telephone numbers. It is all very convenient.

Being so much part of the official establishment, the NSA may have found it hard to resist involvement in domestic political spying. Dissidents, after all, are enemies of the establishment. As noted earlier, the NSA has been recruited to support army units in charge of civil disturbance control under the Pentagon's secret GARDEN PLOT plan.

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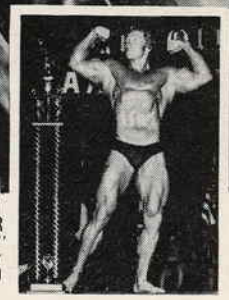

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According to army documents which recently became available, the ASA was given in 1967 and 1968 the secret mission of intercepting citizen-band radio communications among dissident groups converging on Washington and Chicago for planned demonstrations. The ASA and the USAFSS were similarly active during Washington antiwar demonstrations in the early 1970's. Presumably, all these agencies remain ready to supply electronic support to army units assigned to the control of whatever civil disorders may occur in the future.

The documents show that the ASA first became engaged in domestic affairs during antiwar demonstrations in Washington between October 19 and 23, 1967. The ASA was ordered to support the army's Task Force Washington by monitoring the demonstrators' radio communications and with what was described as "deception" operations—presumably sending false information to dissident groups.

The next time the ASA was called to help the army in Washington was during disturbances between April 5 and 11, 1968. The operation started out with the assignment of 129 officers and enlisted men to "install, operate, and manage [intercept] positions." Nineteen intercept positions were established in the capital and as far away as Warrenton, Virginia.

In August 1968, the ASA was again activated under the GARDEN PLOT plan to assist in the control of civil disturbances expected in Chicago during the National Democratic Convention. This "secret" operation was code-named "Rancher III," and involved the Fifth Army in Illinois, ASA units from the III Army Corps in Texas, and ASA and USAFSS units from Warrenton and Arlington in Virginia. The operation was directed by ASA headquarters in Arlington, and intelligence estimates spoke of "dissident forces" and "friendly forces" as if the army was preparing for a war in Chicago. The directive ordered ASA elements to "provide covert and overt monitoring of Citizen Band and emergency nets through the employment of fixed and mobile intercept and communications positions." It said that "the purpose of this support is to provide Department of the Army forces information derived from analysis of communications procedures, message texts and net structure." It added that "all references to USASA monitoring . . . activities will be classified SECRET-LIMDIS-NOFORN." LIMDIS stands for "Limited Distribution" and NOFORN for "No Foreign Dissemination." ASA personnel were authorized to wear civilian clothes during RANCHER III.

It is not known if GARDEN PLOT—and its NSA support—has been implemented in the past with the knowledge and assent of local and state authorities—or strictly on military orders. Normally, federal authorities enter

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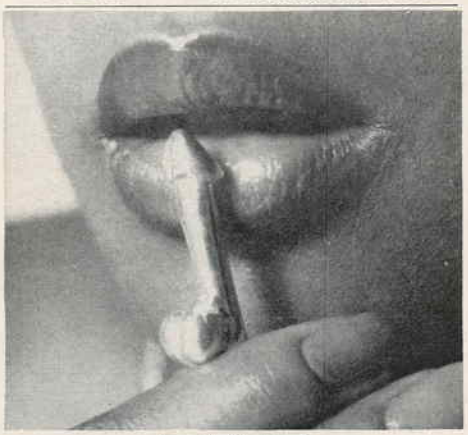

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civil insurrections only when state and municipal law enforcement agencies, including the National Guard, can no longer cope with the situation and request federal intervention. The District of Columbia is, of course, federal territory. But it is unclear whether the governor of Illinois and the mayor of Chicago had actually requested army support during the National Democratic Convention. The army documents disclose that the planning, which included the ASA's activities, was completed in utter secrecy three weeks before the convention.

By 1970, the NSA was already engaged "on a restricted basis" in monitoring the communications of United States citizens using international facilities. This was the eavesdropping on overseas telephone and telex calls by Americans. In July 1970, when the White House was considering setting up an integrated domestic espionage apparatus, Tom Huston (an aide to Nixon and the plan's author) recommended in a memorandum that this NSA mission be broadened. He noted that the NSA's "restricted coverage" had provided information "particularly useful to the White House." Huston followed this up with a formal communication to all the members of the U.S. intelligence community informing them that National Security Council Intelligence Directive Number 6 "is to be interpreted to permit NSA to program for coverage the communications of U.S. citizens using international facilities."

The NSA appears to have followed these instructions to the letter, even though such monitoring was illegal without court orders authorizing national security wiretaps. Its operations were meshed with the CIA's Operation CHAOS, which centered on domestic radicals and dissenters. This was confirmed by the Rockefeller Commission which reported that "Operation CHAOS received materials from an international communications activity of another agency of the government" (later, this agency was publicly identified as NSA). It said that "the Operation furnished a watch list of names to the other agency and received a total of approximately 1,100 pages of materials overall." The NSA, in other words, was doing the CIA's dirty work.

The NSA may be protected by special laws, but it now finds itself in the position of having violated *other* U.S. laws, possibly including the Fourth Amendment. Such violations have occurred under GARDEN PLOT and under CHAOS. When it comes to violations of law and the civil rights of Americans, no government agency, no matter how secretive, can be allowed to remain sacrosanct and untouchable.

The NSA should, then, be submitted to the same scrutiny as the other U.S. intelligence agencies. A congressional investigation need not violate the legitimate interests of national security. But it may flush out some of the NSA's more shameful secrets, and, at the same time, tell us whether we really need to spend $10 billion a year on this technological intelligence empire. ○+

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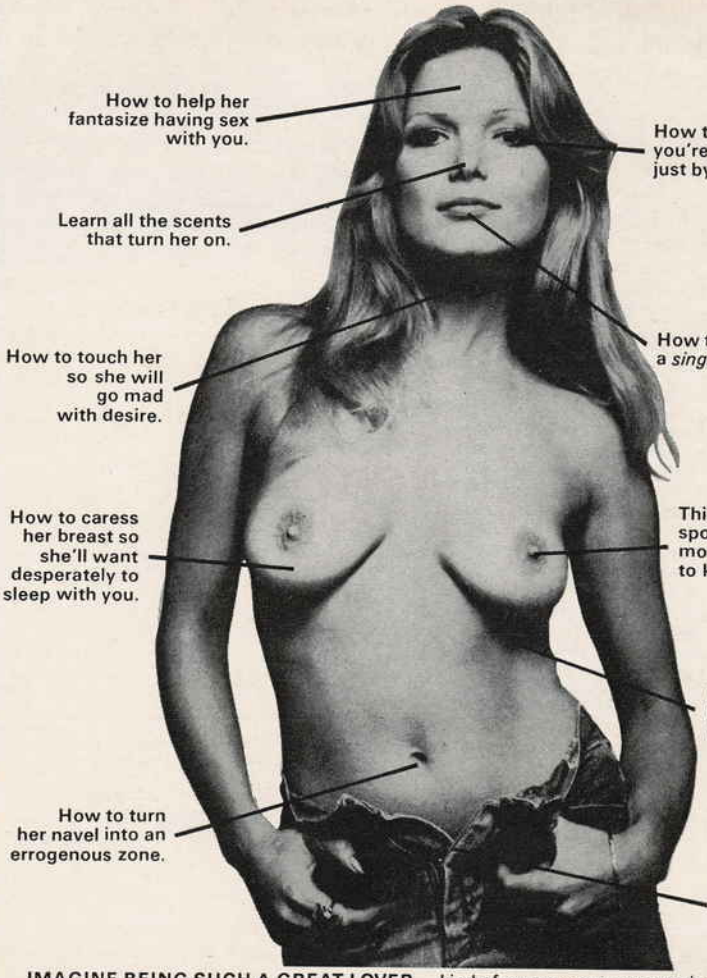
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For every color poster ordered, add $2.00 and get a black & white same size. Black and White Duplicates 50% off. Add 50c each item, handling. For prompt delivery put name & address on back of photo. Send check, cash or M.O. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. If you send slide or negative, add $1.00 for each size. Insured U.P.S. delivery $1.50 per item.

Congers Color Labs Dept. P-115 Congers, N.Y. 10920

High Blood Pressure?

ONLY YOUR DOCTOR CAN TELL

Ask your Heart Association

The Penthouse FASHION FINDER

The following retail stores have the merchandise featured on pages 106-111 on hand. Contact them directly, or contact the individual manufacturer.

Page 106-107

Seymour Altman Furs
130 West 30th Street, New York,
New York 10001 (212) 563-3633
Flemington Fur Company
8 Spring Street, Flemington,
New Jersey 08822 (201) 782-2212
Koslow's
405 West 7th Street, Fort Worth,
Texas 76102 (817) 335-4061

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Ben Kahn Furs
150 West 30th Street, New York,
New York 10001 (212) BR 9-0633
Carol Furs at Bonwit Teller
875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago,
Illinois 60611 (312) 751-1800
Nan Duskin
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania 19103 (215) 567-1700
Alixandre Furs
150 West 30th Street, New York,
New York 10001 (212) 736-5550
Joseph Magnin Company
Stockton Street, San Francisco,
California 94108 (415) 433-4224

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Cezar
232 Madison Avenue, New York,
New York 10016 (212) 889-5560
Morville
1428 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania 19102 (215) PE 5-5400
The Squire Shop
61 East Oak Street, Chicago,
Illinois 60611 (312) WH 3-1307

Page 110-11

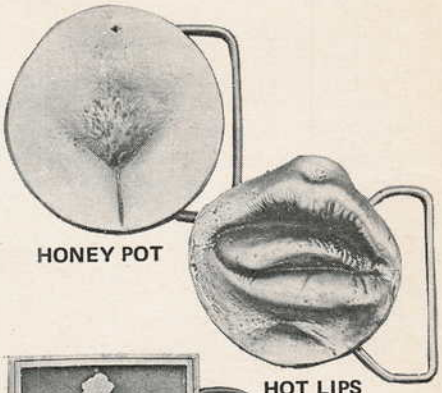
Seymour Altman Furs
(sheared coyote)
(see above listing)
David's
50 West 57th Street, New York,
New York 10019 (212) 265-8208
York Furriers
107 North York Street, Elmhurst,
Illinois 60126 (312) 832-2200

For information about women's furs featured, write Natural Furs Ltd., 423 Mayor Street, Montreal, Quebec.

For French Canada travel information, write Quebec Government House, 17 West 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10020

EROTIC BUCKLES $6

By Beardsley & Others

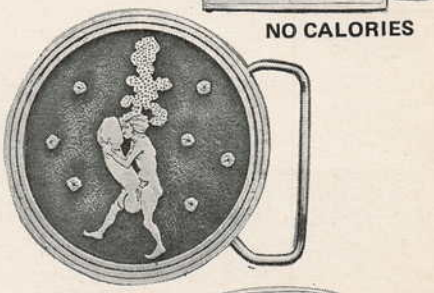


HONEY POT

HOT LIPS

LUCKY STIFF

NO CALORIES



ORGAN SOLO

ILL WIND

Any 3 For $15

Collector buckles, w/authentic labels & trademarks, 1/2 lb ea, made for 1¾" (or slightly smaller) belts, hook and movable retainer on back. *Must specify* either antique solid pewter (silver) or antique brass finish.

GENUINE LEATHER BELTS $5

Oil-tanned, waxed, heavy genuine harness leather belt 1¾" wide, with loop & snaps, waterproof too, sizes 22" to 46", *Specify* black or brown and size . . .

So no delay, 50¢ postage & handling each item

LIFETIME GUARANTEE BUCKLES W/NORMAL USE

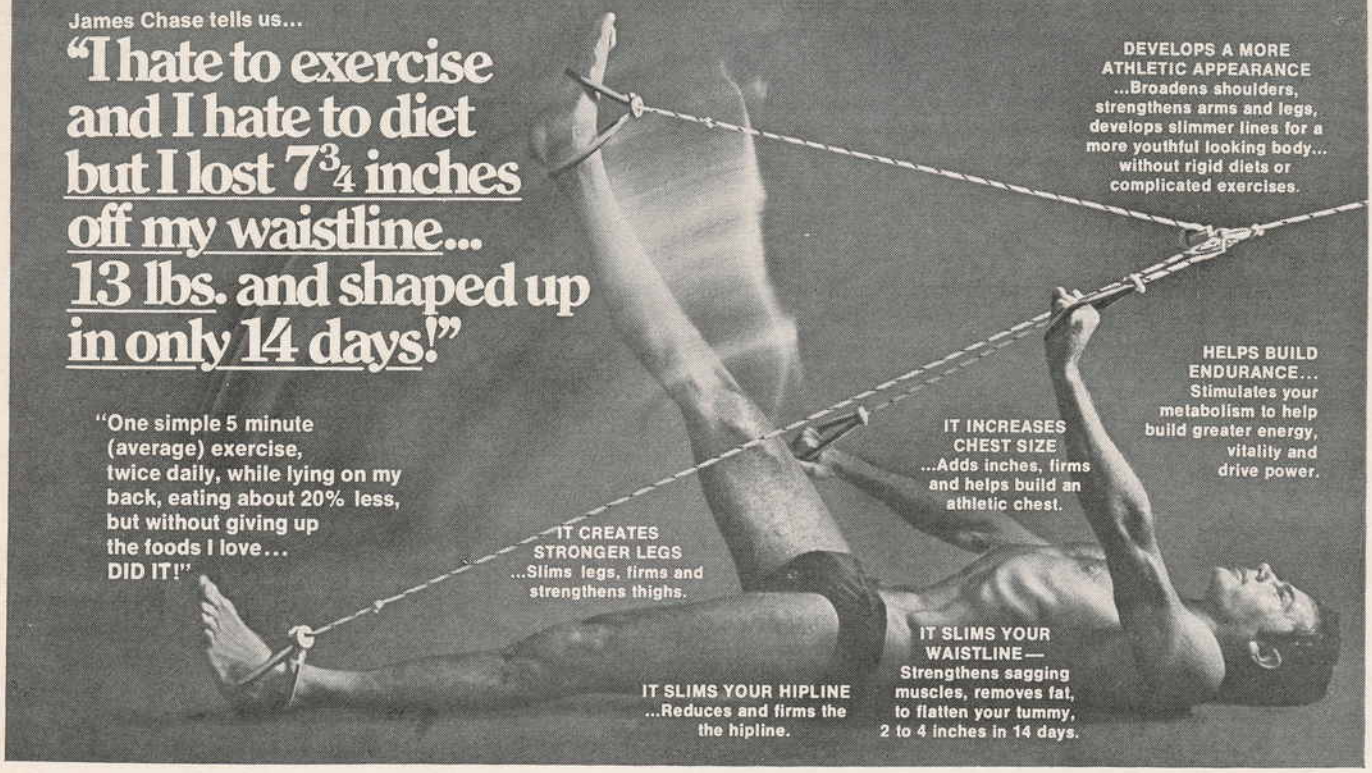
CHASTITY BUCKLE CO.
P O Box 265 Jericho, N Y 11753

Enclosed $_____ Check or M.O. Model .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....
Dealers inquire.

Case #R-052

James Chase tells us...

"I hate to exercise and I hate to diet but I lost 7¾ inches off my waistline... 13 lbs. and shaped up in only 14 days!"


"One simple 5 minute (average) exercise, twice daily, while lying on my back, eating about 20% less, but without giving up the foods I love... DID IT!"
DEVELOPS A MORE ATHLETIC APPEARANCE ...Broadens shoulders, strengthens arms and legs, develops slimmer lines for a more youthful looking body... without rigid diets or complicated exercises.
HELPS BUILD ENDURANCE... Stimulates your metabolism to help build greater energy, vitality and drive power.
IT INCREASES CHEST SIZE ...Adds inches, firms and helps build an athletic chest.
IT CREATES STRONGER LEGS ...Slims legs, firms and strengthens thighs.
IT SLIMS YOUR WAISTLINE— Strengthens sagging muscles, removes fat, to flatten your tummy, 2 to 4 inches in 14 days.
IT SLIMS YOUR HIPLINE ...Reduces and firms the the hipline.

"I saw and felt results in the first 3 days."

NO RIGID DIETING... NO COMPLICATED EXERCICES

Using this ingenious "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan for just 14 days has you starting to lose inches and pounds, adding muscle and vigor. Use it in the privacy of your own home. It has been used by athletes, businessmen.....anyone wanting that muscular athletic look fast. It's safe ...Medically Approved...and Guaranteed!

Here are 6 reasons why this amazing plan can have you muscling and shaping up...in 14 days.

1. It Concentrates its Slimming Action On Your Fatty Areas, Waist, Hips, Upper Thighs, that give you an aging look. Because it works most of your muscles gracefully at one time—not body part by body part—the Plan stimulates faster slimming action to help you start fashioning a more youthful looking figure in 14 days.

2. Simple to Use. No disrobing. Attach it to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.

3. Designed to Slim Fatty Problem Areas. Choose 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help slim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your figure in 14 days.

4. No Rigid Dieting. We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love — eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide.)

5. Safer and Saves Time. No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.

6. Weighs Only 10 Ounces. Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a slimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, shape and fashion you a more youthful looking figure.

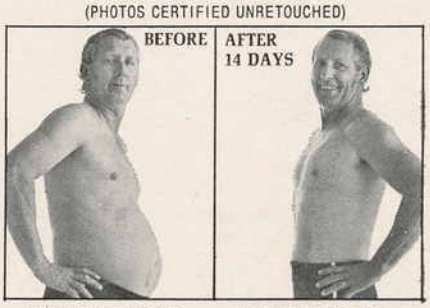
It's Fun With Results....."5" Minutes And Out.

THE SECRET WHY IT BEATS FASTING ALONE, MAKING YOUR FIGURE LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

Fasting programs, when causing weight loss, unlike our plan usually burn off more active tissue (muscles) which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss by (exercise and temporary

© Joe Weider 1973

(PHOTOS CERTIFIED UNRETOUCHED)



Weight: 218 lbs. Waist: 44¼ in. | **Weight: 205 lbs. Waist: 37 in.**

20 percent food reduction) making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it remaining slim without re-gaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles".

USE OUR '5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN FOR 14 DAYS AND WE GUARANTEE YOU THESE RESULTS:

"You Will Lose Inches and Pounds. Improve Your Vitality, Energy, Fitness, Posture, Work Off Body Tensions, Feel and Look Better and Younger — All To Your Satisfaction Within 14 Days — If You Follow Our Instructions — Or Your $9.98 Will Be Refunded."

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:
It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!

Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and other 'effortless exercisers' are of little or no value in firming, shaping and beautifying your figure. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, our's is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do it. We Guarantee It. Here's a sampling of what our slimming customers tell us that happened to them while using the Plan.

Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
G. C.	25 lbs.	5¾ in.	(14 days)
M. F.	32 lbs.	6⅜ in.	(24 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	6 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6¾ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6¼ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake —temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

DO IT NOW! It's America's most successful figure shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proven and some notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

"Use our improved '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan for 14 days! See what it can do for you! If it is not what we say it is, simply return it to us, in good condition, for your $9.98 refund."

Weighs 10 Ounces

JOE WEIDER Dept. AU/K ®
Builder of Champions since 1936
21100 Erwin Street
Woodland Hills, CA 91364

I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. You promise that I will feel more youthful and begin to look slimmer in just 3 days.

☐ **I am enclosing $9.98 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.** (California res. add 6% sales tax.)

☐ Check, ☐ Money Order, ☐ Cash. Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery. Rush '5' Minute Body Shaper and Illustrated Guide to...

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....Zip.....

IN CANADA: 5 Minute Body Shaper, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

COMING IN THE DECEMBER PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 11

THE PHOENIX PROGRAM

William Colby, the current director of the CIA, was the architect of the infamous Phoenix program in Vietnam—a covert counterinsurgency operation that resulted in the deaths of more than 20,000 people. Critics have charged that Phoenix was nothing more than a vicious pogrom of pointless assassinations. Colby denies this is the case. Reporter Joseph B. Treaster—who covered Vietnam for the *New York Times*—gives some of the answers in an exclusive article.

BEHIND THE LACE CURTAIN

Cherry Vanilla, one of the rock world's top groupies, has had a semisecret yen for fancy panties all her life. In this exclusive glimpse behind the fringe, she reveals the torrid twists romance can take when pop and panties mix.

WARDENS

Do today's prisons serve any useful purpose—in real terms—for the inmate or for society? This controversial question is being asked more and more by both reformers and inmates. Caught in the middle are the wardens, and in an incisive special report for *Penthouse*, Sylvia Kronstadt, who has worked with the New York City Board of Corrections, describes the day-to-day life of the men who must be part politician, part parent, and part cop.

HARRY'S CELLO

You might not believe that a man would give up a split-level home, a voluptuous wife, and a rewarding career to spend his days in bed with a cello, but then you've probably never met Harry's—which had to be the sexiest stringer in the Western World. Fiction by John Wallace.

BOB AND RAY COME CLEAN

In December's exclusive *Penthouse* interview, the top bananas of comedy duos unzip their skins to reveal the strange twists of fate and penury that have made them masters of madcap zaniness.

A PRISONER OF WAR

Not all Americans incarcerated in Vietnam were prisoners of Hanoi—at least one was the unwitting victim of his own men. After all, how else were they to avoid getting shot until Kissinger could come up with a cease-fire? Humor by David Seifkin.

ALSO

Getting in gear for the Schuss season . . . Scotch whisky, the original Highland fling . . . Wicked Wanda . . . advice from Xaviera . . . some foxy gift suggestions for your special woman . . . and a sixteen-page *Penthouse* calendar for 1976.

IN THE NOVEMBER VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

"PRAY FOR SEX"

That's Margo St. James's motto. She's been called the Gloria Steinem of the prostitutes' liberation movement and writer Elizabeth Fishel shows us why.

ILLEGITIMATE CHIC

What do Marlon Brando, Catherine Deneuve, and Marcello Mastroianni have in common? Illegitimate kids. Authors William and Joanna Woolfolk tell all.

INSIDE BEAUTY SPAS

A lot goes on in the massage rooms and diet clinics of these glamorous places—and a lot of it is pretty naughty. By Kitty Kelley.

RICHARD DREYFUSS TALKS ABOUT *JAWS*

The new star of the most successful popular movie in years gives us his opinions on sharks, pacifism, and love—not necessarily in that order.

SENSUOUS SNACKS: FOOD FOR THE BEDROOM

Food and sex have always gone together, and *Viva* discovers delectable combinations for the perfect lovemaking feast.

PLUS:

Hollywood fashions featuring Rock Hudson's leading lady, Barbara Carrera; "Super Secrets of the Superstars"; the hilarious antics of a social climber who marries a very rich Greek (sound familiar?); some outrageous thoughts on a Catholic girlhood by the underground star Viva; *and* how to control your dreams.

COUPLE TALK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

a healthy relationship could soon develop. Ralph should pay more attention to Laurie's normal needs for attention and support. Laurie, if as devoid of neurosis as she would like to believe, should express herself about those things which annoy her, without being castrating as Ralph claims she can be. If both are basically healthy, there will be no need for psychotherapy beyond these original admonitions.

But to the above prescription, I must add, "If pain persists after treatment, see your doctor." I'm somewhat afraid that psychotherapy, at least on Laurie's part, and possibly on Ralph's, will be needed.

I doubt that Laurie is as liberated from her family as she claims. Such statements as claiming that Ralph's Catholic upbringing "seems to engender a taste for the low life" indicate more than a lack of exposure to different groups of people. When distressed, she reverts to her limited suburban background. There is more than an even chance that this type of stereotyped thinking persists in other areas of her life. More important, psychologically, is the cop-out and avoidance of other questions by putting the blame for his behavior on religious or ethnic identity.

We are all hurt by rejection, yet there is a point when our reactions to rejection can hinder the development of our full potential. Although there is some justification for Laurie's behavior, since she was hurt a year before by another man, the excesses of her hostility indicate a stronger rejection complex than would be expected.

There are several signs that Ralph does not really want a close relationship with anyone: "I slummed it long enough with women I didn't really care about—fucking and sucking when I would just as soon be eating a spaghetti dinner" partly indicates his tendency toward superficial relationships. Then he says, "I like getting sucked off because it involves another person, yet there is little emotional involvement. Maybe it's this detachment that I like about it, I don't know." It appears that Ralph has a far greater desire to be alone than he cares to admit.

Further, there are Ralph's homosexual and/or S&M tendencies. While many young men have visited gay bars once or twice, it is extremely doubtful that Ralph would visit these places often without fairly strong latent desires. If Ralph is bisexual, this may have no major effect on the relationship, as Laurie was able to cope with it in an earlier affair. Perhaps by discussing his homosexual tendencies with a competent therapist, he'll understand himself and develop a better way of dealing with his feelings than surreptitious trips to gay bars.

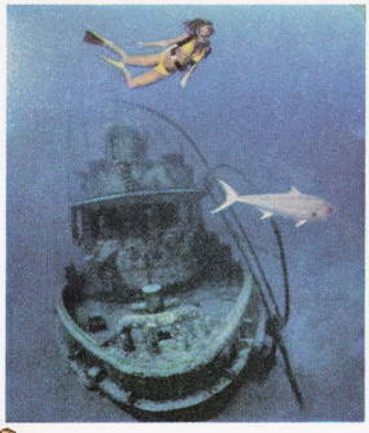
"Don't go down dere, mon," our guide said, "in de Bermuda Triangle you never be seen again."

"In the eerie darkness of the old wreck, we felt it . . . some sinister force . . . unseen, unknown and we were in its grip.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"The 'Bermuda Triangle' fascinated Sari and me. So we decided to explore the mysteries of this 440,000 square mile area whose apexes are Bermuda, Miami and San Juan. Why, for example, had 60 ships and 40 planes vanished without a trace in the past 50 years?

"We found one of the 'Triangle's' victims. When we left it, a powerful current made it nearly impossible to surface. Somehow we broke its grip and its seemingly evil spell.



"Later, we celebrated with Canadian Club at Waterloo House in Hamilton." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

Why is Tareyton better?

Charcoal is why. Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make water and other beverages taste better. It does something for cigarette smoke, too.

TAREYTON has two filters—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Like other filters they reduce tar and nicotine. But the charcoal does more. It balances, smooths—gives you a taste no plain white filter can match.

"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.